THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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J. P. Marquand — James Warner Bellah — Everett Rhodes Castle — Mary Lowrey Ross
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SUMMER MEALS ARE EASY ~ *with dishes like these*

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Imagine the tempting pineapple cup shown here—with marshmallows and bananas. Good to eat, of course—but once again, a dish that's easy to prepare. And that's true of scores of other delicious pineapple treats—summer salads and desserts, fruit cups, drinks and frozen dainties. DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple is the best of Hawaiian fruit—always ripe, tender and luscious—packed this way for widest possible use.

Try This Tempting Dessert

To prepare the DEL MONTE Pineapple dish shown here, combine DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple with two marshmallows cut in pieces, for each individual service. Arrange sliced bananas and garnish with a whole marshmallow as shown.

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Del Monte FOODS

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

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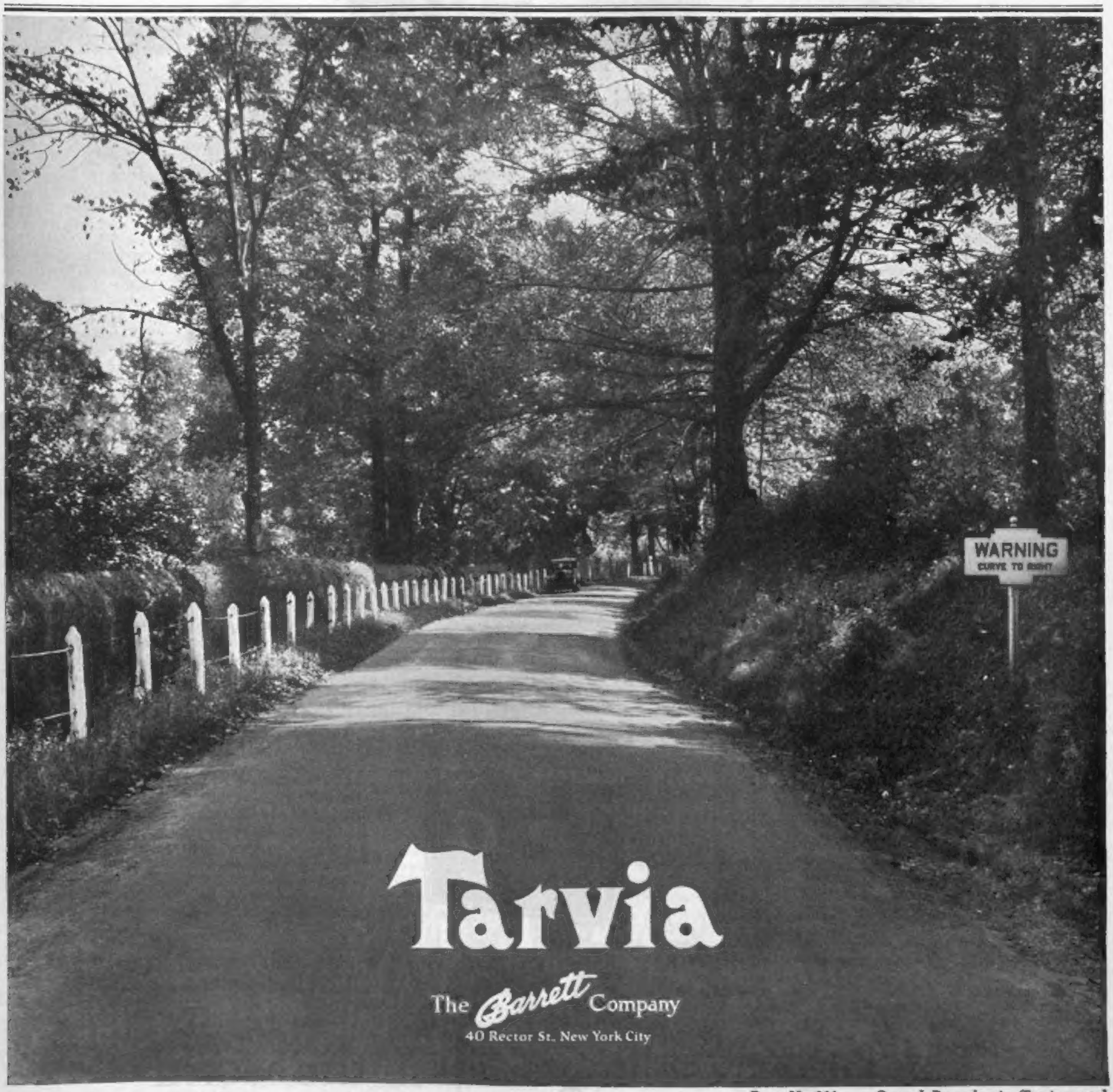
Tarvia mileage has grown tremendously each year for the past 23 years. An interesting fact to know. For it shows clearly the increasing confidence of Tarvia "customers"—highway officials, men who have been trained in every phase of road construction and maintenance.



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P & G HOMES
No. 15

"Here's something new," thought Bobby ... and *another* romper was ready for the wash!

Not so long ago in a quiet Ohio town we found a dear little house with such perky pink geraniums in the window boxes and such ruffly curtains upstairs and down that we decided to ask our questions about soap at *that* house first.

"Laundry soap?" echoed the pretty young woman who welcomed us. "I use P and G. You see, I have a very little boy who is *very* hard on rompers."

"Is he at the crawling age?" we inquired.

"Much worse," she smiled with a little shake of her head. "He's four years old and into everything. While I'm baking he'll tip the jam on his clothes, or when I come from the telephone, I find he's been playing with ashes from the fireplace. I wash rompers every day to keep up with him."

"Why do you like P and G?" we asked her. "First of all," she said, "I don't have to bother if the water isn't hot because P and G and cold water will get even Bobby's rompers clean. I'm rather fussy about keeping my own clothes nice too—and I find that P and G doesn't fade the colors. It is so nice and firm that it doesn't waste away and it really is better than other soaps I've tried."

It *is* such a good soap—have you wondered perhaps why you pay so little for P and G?

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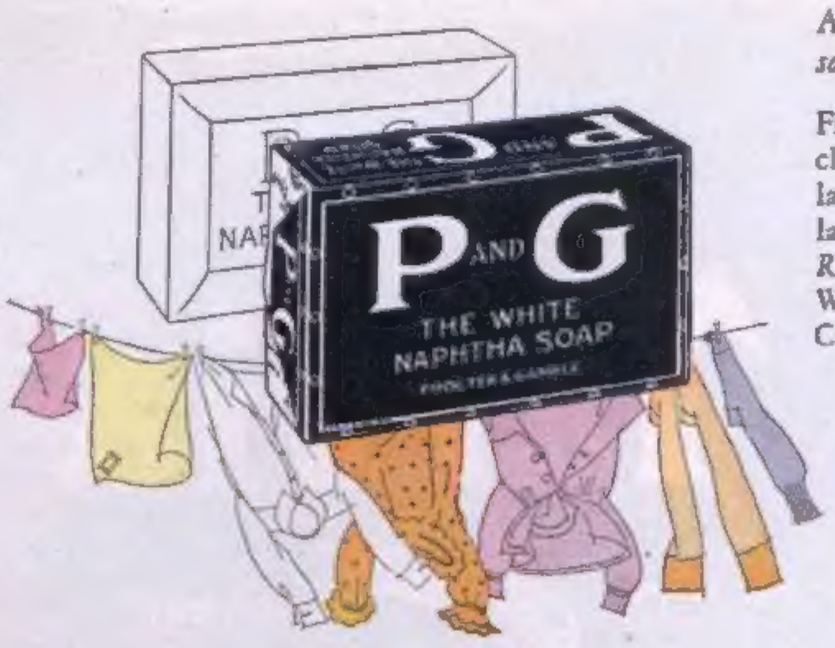

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SOUNDNESS OF THE REAL AMERICAN PUBLIC

By E. H. Sothern

As Told to Charles Brower Parmer

PLATO comments that "at the present day the decision rests with the multitude and is practically decided by public vote; and the result is the degeneracy of poets and spectators alike."

It still appears that there is little new under the sun. We congratulate ourselves that we live in the golden age, and some of our purveyors of entertainment advertise the cost of production in order to stimulate our passion for marvels. It may reduce us to a condition of modesty to recall that on a drama of Sophocles, the producer, who was selected by the state from the wealthy citizens, expended the tidy sum of five hundred thousand dollars, and regarded it as a great honor that he should be permitted this extravagance.

Standards of taste and behavior change from century to century, from country to country, and indeed from day to day. The public taste of Athens was on a higher plane than that of the ruder dominion of Rome; though the judges of the Athenian contests affected by their decision the high quality of excellence which in time became the standard of the people, the Roman rulers debased not only the theater itself but the actors who took part in its exhibitions.

Thus the rulers influenced public taste, and public taste ennobled or debased the drama. This was the case in the age of Shakspere and the time of the Restoration. Yet public taste will also be swayed by the production of works of beauty. Though Shakspere catered as a showman to their appetite for horrors and their passion for novelty, his popularity with the masses assures us that they were capable of appreciating the more exquisite qualities of his dramas, and the frequent rebellions of the audiences of the Restoration against the obscenity of the aristocratic writers of that period exhibit a fundamental decency which, in truth, is to be reckoned with in all humanity. The obscene plays of the poet Dryden were hissed from the stage, and the Earl of Berkshire was plastered with the title of the Dirty Earl. We had not yet succumbed to the doctrine that to be indecent was to be intellectual, or that to be intellectual we should take pleasure in indecency. Indeed, one of the chief offenders against decency confessed that "want of decency is want of sense."

PHOTO, FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in a Scene From "Romeo and Juliet"

And Virtue is Applauded in its Triumph Over Vice

THE public at large, especially those who have frequented the cheaper theaters, have devoured with avidity such plays as extolled virtue and punished vice. This is scornfully derided as the "chambermaid drama," a term which would seem to establish the ladies of that necessary calling on an enviable pinnacle of virtue and excellence—an elevation, indeed, which their masters and mistresses may well emulate. The Bowery ruffians of ancient days, who persecuted the virtuous heroines and opposed with their wiles the admirable heroes, though applauded for capable acting and rewarded before the curtain with gratifying hisses, were properly detested as perverters of morals and impediments to chastity. In the East End theaters of London the crowd of coatless men and their sweethearts who, without shame, submitted their waists to public embraces during the play, shouted their indignation at Hawkshaw and howled their approval of the very much wronged and finally vindicated ticket-of-leave man.

It is not by any means everybody who delights in what is nasty in the theater, and there are people of education, and even ladies and gentlemen, who find neither pleasure nor diversion in vulgarity, and who turn away with disgust from what less delicate stomachs find edible. Fundamentally the people—especially the chambermaids—are sound. Obscene people are not in our days popular, and persons of evil manners are no more considered desirable companions than the four-bottle men of the Georgian era are allowed to be patterns for our young gentlemen of today—to say nothing of examples for our roustabouts.

That Little Learning

AT HEART the people want in the theater what is certainly romantic and diverting, but also what is wholesome and decent. How then do we account for the crowds which flock to dramas which have an entirely opposite flavor? By the very evident fact that people are not all of one quality or mentality, and that what is salacious has a strong appeal even to many persons who are blessed with enviable incomes, and who, though not in the least averse to virtue, find diversion in the contemplation of vice. Also, nobody takes the theater seriously. It is the show business. The day is past when the art of acting and those who practiced it devoutly were regarded as subjects of some serious importance. The word "highbrow" indicates a certain trend of public sentiment, and a sort of distaste for those whose conversation may involve one in an opinion concerning Ibsen or Shakspere or possibly entangle one in meshes regarding the labors of Keats and Shelley. These matters are as tiresome as to be asked your views concerning the Einstein theory, or what is your opinion of the national theater, and seem to proclaim an inclination to long hair and an ignorance of manicures. Really, one doesn't want to know such people.

There is a Broadway drama and there is an American drama. There is a drama for simple minds and a drama for those who are sophisticated—"a little learning is a dangerous thing."

The ancient Bowery drama was equivalent to the drama of the West End in London. I have played at the Standard and the Surrey Theaters, which are now picture palaces. There virtue triumphed. Villainy met with its deserts. Chambermaids were in the ascendant.

The accession of wealth begets alterations in behavior. Fine feathers, though they make fine birds, may also make birds whose tastes are less refined. It is quite possible that your chambermaids might shy at the farces which condone adultery and which perceive in the hoodwinked husband the most amusing creature in the world. It is

possible, too, that your costermonger or your Bowery tough might discover in the pastimes of ladies of rank and culture homilies which will topple any remnants of conviction which remain to him that "honesty is the best policy," that "virtue is its own reward," that "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; and he may conclude that a study of the principles of housebreaking would have been more fruitful than some hours devoted to consideration of the maxims of Solomon, and that, very truly, proverbs were invented to supply the lack of wisdom in fools.

I once observed a street preacher in London, where descendants of the Conqueror are still bashful of aitches. He was yelling with perspiring eloquence concerning the holiness of King David of Israel. A soiled workingman, with a basket of tools on his back, regarded him for some moments, and when the preacher, with upraised arms and damaged voice, opined that we were all miserable sinners and that it would be greatly to our advantage if we would pattern our lives on that of the slayer of Goliath and the author of the Psalms, the workingman shouted: "Ow! Gow on! Wot did he do on the 'ousetops?" Thereby propounding a formidable question and exhibiting an erudition which, in the vernacular, knocked the interpreter of Scripture silly.

Shakspere for the Children

IT IS said that Julius Cæsar was persuaded that to fill the theaters with multitudes kept them from considering his policies. We in this country are assured that the twelve thousand murders with which we are annually afflicted are the fruit of our complicated civilization and a certain weakness for mercy. It is possible, however, that if the theaters did not engage the attention daily of many millions of our citizens, this proclivity for homicide, unrelieved by the safety valve of laughter and tears, or the counterirritant of vicarious slaughter, might permit our restless population to engage in further enormities. Here is a question for our philosophers and an argument in favor of such exhibitions as strict moralists deplore. Here, too, is where censorship is a difficult matter to handle with wisdom. There is more in such a situation than meets the eye. And there is much which, having met the eye, is as likely to obscure as to improve the vision.

My experience in the theater, which covers a period of fifty years, has convinced me that no matter what a man's inclinations may be, he is—admitting that he is not utterly abnormal and rather a subject for asylums than for freedom unshackled—amenable to persuasions of the gentler emotions. I have had the privilege of knowing some unmitigated scoundrels who could weep at a sonnet: Count Fosco, who was devoted to white mice and love birds, and was an exemplary husband, though quite ready to commit murder, was declared by Wilkie Collins to have been drawn from life. Lord Byron's buccaneer—"the mildest-manner'd man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat"—was no doubt a tender parent. Finally, Charles Peace, who was hanged for the assassination of a policeman and who was an accomplished burglar, was, out of business hours, devoted to the violin, while his domestic life was the admiration of his neighbors. Many a malefactor has had a pretty taste for literature. François Villon, for one. Nor must it be forgotten that the unspeakable Nero was a fiddler. These men, and women of the same kidney, would as well enjoy plays which appealed to their nobler selves as those which pandered to their baser instincts.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

With the Y. M. C. A., in France

As for children, the theater is and should be to them the land of romance and the country of once-upon-a-time. That they should be compelled to encounter what is unclean and base is a crime which their elders have to answer for and will be called upon to liquidate when Saint Peter shall present his bill. Mrs. Sothern and I have given, for our own satisfaction and to establish certain theories, three performances of Shakspere, free of charge to children. In Chicago, Twelfth Night and the Merchant of Venice. In New York, Hamlet to three thousand children at the Century Theater. These were poor children who had probably never seen a Shaksperean play. We had a good company, and ourselves were practiced players. We were able to engage the attention of our audience, and the result was as we had anticipated. To the children this poet was not "highbrow"—a term which suggests water on the brain and is a libel on intelligence. Every word and every scene was not only comprehensible but delightful to this child audience. They came up on the stage and told us so.

Every incapable performance of Shakspere is a knife in the poet's heart. Yet, in the present condition of our theater, such inadequate exhibitions must on occasion be perpetrated; for those players who aspire to these plays must by practice rise from incompetence to ability. We have no school, and the cultivation of fine acting is nobody's business. This condition will, of course, be altered in good time, and those to whom the theater appeals as a social force for good, will assume the responsibility which they have so thoroughly neglected.

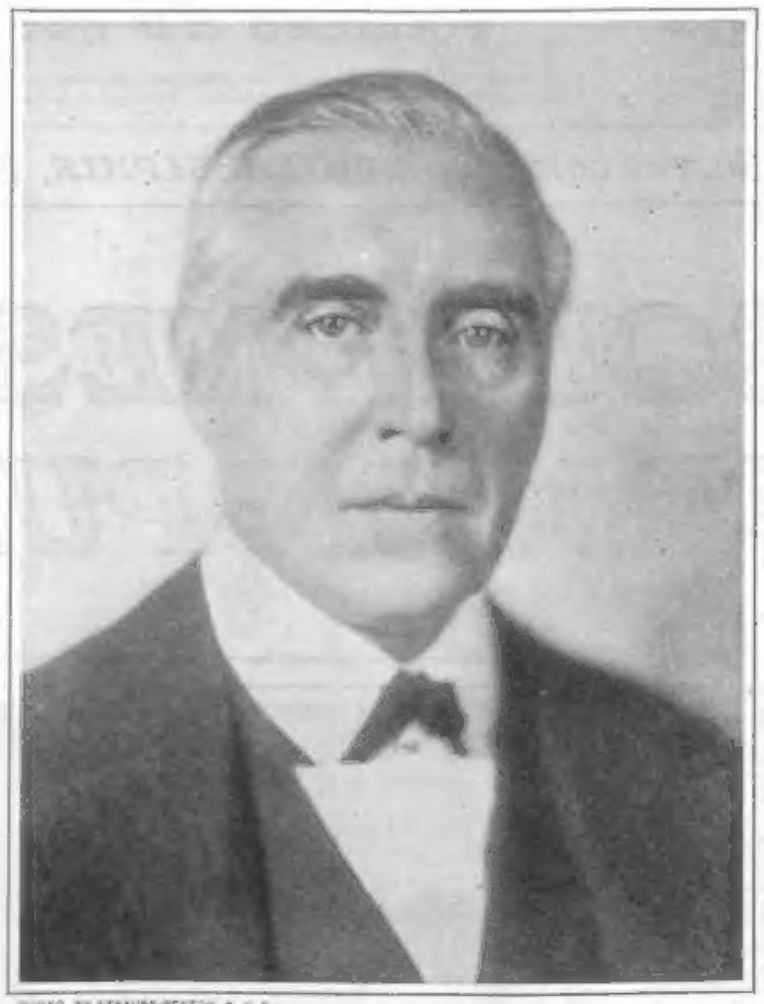


PHOTO. BY STRAUSS-PEYTON, N. Y. C.

A Recent Photograph of Mr. Sothern

It may be helpful here to mention a report published in London by the Board of Education called the Drama in Adult Education. In Haigh's Attic Theater we may read this statement which offers food for reflection: "To provide for the amusement and instruction of the people was one of the regular duties of government, and they would have thought it unwise to abandon to private venturers an institution which possessed the educational value and wide popularity of the drama, for the audience to which the Athenian poet addressed himself was in reality a gathering of the whole body of his fellow countrymen. The leading tragic poets exercised a most profound influence upon the national mind and character. They were the teachers of the people and were appealed to as authorities unquestioned on science and morality. Many passages in Aristophanes and Plato prove the enormous influence for good and evil which was exercised by the Greek tragic poets."

A Destiny Unfulfilled

WE, TOO, possess poets whose works are influential for good, and some fine day—maybe about two thousand years or so after the Greeks reached this conclusion—we may be persuaded to exploit that influence and establish their authority.

It is well, however, before counting eggs not yet hatched, to visit the Museum of Natural History and regard those of the dinosaur, which were deposited on the deserts of Wyoming thirty-five million years ago. That the small dinosaurs within them never saw this planet nor fulfilled that destiny—no doubt determined for them by an affectionate mother—may cause us to be humble in our aspirations.

The plays of the Greeks and the plays of our own authors of Elizabeth's time were written for the common man, and the common man responded eagerly to this appeal. In our own day we are told that it is essential that we should see life as it is. That we should shrink from no revelation of conduct and no analysis of motives, no matter how distasteful, abnormal, unlovely these may be. That the worship of beauty is more or less the weakness and the self-delusion of fools. That "slices of life" are alone worthy of intellectual men and emancipated women.

Understanding

SHOULD one, having witnessed one of these exhibitions, or having come in contact with the output of so-called paintings which such doctrines have produced, or having read or denounced one of the volumes which incompetent impudence has imposed upon a posturing clique of addlepates, wherein obscenity is intruded as analysis of character and where vulgarity takes the place of wit, venture to protest, one is assured that one is Victorian or weak-minded. Said I to a woman friend afflicted with this sort of intellectual perversion:

"Do you really understand this book?"

"No," said she, "but I shall understand it in ten years from now."

This is writing for posterity with a vengeance. I may say that this friend of mine is quite sane and is a beautiful and accomplished woman. That the volume is beyond question the most impudent and colossal humbug ever perpetrated upon an incomprehensible world, and that my friend's resignation to ten years of ignorance concerning its significance and her placid acknowledgment that I myself and all others who oppose her are destitute of understanding, is one of those things which make one declare with the preacher that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

Nevertheless, my conviction that the soul of the common man is fundamentally wholesome is borne out by experience, and I believe that even a congregation of malefactors would respond to the capable, and certainly to the inspired, rendition of a beautiful and, what may be called without offense, an uplifting play. There is, it may be said, some acting which might reasonably drive people to the penitentiaries, and some of our ruder critics have dwelt with affection on such possibilities, but I am taking it for granted that the interpreters of the poet will be accomplished and delightful.

During the war I had the privilege of serving abroad with the Y. M. C. A. This wonderful association needs no eulogy from me. And it is in no sense a criticism of its splendid service to record that its first decision to supply very light entertainment to the troops was through experience somewhat modified. The men came from every station in life; were of many nations, although now American, but all faced the same experience and were confronted by the same problems. Their mood was not always attuned to the trivial. There were moments when, even in their hours of recreation, they could wish for sterner stuff. My first experience was on the transport Rochambeau bound for Havre. We were all called to the saloon where medical officers were to determine who should be vaccinated. A Bowery boy was ahead of me.

"Your name?" said his officer.

"Conroy," said the boy.

"Age?" asked the officer.

"Dirty," said the soldier.

"Yes, I know that," said the officer, "but how old are you?"

Shortly afterward a cleric, who had undertaken to enlist talent for the diversion of the men, asked me to do something. I was not yet prepared with any variety of entertainment, so I told him that I could only recite from my Shakspere plays. And I begged him to ask the men what sort of thing they would wish me to give—comic, sentimental, and so on. Indeed, after I had given my selections

(Continued on Page 133)

Three Poems

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

DECORATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

MIST IN THE VALLEY

THESE hills, to hurt me more
That am hurt already enough,
Having let the sea behind,
Having turned suddenly and left the shore
That I had loved beyond all words, even a song's words, to convey,

And built me a house on upland acres,
Sweet with the pinxter, bright and rough
With the rusty blackbird long before the winter's done,
But smelling never of bayberry hot in the sun,
Nor ever loud with the pounding of the long white breakers. . . .

These hills, beneath the October moon,
Sit in the valley white with mist,
Like islands in a quiet bay,

Jut out from shore into the mist,
Wooded with poplar dark as pine,
Like points of land into a quiet bay.

(Just in that way
The harbor met the bay)

Stricken too sore for tears,
I stand, remembering the islands and the sea's lost sound. . . .
Life at its best no longer than the sand-peep's cry,
And I two years, two years
Tilling an upland ground!

SONG

GONE, gone again is summer the lovely.
She that knew not where to hide
Is gone again like a jeweled fish from the hand,
Is lost on every side.

Mute, mute, I make my way to the garden,
Thither where she last was seen;
The heavy foot of the frost is on the flags there,
Where her light step has been.

Gone, gone again is summer the lovely,
Gone again on every side,
Lost again like a shining fish from the hand
Into the shadowy tide.

THE BUCK IN THE SNOW

WHITE sky, over the hemlocks bowed with snow,
Saw you not at the beginning of evening the antlered buck and his doe
Standing in the apple orchard? I saw them. I saw them suddenly go,
Tails up, with long leaps lovely and slow,
Over the stone wall into the wood of hemlocks bowed with snow.

Now lies he here, his wild blood scalding the snow.

How strange a thing is death, bringing to his knees, bringing to his antlers
The buck in the snow.
How strange a thing, a mile away by now, it may be,
Under the heavy hemlocks, that as the moments pass,
Shift their loads a little, letting fall a feather of snow—
Life, looking out attentive from the eyes of the doe.

AS THE CASE MAY BE

"My Name's Bundy—Bill Bundy, the Most Unfortunate Second Lieutenant Whom One of Those Assistant Secretaries of War Ever Turned Into an Officer and a Gentleman"

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

YOU'VE got to go back to one of those officers' training camps to get to the beginning, and that was before any of us knew Bill Bundy or dear old Colonel Prothero. But Bill Bundy has often told us the story, with a twist of that snub nose of his and a wag of his reddish head which made it very droll. In fact, that escapade of Bill Bundy's youth was so excruciatingly funny that doubtless you have heard it in the olive-drab days back in 1917, and sometimes that doesn't seem so long ago.

Yes, it was at one of those officers' training camps, where they turned us into officers and gentlemen—you fancy how. Though the barracks have gone into cordwood and the parade grounds into weeds, that aura of fear must linger still as the scent of the rose lingers about the broken vase, that self-conscious awful terror that any moment you might be sent home unfit to fight the war, unfit to step into that mystic fellowship of boots and spurs.

It is hardly necessary to shut the eyes to see them—the candidates in their khaki uniforms lined up in a column of squads, not so different from chorus girls competing for a job, and the Regular Army major, the instructor, so stern, so impeccably clad that he seemed like a being from another, happier world, standing with his notebook in his hand. Looking at them, then, it would have been hard to realize that a third of those boys would be dead or wounded before twelve months were gone, they were so young, so anxious, so far removed from death.

"Bundy!" It was the major speaking. He had a gentle, supercilious way of addressing the candidates, but there was nothing gentle about him really. "Come here, Bundy."

There was a slight movement in the squad columns of pleased anticipation, and out stepped Bill Bundy into the public gaze, and stumbled over his feet and regained his balance. The officer made an entry in his notebook. The boys began to smile. Bill Bundy was—you could see what he was—one of those professional funny men who could not help being funny, even when he tried to be serious. He was perspiring freely. Beads of perspiration were dripping from his snubby nose. A lock of his hair was limp and plastered over his forehead. His khaki trousers were too big for him. His leggings were too small. His knees were visibly trembling. The officer made another note, and Billy saw him make it, and what was more, Bill Bundy knew the officer enjoyed each note he made. Bill Bundy felt his hand tremble as he raised it in one of those salutes he had so often practiced. All his coördination was wrong that morning. His fingers struck the brim of his campaign hat and knocked it to one side. The officer made another note.

"Try it again, Bundy," said the major. "Don't you know how to salute yet? If you don't, what do you know?"

Prothero was only a major then, but he must have enjoyed every minute of it. He always spoke with a sneer in his voice and a sneer in his dark eyes. And even then, though his knees were trembling, Bill Bundy hated him for it. There was that difference between them both, greater than chasms, and harder than seas to span, that divergence in outlook which all of us knew in those two strange years, the eternal irreconcilable difference between the Regular Army officer and the civilian. And Bill Bundy knew what Major Prothero thought, because it was written all over him. He was staring at Bill Bundy exactly as though he was a criminal. He was taking a letter from his pocket just above his Philippine-campaign stripe.

"Bundy," the major was saying, "do you know anything about this letter?"

"What letter, sir?" Bill Bundy caught himself stammering, exactly as though he was guilty of a definite offense. An idea had struck him sickeningly that perhaps they were censoring the mail, and that the letter was one of his letters in which he had indulged freely in remarks which the major might take as personal. But then he perceived it was a typewritten page which the major was holding.

"This," said the major, holding it as he might a small dead rodent, "came to the camp commandant this morning and was handed to me without comment. Read it and tell me the truth. Did you have anything to do with it? Read it—don't you see the company's waiting?"

Bill Bundy knew that the major had arranged purposely that he should stand out there with all the company looking at him.

He was an example. It was the major's penchant to make examples by dragging some wretched officer candidate to the front and then to watch him writhe in self-conscious misery.

"You can read, can't you?" inquired Major Prothero considerately.

"Yes, sir," said Bill Bundy; and then that perverse streak in him, which no training could ever down and which was due to put him always in the wrong with constituted authority, caused him to add very softly—"curiously enough."

"What?" inquired Major Prothero. "What was that you said?"

"Nothing, sir," Bill Bundy answered hastily, and eyed the letter. It was headed United States Senate, and read:

Dear Colonel: I've got a nephew in your camp named Bill. He has been spoiled at home and is a bit strong in the head, but he is a good boy who wants to do his duty, as we all do in this great crisis. If you can help him and see that he does not get into some scrape, I shall appreciate it very much, because Bill is a good boy. Be sure to stop and see me when you are next here.

With kindest regards,

———

Bill Bundy looked up. He was angry and embarrassed, because, of course, the letter was unasked-for interference.

"What I want to know"—Major Prothero was beginning to scowl—"is whether you asked for that letter."

"No, sir, of course not," Bill Bundy said.

"And why of course not?" inquired the major. "I know this hole-in-the-corner game. It won't do any good with me."

"But I didn't have anything to do with it, sir," repeated Bill Bundy. "Don't you see, sir? I know you don't like

me or approve of me. I'd have known a letter would only have made things worse."

"So," said Major Prothero, "you don't deny you would have done it if you'd thought it would have helped. How do I know you didn't think it would have helped this time? I know the game, and it won't beat me. When you're under my command, you'll do what I say, and no letter is going to get you out of it. You're not getting a job in a soap factory or a boiler plant when you try to join this Army."

"But I didn't try," said Bill Bundy. "Don't you believe I didn't try, sir?"

Of course Bill Bundy could not understand. They were as far apart as planets in the ether, William Bundy and the major—as far as Prothero always was from all of us. Bill Bundy was angry because the major did not believe him, and the major thought Bill Bundy was a sneak. They both were standing for their traditions beneath the August sun.

"And don't try it again," said Major Prothero, "if you know what's good for you. The Army is going to run this war, and boys from college aren't going to stop me doing what I want. You and all the others like you can talk and write your heads off—but I'm the one who can send you packing home."

"Yes, sir," said Bill Bundy, and he knew the major could do it.

"Don't speak," said Major Prothero. "I didn't ask you to speak." That was a trick of Prothero's. He had that habit of being consistently nasty. "I'm the one who does the speaking here," said Major Prothero. "Do you understand?" Bill Bundy's knees began to tremble. Another bead of perspiration was dripping from his nose. "Well, can't you answer me?" The major raised his voice.

"Yes, sir," said Bill Bundy.

"Then why in thunder don't you? Can't you stand still? Don't you know enough to stand at attention?"

"Yes, sir." Bill Bundy was seized by a terror such as he never knew. "But the camp commandant's coming."

Major Prothero's voice rang out like a gun through the morning heat. "Company, 'tenshun!" he shouted, and whirled beautifully on his heel in a perfectly timed salute. "Good morning, sir," he added in a very different way.

Old Colonel Hobbs ran that training camp for officers. He was a square white-haired old man with a double row of ribbons on his chest. He had appeared suddenly from behind the corner of one of those pine frame barracks like a vision. Bill Bundy had never seen him so close at hand; he was like a strange new animal, unknown to civil life, impossible save in his own environment.

"Here, major"—the voice of the old gentleman sounded like distant thunder—"step over here a minute."

The major and the colonel drew a few steps away and Bill Bundy stood alone, not knowing whether to slink back to the squad columns or to stay. Though he was supposed not to hear, he could hear everything that was said.

"Now what the hell do you think you're doing, major?" Old Colonel Hobbs was using what he meant to be an earnest undertone. "You've been commandant of a prison battalion, but you haven't got one here. Haven't I told you these boys are high-strung? They're gentlemen. They're not used to hazing, and I'll report you, if you keep it up, as unfit to command—and I won't be the first one, either. Don't you forget what happened to you at Sill and what happened on the border. Haven't you seen enough of these civilian soldiers to know how to treat 'em right?"

From where he was standing, Bill Bundy could see the major's back stiffen and the color mount to his neck.

"But haven't they got to learn they're in the Army, sir?" he answered.

And then Bill Bundy always remembered what the colonel said, for in its own strange way it was the bottom, the foundation, of everything that happened.

"Don't be an ass," the colonel said; "they'll never learn. There're too many of them, Prothero, and we're too few. They'll know how to fight. They'll get killed like soldiers, but they'll never be soldiers as you and I know it. There're too many—millions of 'em, Prothero. Treat them like human beings and they'll do anything you say, but treat them like low-lifers and they'll get you, major. Just as sure as fate they'll get you, because it's their army—their army, not ours, and don't forget it, major. Now go back to what you're doing."

Bill Bundy's neck was cramped. Both the colonel and major were moving toward him. The major was biting his lip and his face was crimson.

"What's your name?" The colonel was speaking. "Bundy, eh? Charlie Bundy's nephew?"

"Yes, sir," said Bill Bundy, and involuntarily he glanced at the major. Major Prothero had been looking at him all the time.

"Think of that now!" said Colonel Hobbs. "Think of that! I had dinner with Charlie when I was down in Washington. . . . Go on, major."

"Take command of the company, Bundy," said Major Prothero in an altered tone. "Do you see that barracks on the left? March them down and halt them with their backs to the barracks so that they are facing us here. Stand here as you give your orders. Go ahead."

Bill Bundy felt himself grow numb all over. He knew what a false step would mean in such a company. It would mean that he would never be an officer and a gentleman. He knew it, and he had never had command of anything before. His brain reeled. His mouth was dry. Any knowledge that he might have had of orders vanished in a whirl of thought. He turned toward the company. It no longer seemed made of human beings. It was a vast machine which it was up to him to guide.

"Go ahead, Bundy," said Major Prothero.

Bill Bundy cleared his throat. He tried to remember that everything would be reversed, as he stood facing the company, but he was never good at distinguishing his left hand from his right.

"Company, attention!" he shouted. He was startled by the flutelike quality of his voice. "Forward ——"

"Just a minute," said Major Prothero, very kindly—much too kindly. "Bundy, what is wrong with the first order?"

"The first order?" stammered Bill Bundy, turning.

"Yes, the first order—and say 'sir.'"

"I—I didn't know anything was wrong, sir."

"The company is already at attention. . . . Go ahead."

Even in that dread crisis of his career, Bill Bundy knew something else. In some intuitive way he knew that Major Prothero knew that he had heard every word the colonel had said, and the major hated him for it. Bill knew that.

"Go ahead," said Major Prothero.

"Forward"—there was a crack in Bill Bundy's voice—"march!"

Surprisingly enough, the company moved forward, and yet their very motion was a panic. They were going straight toward the barracks—one—two—three—four. He must turn them alongside the barracks in another second or they would march straight into it. Little did Bill Bundy know that he was about to make history, that he was about to become a fantastic figure in the war.

"Column right ——" He checked himself just in time. "I mean column left—march!"

In a daze, as though in a terrible dream, he could see the company turn. They were walking beside the barracks now. He had only turned them just in time. They were so close that the shoulders of the right-hand men were rubbing against the wall.

"Hurry with your order"—the major was speaking. "Hurry, they're going past the barracks!"

He had to say something. Desperation seized him. He had to make them face outward, but for the life of him he could not recall the direction, whether right or left.

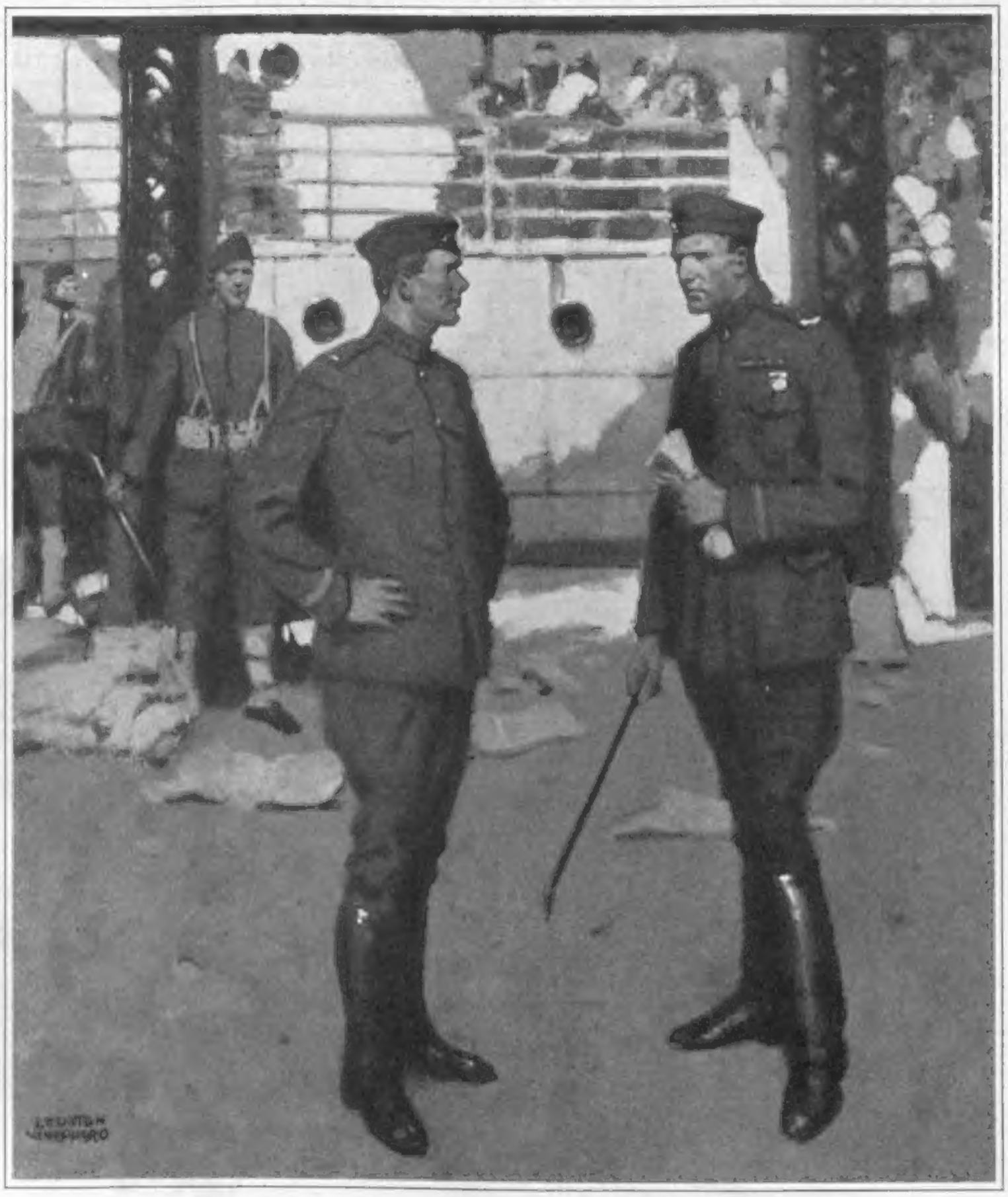
"Squads ——" Again his voice broke.

"Hurry!" said Major Prothero. "Give an order—any order."

"Squads"—began Bill Bundy, and then desperation seized him. He could no longer think. "Squads right or left, as the case may be—march!"

"Halt that company!" shouted the major. "Company, halt!"

(Continued on Page 58)



"Look Here"—Colonel Prothero Was Close Beside Him—Between White Lips—"Did You Have Anything to Do With This?"

THE CITIES OF THE WORLD

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN FORTY-FIVE minutes by the chronometer that smirked in the dim light smudge of the instrument board, two men would cease to be alive. The slowly creeping hands counting out the last trickle of petrol from the reserve tanks were as final as the dying flicker of pulse under an anæsthetist's fingers or the little green door at the end of the death-house passage. Forty-five, forty-four, forty-three tiny graduated spaces etched on a polished steel dial. Some few hundred soundless ticks from a mechanism sealed with official red wax that bore the imprint of the hour and minute of the take-off, and two men's numbers would be up. The Morecroft-Hungerford Typhoons, throttled carefully to stave off their last choking gasp until the last desperate moment, roared sullenly onward with a monotony of sound that had hours ago become blasting silence to the ears of the two men in the office. Two desperately tired men, muffled in leather and fur, cooped in the tiny confines of a cramped cubby slung under great singing spreads of wing that cut onward through the thin cold air of empty cloud miles.

There was ice on those wings in spite of a careful varnishing with paraffin—a thin glaze, oiling the road to death with a glint that sneered in the cold dawn light creeping slowly across the endless fog-bound ocean below—a silver chasing put on the triumphal chariot that head winds, ten hours before, had turned into a coffin.

The sum was finished, the total drawn and the whole story written as it has been written many times before and will be again. If it weren't for the head winds the petrol would have lasted. If it weren't for the fog they could pop off a feather ball and get an approximation of drift. If it weren't for Mortimer Blaise they'd never have made the take-off.

MacAnulty gnawed the crust of his last sandwich. "And if my aunt wore pants," he thought, "she'd be my uncle." He chewed slowly and thoughtfully meanwhile the shining scar that curled across his left cheek bone crawled in rhythm to the movement of his jaw muscles. Presently he leaned down and reached for the vacuum bottle under his basket seat. His stiffened muscles cracked soundlessly and his joints felt large and raw and tight, as if they had burst his flesh and the bone ends had frozen. The last of the rum-laced coffee flooded his throat, and with the temporary warmth his mind writhed again in the dull anger that had ridden him for twenty-three hours. Fourteen years of flying—eighty-five hundred hours in the air—sold out at last on a simple proposition of supply and demand.

There were thirty-eight minutes left.

As thoughts come to a man when his engine cuts in a climbing turn off the ground, he saw the last two months in stark detail before him. He and Gary and their engine. He and Gary had always had the right dope on flying since the old war days. They had kept at it because they loved it, and because they loved it they had given it their brains and bodies and souls, as the first flyers had done. Work at it, boy, nurse it, make it safe, get it somewhere. It's the last, the thinnest, element the world has got to conquer. To hell with cheers! To hell with the spectacular!

There were thirty minutes left.

MacAnulty turned suddenly and looked at the man beside him as if his heavy fattish face were a clogged petrol gauge. He hadn't wised up to the situation yet. Mac shrugged. Mortimer Blaise, with his millions of pounds. Mortimer Blaise, who wouldn't advance money for flying unless he could horn in on the publicity—get famous on another man's sweat. He cursed the day he had duped himself into going to Blaise and throwing their work before him. Blaise was interested in flying—his papers insisted upon it—shouted it in great black letters. To fly was glorious, to fly was sublime; it was the saving of the world; making wars so horrible that there would be no more, making peace so glorious that the man in the street must stop and consider in breathless amazement and bow to the greatest progress of all ages. So he had taken the engine idea and the proposition to this Mæcenas that he might lend his gold to further the progress he shouted from the housetops. And Blaise had held out the cities of the world before his eyes and trapped him with their false lure.

"See here, MacAnulty, ever think of making a transoceanic flight?"

"Sure I have. I've thought the fellows who have done it have done a fine job. It had to be done sooner or later, and it's been done. Doing it again either way can't help half as much as this engine proposition I've got. We don't need any more stunts to help flying along. We need hard work and perfection of detail—westward or eastward, it makes no difference. It's still in the stunt stage, that sort of thing, like the loop was before the war. I'm not interested in stunts; I'm interested in flying, and that sort of thing hinders it when it fails far more than it helps it when it succeeds. If I could see a definite purpose that it would serve, I'd go it in a minute."

"Oh, come now—not so bad as that. The more it's done, the more it can be done. That's simple logic. An engine is simply an engine, but this pioneering work is nobility. It makes the world air conscious."

"Is it? Well, let me tell you it's the engine that'll stop so many lives being lost in pioneering."

"Engines are pretty good, as it is. Well, I'll tell you something flat. You can't get anything in this world without publicity. I'll back you if you'll back yourself by flying the engine across. If it's as good as you say, it can make it easily, and that means I'll get my money back, with the publicity to boot."

"Not ripe for it. Mine's the best so far, but I want another year to work on it. Flying an ocean won't prove

anything. The same number of miles flown safely over land will bring the same results. You don't have to risk everything you've got just to prove a motor. Perhaps it isn't so spectacular or so romantic in the minds of flappers, but it does a sight more for flying. If I have my year ——"

"If you have your year someone'll beat you out. No, sir, not a penny. You come in and tell me a story and you won't back it in the way it ought to be backed."

"If I'm fool enough to back it that way, will you come with me?"—a long shot, fired in sarcasm.

"My dear fellow, if your test flights prove what you tell me they will, I'll jump at the chance and finance you to the limit!"

So they had talked it out, Mac and Gary, and because they had faith and needed money they fell into the trap Blaise laid for them.

The chronometer hands crept slowly onward toward the door that opens once.

He and Gary and their engine. Mortimer Blaise's engine after that. Mortimer Blaise would fly. Pictures in the papers, banquets and eulogies—all the panoply Mac and Gary had shrunk from. The bus was ready—Mortimer Blaise's bus. The engines were assembled and block-tested. Mortimer Blaise announced them successful. Gary and Mac wanted time for another quirk—Gary's idea.

"Oh, come now, you've got a margin of safety that's phenomenal. We've wasted enough time. People will think we're hoaxing them. I'm confident and satisfied. I don't see why you aren't."

"Perhaps it's because I know what I'm talking about and all you see is news space."

"Or perhaps you're backing out."

Heckling and haggling. "I'm committed to this thing now. I'll hire another pilot to take me. I'm not going to be cheated out of it now. It's perfectly safe with the preparation we've made. Anyone can see that with half an eye. I didn't back you to be made a laughingstock of."

There were twenty-six minutes and thirty seconds to go.

Those fifteen days before the take-off. Night after night, with the hangars draped in wet mist that the flood lights smeared with a sickly opalescent glow, with the press men shivering in mackintoshes and soggy mufflers, field officers smoking nervously and shaking their heads, mechanics stamping and blowing on their chapped hands. And every night, when the last cabled reports were in, they spelled suicide. That last night—yesterday—Blaise had come through the crowd shouting:

"How much longer is this stalling going on, MacAnulty? Are you a pilot or aren't you? I've had about enough of it—get it? Either we hop off now or not at all."

"Not today."

Blaise grabbed his arm. "It's going to be today, I tell you! I've got some rights. Everything's arranged for us and I'm not going to be cheated out of it. I own the ship, I've backed it and I've hired you. What are you—yellow?"

Mac had spun around and put his hands on his hips and stared at the arrogant little man. Then the thread of reason had snapped.

"Shut up and climb into that cockpit!"

There had been empty cheers from the men who applaud and headshakings from the men who knew. Flash lights and scribbling and the infernal cackle of telegraph keys. There had been last-minute statements to the papers, Blaise's ringing with ponderous nitwittery. A glorious enterprise—a great adventure—heroism standing stark and bold, stalking gloriously across the dawn spaces to blind the man in the street and set him trembling in awesome worship.

"We'll make it—I'm perfectly confident. Nothing can stop us now. Flying is the salvation of the world. Of course I've insisted upon it. Why shouldn't I? When a man ——"

When they came to Mac, he said, "I don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." So they had written ringing paragraphs to laud a strong silent man who could

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Mac Came Around Presently and Tried to Talk to Them, But They Couldn't Understand Him, for He Had No Dialect North of Irawagi

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

XXII

EVEN the later hourglass girls had danced the cakewalk in philanthropic pageants. There had been kermises for charity, too, when girls over fifteen danced in costumes with skirts that exposed the ankles; and in the private dancing schools gifted pupils were sometimes selected to learn fancy dances supposedly expressive of festal but decorous moments in exotic lives.

The Fishers' Hornpipe and the Highland Fling—with no flinging—were the most prevalent of these; though there was a more flashing one, called with sweeping simplicity Spanish Dance, in which rhythmic coquetry unfurled and snapped shut a wicked black fan. The señorita sometimes went so far as to cover all her face except the eyes with her fan, and then looked over it roguishly at the audience, or even at her male partner in the dance, if she had one. Her boldness was more applauded than criticized; though conservative older people thought the cakewalk not daring precisely, but perhaps a little coarse, even if danced with the utmost refinement of gesture. It depicted nothing worse than a supposedly negroid joviality; but some audiences were a little disturbed to see well-brought-up young people engaged in even that much depiction of low-lived emotional gayety.

After the old square dances disappeared—except from a few bucolic town-hall fiestas, where they still may be seen, upon lively occasion, even today—the two-step and waltz prevailed monotonously until the Boston was devised, the last new dance before the debacle. Until after the Boston our polite dancing expressed nothing more than gayety and rhythm. It was a part of youth, and a part of youthful courtship, too, of course; but it was essentially the light heart moving the feet to lightness in harmony with it. The older clergy of the more rigorous sects had little approval of such harmonies; they put all dancing to the ban, as they did the theater, the circus, cards, dice, low corsages and Sunday fishing. They called it sensuous, and no doubt it was; but they didn't call it sensual, for that would have been a patent exaggeration. If it was sensuous, it was no more so than is the love of flowers; and a roomful of young dancers was a pretty sight, charming to the elderly on-looker, who frequently became reminiscently sentimental upon beholding it.

"Our Colored Laundress Comes to Work Every Monday Morning in Her Son's Automobile"

No one became sentimental, either reminiscently or otherwise, looking on at the *Bal Bullier* in Paris, after the *machiche* began to prevail there, in the latter part of the first decade of the twentieth century. The *machiche* was said to have come from the Argentine and to have been known to fetid midnights in many cities, including San Francisco, before it ever dared to be danced publicly. It had been seen by tourist peephole parties in Paris, under the conduct of sleek guides; it became for a time one of the dreary obliquities of the old *Jardin de Paris*. But finally it openly ravaged the *Bal Bullier*, where it displaced the ancient cancan and was danced by hundreds of *Boule Miche* young couples without a blush anywhere visible. American tourists went there to see it as they had formerly gone there to see the cancan; and the *machiche* more embarrassingly startled them—or enthused them, according to their natures and alcoholic content—than ever the cancan did.

Yet it was a dance apparently not intricate; the steps were of the simplest, for the dancers merely walked in time to the music, and sometimes, at rhythmic intervals, they paused at almost a standstill so far as their feet were concerned. The dance appeared to be essentially Oriental, consisting of wriggles and waggling, and in order that these gestures should be in concert, the partners found it necessary to clasp each other more closely than in any other kind of dancing. Shocked travelers from our country, looking on at the *machiche*, were heard to exclaim, "Thank God we live in America!" Nothing was less possibly imaginable than that the *machiche* could ever be performed in open public dance halls in a land morally conducted in all outwards by the New England conscience.

But the *machiche* dumfoundingly came to America, where it had some joggling negroid modifications, being danced principally with the shoulders and hips, and it became humorously known as the turkey trot. The extremely tight clasp—somewhat convulsive in appearance—was no less necessary than with the original *machiche*, and what the dancers did with their feet was as relatively unimportant. The steps could be learned by anyone in no time. They were merely a walking to music; no agility whatever was required; but—what distributed the contagion—youth itself was not required.

This made the turkey trot revolutionary. Until then, dancing had been for youth. By the time the children were old enough to dance, their fathers and mothers were too old. That field of diversion was abandoned to the exclusive use of the young, with here and there a quaint exception—an indomitably nimble old bachelor or a reviving widower. Of the previous generations, married people over thirty were supposedly—and nearly always really, for that matter—engaged in business and housewifery, in bringing up their children, in domestic life generally and in church work or charity work or the intellectual *divertissements* of literary clubs. They danced more and more rarely; and by the time they were forty-five they had usually forgotten how even to waltz, just as they had usually forgotten how to skate.

But domestic life was no longer what it had been. Greater and greater numbers of parents were rich enough to leave their children to the care of nurses and servants; while others, observing and emulating the leisure thus afforded, gave children the opportunity to learn self-reliance and other things by looking after themselves. Men and women of any age could dance the turkey trot, since anybody who could walk and waggle a little could dance it. Gray heads and white heads came forth from easy-chairs and the evening lamp; more heads became dyed heads; bald heads gleamed over all the dancing floors, and the dancing floors were everywhere. The hotels set tables merely as a border about waxed surfaces, for people could no longer bear to eat without dancing. They had soup and danced; they ate fish and danced; they danced from cocktails to coffee and went out to a movie and came back to dance. They danced to syncopations that humorously and inspiringly synchronized with the waggling and waddling. The syncopations employed, as punctuation marks, drums, brasses, saxophones and whatever else could rip and scarify the ear; and to this hell-born punctuation added misplaced sliding wails of unbearable tinniness, incessant animal screechings and hideous impendings of worse—jazz became triumphant.

People who had never danced began to dance; people who had forgotten how to dance began to dance again; young and old danced; widowed grandmothers danced, and grandmothers not widowed; the rich danced; the poor danced; invalids danced; even bankers danced. The turkey trot swept over the country.

"I'd never have believed it," one of the older citizenry said one night at the club. "I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told me. I had to go and see it with my own eyes,—and I certainly did! At first I could hardly believe I was seeing what I saw; but no, there it was—they were all at it, wagging their backs, flopping from one hip to the other, and clutched up to their partners in a way that would have got a Knights-of-Labor ball closed by the police not so many years ago. But these were our best people, old and young; I never thought I'd live to see such a sight.

"Between the dances a crowd of the older ones, all of 'em middle-aged fathers and mothers, had highballs at a table and began to sing When Good Fellows Get Together—men and women just screeching it out—something terrible! And three or four of the girls were smoking on the terrace without caring who saw 'em doing it. Yes, sir, right young girls they were, daughters of friends of mine, smoking and not blinking an eyelash when they saw me looking at 'em!

"I guess female emancipation is pretty nearly here—these new women are going to get the ballot as sure as you're born! They're going to do everything the boys do, I expect, and it looks as if it's too late to stop 'em. My heavens! What's the next generation going to be like with this one behaving the way it does? What's a child going to think of its parents when it sees 'em both drinking highballs and smoking, and hears 'em singing and whooping the way they do? And if any child saw its mother and father dancing this turkey-trot dance, making themselves look as low-life and ridiculous as that, how in the name of goodness could they ever expect to have any authority over the child after that?

"What a queer time we're living in! This town's being torn to pieces and rebuilt right over our heads. Our colored laundress comes to work every Monday morning in her son's automobile. He's a barber, I give you my word! There isn't anything the way it used to be, and I tell you it's getting to be a mighty confusing world; it makes an old-timer's head whirl."

Then the world of the old-timer became more confusing than merely with the building up and tearing down of cities accompanied by feminism, automobiles for working people and the turkeytrot. We went to war.

XXIII

ONE day in my boyhood I looked out from a window and saw standing on the shady corner, beyond our lawn, the broad-shouldered, sturdy figure of a neighbor who was waiting for a street car. He had been a soldier in the Civil War and had come home wearing a general's epaulets; but he didn't wear them long. He took off his uniform and went quietly back to work in his law office. Now he was a senator, and would soon be going to Washington with a higher rank than that, for he had been elected to the presidency of the United States. Looking out at him from the window and seeing just the familiar figure of a neighbor, it seemed strange that he wore no new and glamorous aspect; the only visible token of the tremendous experience before him was that he seemed more thoughtful-looking than usual.

So, in April, 1917, I happened again to look from that same window and see another neighbor who approached a great experience. He was riding slowly by upon a bay horse, and he too was more thoughtful-looking than usual. His expression was that of a man who confronts a grave problem but is not afraid of it, and it seemed to me just the look I might most have wished him to wear. For, although he was not yet in uniform, he was a colonel in our forming Army and was to lead a regiment of artillerymen across the sea and into battle in France.

When one thought of these soldiers as a regiment of artillerymen, they seemed warlike and suggested a destructive power like that of some great bristling engine for the crushing and rolling under of a foe's beleaguered walls. But really, of course, they were only midland boys, some of them the sons of my own friends and neighbors. They were just kindly and cheerful young fellows who liked the exercise of drilling in the National Guard. Many of them had sweethearts they hoped to marry, some of them were already married and bringing up young families; and nearly all of them were heartily ambitious to succeed in businesses or professions now so sharply interrupted.

They went away quietly—as quietly, it seemed, as their thoughtful-looking colonel had ridden by my window—for the romantic glamour that in former wars made the departure of our troops a heroic pageantry was nowhere to be found. Almost sixty years had passed since our regiment of Zouaves, on the way to war, marched down to the statehouse and knelt there, taking a solemn oath to avenge Buena Vista, and a great soprano sang The Star-Spangled Banner while their colors were presented to them, and the populace wept and cheered.

In 1917 and 1918, when war was not only at the front but danger reached under the sea for the soldier, departure was made silently and destinations were secret. Training camps and war schools and the draft took the younger men away one by one and yet in millions, while war work of one kind or another occupied other millions of our people.

Our war work was necessary; many fine lives were exhausted by it and given for it, and the work was done. We accomplished prodigies, but, being inexperienced and anxious and excited, we wasted prodigious energy and wealth. Also, we were officious; we got in one another's way and ordered everybody about ridiculously; we were so jumpy with strained nerves that now the memory of those two years is like the memory of a nightmare. For that time was, indeed, a nightmare, haunted every hour by the fear of what messages might reach us from a battlefield or from a hospital or from the sea.

In one sense, no doubt, war is an expression of herd instinct; it might even appear to be an expression of herd mania. More speculatively, it may be thought one of the adolescent disorders of undeveloped mankind—mankind made up of herds not yet drawn into one herd, as they might be if more enlightened or if attacked from other planets. Probably under compulsion of a law now obscurely glimpsed, the hugely growing herds have been brought closer into an interdependence that must ultimately make them one; but they are still ignorant of this vast process, and every herd is naturally determined not only to maintain its own integrity but to increase its numbers and possess the grazing ground essential for these increased numbers—no matter what other herd already grazes upon that ground.

Thus the herds jostle and irritate one another, become warrantably suspicious of aggression and breed warrantable suspicion. And when, through crowding or suspicion or the memory of wrongs or ambition, or all four, adjacent herds set to sharpening horns, then other herds beyond must necessarily sharpen theirs or risk destruction. Formerly, when there were great spaces and time was slow, two or more herds could fight while the others continued a peaceful grazing in their distant roomy inclosures; but by 1914 the herds were too large and some of them were too encroaching; the earth was too small; distance had disappeared, and neither space of land nor space of water was a separating partition.

There was no choice; we could not be either arrogantly or desperately trampled under. It was hard for our young men; many of them wondered why they had to give up all that they were hoping and planning to do for themselves and go forth to fight in France, and there great numbers of them suffered and died—and of these not a few were still tragically puzzled even as they died. But the youthful sons of the republic had made themselves into soldiers; they valiantly ended the ruinous war that had seemed endless—for it was visibly their fresh strength that brought the victory. More, that strength and valor of theirs, and all the limitless energy and resource of the immense war effort, made the nation better aware of its own power. America was to be self-confident henceforth, with a firmer knowledge, and the long lines of our white crosses in France have helped us to hear criticism quietly.

Not many of the soldiers who came back to the welcome at home returned wholly unchanged; but a prevalent feeling among them seemed to be clearly defined in a sharp and sturdy patriotism. What they have fought for men will not meekly allow to be tampered with, and as the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion became the oaken heart of the nation's patriotism after the Civil War, so does this newer Legion become that after the Great War.

But for numbers of the young men the shock to their lives had shaken all the old fundamentals they had formerly accepted; they questioned everything, and especially they questioned whatever seemed to them dogmatic. They questioned the historic conclusions upon which they had been brought up—particularly ironclad historic conclusions that certain things were right and certain other things were wrong—and in this questioning and challenging they were not alone. All youth, everywhere, had begun to question and challenge, and many new prophets offered plausibly to lead them against the old.

This was a disturbed and questioning world, indeed, at the end of the Great War. It was like the sea covered with heaving wreckage and seething after the hurricane; fierce winds blew sporadically where the heaviest storm had passed and there were gulfs still in wild turmoil. After the Russian revolution had made that enormous country a republic, the comparatively small but perfectly organic Bolshevik party had adroitly and violently disposed of the

(Continued on Page 48)

Gray Heads and White Heads Came Forth From Easy-Chairs and the Evening Lamp; More Heads Became Dyed Heads; Bald Heads Gleamed Over All the Dancing Floors

Plowing With Oxen on the Great Hungarian Plain

A Farmer and His Son Taking Wool to a Turkish Market

A Windmill With Which They Grind Sugar Cane in Barbados

An Elephant Carrying a Teak Log in Rangoon, Burma

Coaling a Vessel at Bridgetown in Barbados

TIMES and

By FLOYD W.

WE NOW enter an era of thrills. Practices change overnight. Precedent counts for little. Substituting machines for human hands has revolutionized life and industry. Current problems are so new and complex that old answers no longer suffice. Never were business hazards so great. Never the game so well worth while. Never the rewards for success so large.

The factor of change has always provided problems for each succeeding generation. When wigs went out of fashion the wigmakers were so disturbed over the loss of their livelihood that they protested to King George III. Then lace came into high favor, and covered even the hands of the men until the French Revolution caused people to turn to simplicity. Old laces nearly as precious as the family jewels were handed over to the servants, and the lace makers found it difficult to earn a living.

But the effects of a new idea or mode today far exceed those of yesterday. The element of surprise has now been introduced to such an extent that vigilance cannot be relaxed for a minute. We have a hundred unexpected developments at present for each one that took place in the past. Bobbed hair nearly ruined the hairpin industry. Short skirts doubled the sales of stockings and greatly reduced the purchase of dress materials. Automatic cigarette lighters have substantially decreased the use of matches.

It takes seven factories to turn out enough sandwiches at present to satisfy the soda-fountain demand in New York City. This over-the-counter consumption of 250,000 sandwiches daily in a single community quickly developed from the idea of one owner of a little restaurant who tried to build up much-needed income by supplying a near-by drug store with sandwiches in oiled paper. The drug-store proprietor had so little enthusiasm for the plan that he only agreed to take the first batch of sandwiches on trial, without obligation or cost. He saw practically nothing in a notion that was big enough, however, to deliver a mighty wallop to the entire restaurant business of our chief metropolis.

About 50,000,000 pounds of licorice and sugar are used in flavoring tobacco, while 25,000,000 yards of cotton sheeting are required annually in the cultivation of the shade-grown variety. This interdependence of industry is the chief development of the present age. It represents the principal difference between a machine civilization and one dependent on production by hand. It has caused the current trend toward mass production and mergers, forced the creation of the vertical trust, and transformed America from a land of raw-material production to one of manufactures.

Here we have the secret of our new wealth. We were brought to realize that the big profits lay in producing finished articles. It became clear that it was the little things—the ultimate refinements—that counted. The value of a ton of metal increases a hundred times by turning it into watches and jewelry.

Opportunity in the By-Products of Industry

THE World War taught us a lesson. It opened our eyes to the necessity of going in for details. We became a creditor instead of a debtor nation when we started in to capitalize all the opportunities that lay in the utilization of the most remote by-products. Our money had been going to buy back in manufactured form the copper, cotton and other raw materials that we had been selling in bulk to foreign peoples.

The weakest spot in the entire industrial structure of America today is our most basic industry—coal. The situation is so bad that the spokesmen of this business, testifying recently before an investigating committee in Washington, declared that the law of supply and demand is in reality a law of the jungle. The mere utterance of an opinion like this would seem to be sufficient to make the old-time economist turn in his grave. Now such an extreme departure in thought is merely typical of the times.

An expression of this kind would hardly have been necessary if the coal people had caught up with the big ideas responsible for America's amazing advance. Although a ton of coal contains values in excess of twenty dollars, the average mining company today would be happy beyond words if it could get a profit of

TRENDS

PARSONS

even ten cents a ton on this precious material that is yielding millions to others. Here again we run up against the interdependence of industries. Is the chain stronger than its weakest link? The war brought temporary prosperity to the coal industry. The wage advance which became general in the United States had its beginning in the mining field a little more than ten years ago.

We may now inquire as to the ultimate effect on the nation of virtual bankruptcy in an industry that supports 2,700,000 people, represents a capital investment of $3,000,000,000, and spends approximately $550,000,000 annually for supplies that run all the way from wire rope, hay and phonographs, to paint, shoes and explosives. An industry that could start wages up might also start them down.

The Dead and Long-Forgotten Past

THE success of each one of us today depends as much upon mental attitude as mental capacity. It is no time for hidden meanings. Prophecy is foolish and futile. The overthrow of what were considered fundamentals and the alteration of doctrines have been so great that one dare not accept the responsibility of forecasting. Our sole aim must be the attainment of accuracy and clearness in the presentation of facts. In this way the individual is provided an opportunity to draw his own conclusions.

In a time when analysis is almost hopeless and logic without avail, one must step aside and gaze at the passing procession in order to develop a viewpoint that is at all helpful. Never have contrasts been so inexplainable

At least one thing is clear: We must look at the national picture rather than at any isolated or local part of it. We must dismiss the idea that permanent progress must be accompanied by an even spread of prosperity to every crack and corner of our vast land. Plainly, we must waste little time in opposing the trends. It is essential that one row with the tide and think mostly in terms of total production and total wealth.

During recent months, while we were suffering from a business depression and unemployment, current savings, as evidenced by figures furnished by banks and insurance companies, continued to expand in a most astonishing way. The largest life-insurance companies in one month reported a gain of nearly 10 per cent over the corresponding month of 1927. More amazing is the fact that when trade slackened there were even fewer failures on the part of people to keep up their installment payments.

We must get used to the idea that this is an age of building up by tearing down. Our commercial advance is by the destruction of old industries and the creation of new ones. The growth of the automobile business proceeded ruthlessly over the remains of what were once profitable buggy and wagon manufacturing concerns. Steel and cement have profited at the expense of lumber. The introduction of artificial silk brought distress to the producers of cotton goods. Corset manufacturers were so sure their trade would return that they increased their losses by hanging on to obsolete equipment.

It takes a lot of imagination to draw accurate comparisons between the past and the present, but it is only in this way that one can develop an understanding of current questions and chart the road ahead. It was just a short time ago when we cranked our telephones; when kerosene provided our bright lights; and when even ma rode a bike. Hoop skirts, bustles, pill-box hats and cameo brooches were all the style in feminine attire.

Men wore padded cravats, spring-bottom trousers, and derby hats with linings so elaborate they would have done credit to the handiwork of an expert casket trimmer. Johnny wore copper-toed boots designed to fit either foot, and the "assifidity" bag that hung around his neck was expected to protect against the evils of disease. Architecture was a study in cubes, and watermelons were round rather than oblong.

That was the era when father came home for his midday meal and, after working hours, could get drunk for a dime and dead drunk for a quarter. Often one's host offered a pinch of snuff instead of a cigarette, and the swain who possessed a horse

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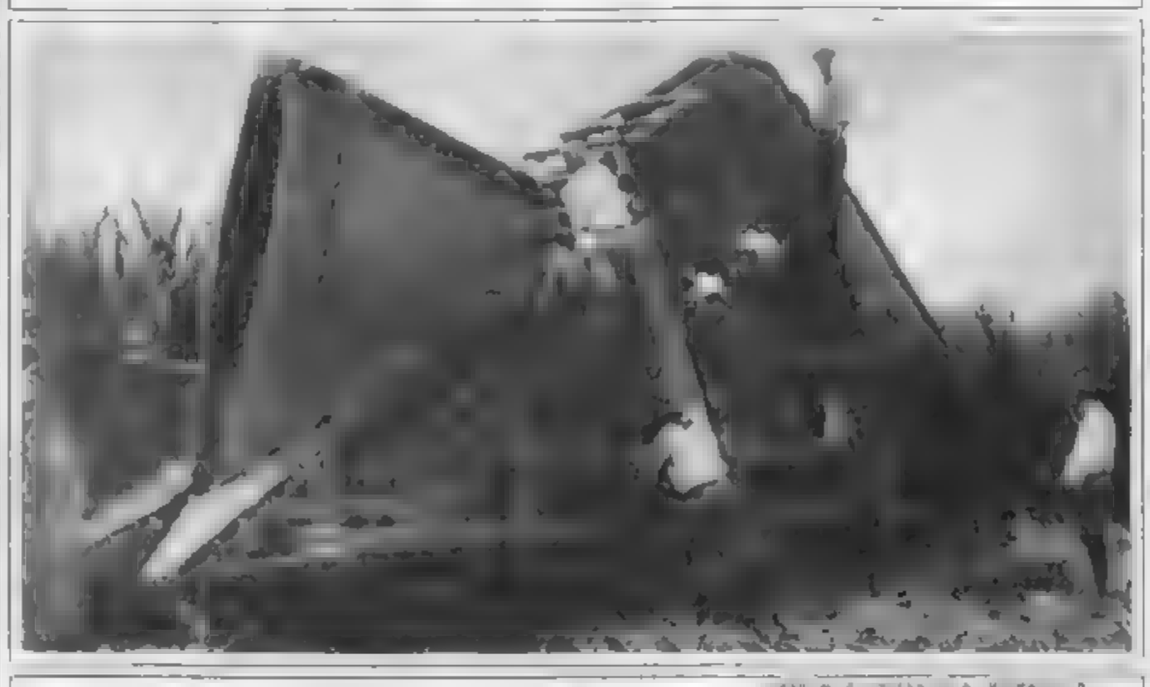
Breaking Ground in Bavaria With a Gang Plow Drawn by an American Tractor

Trucks Taking California Fruit to Market



A Sugar-Cane Harvesting Machine Which Does the Work of One Hundred Men

Coaling an Ocean Liner in New York

A Truck With Derrick and Winch Hauling a Palm Tree in Miami

TELEGRAM FOR MR. DOW

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE meeting between S. McCullogh Dow, master navigator of the seas of high finance, captain general of the forces of easy money, high priest of the temple of Simple Simon, and his legal counselor, Angus McMurty, was characteristic of many similar meetings of the two over a period of fifteen years.

Mr. Dow eased himself gently into a worn leather chair which exposed with brazen indifference the horsehair stuffing of its sides and seat, carefully raised his sharply creased, dark gray trousers over his plump knees and faced the battered desk of his legal adviser. Completing the ritual, his counsel lit a fresh stogy, rolled it between his thin lips to a comfortable angle and retreated into the gloomy depths of his old-fashioned high-backed chair. It was from this point of vantage that this celebrated little criminal lawyer listened to the half whispers which crept across the table to appeal to the legerdemain which produced character witnesses out of thin air and provided ironclad alibis with the proverbial simple twist of the wrist.

Puffing with obvious appreciation of his acrid weed, Mr. McMurty noted that his erstwhile client and friend radiated none of the genial fellowship so characteristic of his work or play. The blue eyes, which usually held a twinkle in their watery depths, whether the poor fish were biting or no, were flecked with sour glints. The wide mouth, usually moving in ceaseless verbal amiability, was twisted downward in dour complaint of the world and its ways. Mr. McMurty watched the first dry shred of ash toboggan down the front of his speckled vest and waited.

Waited in vain. Mr. Dow ran a white silk handkerchief over his moist vermilion forehead and sighed.

"Well?" probed Mr. McMurty gently. "Trouble at last, eh?"

Mr. S. McCullogh Dow shook his head sadly. "I almost wish it was," he admitted, and sighed again.

"Indeed," murmured Mr. McMurty.

Mr. Dow leaned forward with sudden energy and his voice took on a deeper note. "One minute," he commanded. "Don't get me wrong. The law has nothing on me. The fact of the matter is, I came over here, not to get out of trouble myself but to put somebody else into it!" With a well-manicured forefinger wagging before him, Mr. Dow described the legal dragon he wished to evoke. "Deep, tough and what-have-you kind of trouble! That's the kind I want to dish out! Fill 'em full of legal bellyache that no other lawyer can throw bicarbonate into. I want 'em poisoned, pestered and made to writhe, groan and curl up generally. In short, I want some real satisfaction."

His counsel regarded the smoldering tip of his weed quizzically. "A large order," he commented.

"Too large?" demanded Mr. Dow anxiously.

"Mebbe. Mebbe not. How can I tell without the facts—Sammy?"

Mr. Dow flushed angrily. "Don't call me by that name," he growled. "In the first place, you know I never use it. In the second place, I don't like it. And in the third place, she always used it."

"Ah," said Mr. McMurty softly, "she, eh?"

"She," assented Mr. Dow bitterly.

"She!" rhapsodized the little lawyer and raised his tousled brows. "The eternal tanglefoot. Ah, where would we poor male mortals be without her to soothe our fevered brow and kick us in the slats? She—who do you mean?"

In the midst of vigorous assent to the rhapsody, Mr. Dow halted his head suddenly at the question. "You know who I mean," he asserted tartly—"Iris."

"Iris," murmured Mr. McMurty, still in the vein of the poet. "Iris the beautiful. Iris, the sloe-eyed siren."

"And, Sammy, He Took a-Hold of My Hand and Patted It!"

"Don't be smart," snapped Mr. Dow. "This is serious. I'm in dead earnest. I want action and I want you to get it for me. I don't care what it costs! It isn't the money I'm actually out of pocket. I'm fighting for the principle of the thing. What would you do if you were double-crossed by a dame you had brought up from a waitress in a grease-ball joint to a lady with three or four grand a year to spend on clothes and seashores? Talk about gratitude! Bah!"

"Gratitude," observed Mr. McMurty, "or the lack of it, is hardly actionable. The law ——"

"Gratitude!" broke in Mr. Dow with a roar. "It isn't even common decency! Why, the very name she's got I gave her! Iris Spellwood! Why, say, when I took that dame on for a business partner she had a name as long as your arm. Came from one of those dirty little steel towns over in Pennsylvania. Sophy something."

"Woman," began Mr. McMurty, "thy name is ——"

"—— Mud," his client assured him solemnly. "Mud—thick black sticky mud. I tell you, Mac, when I think of it my blood boils. As I said before, it—it isn't the money I actually lost—though many a guy would cut his mother's throat for a grand. It—it ain't—isn't even the seven grand I lost in profit. It ain't even the fact that now—after six years—I gotta go out, y'understand, and educate another female to work my racket. It's—it's just the feeling that blows up inside of me every time I close my eyes and see that lop-eared, nearsighted, cheap little two-by-four hick with his last-year's straw hat and his shiny Norfolk jacket, sitting out on his front doorstep in the sunshine with my money in his pocket and my—my ——"

"Suppose," suggested Mr. McMurty gently, "that we get on with the story."

Mr. S. McCullogh Dow lit a cigarette and nervously fingered the smoldering match.

"It isn't an easy story to tell," he said finally, "because every time I get started I think of that pie-faced mutt, with his nervous little twitter and his little eyelash mustache, sitting out there laughing —— "

Little Mr. McMurty advanced suddenly from the depths of his chair. "Listen, Sammy," he commanded crisply; "please remember yours is not the only bundle of trouble that is coming to this office today. I have more dirty linen to wash in exactly fifteen minutes. If you want to tell me this story and determine whether or not you have a cause of action, I suggest that you start to talk without regard to your mental visions."

Mr. Dow gulped and then nodded. "All right," he assented, "but just the same, when I think ——" Then hastily, as the little lawyer's watch appeared: "All right."

"You were saying?" prodded the other.

Mr. Dow nodded heavily. "Here I have the neatest little racket that ever came down the macadam. Smooth as clockwork and as safe as mother's arms."

"It would be," commented Mr. McMurty dryly.

"It was," his client assured him fervently. "And it worked like a charm. Ab-so-lutely sure-fire, if you were careful in picking your man"—Mr. Dow winced at counsel's grin. "Profits guaranteed and so utterly an' completely legal that every time you worked the racket you could stroll over to the bank, cash your check and then amble over to the district attorney's office for a little chat about the weather."

"In short," Mr. McMurty said, looking through the cathedral roof formed by his hairy fingers, "a typical S. McCullogh Dow undertaking."

"Exactly," assented that gentleman simply. "And it all revolved around this girl—this little cat that I took out of a cheap restaurant and put in a position of real class." Mr. Dow wiped his forehead and sneered. "Miss Iris Spellwood of New York, Chicago, Cape Cod, Toledo an' all points west."

The little lawyer ceased the reflective stroking of his reddened and slightly bulbous nose.

"It runs in my memory," Mr. McMurty observed, "that the last time you stopped in here to see me, two or three years ago, you were in too much of a hurry to give me the details of your—er-r—operations, but had plenty of time to—er-r—dilate on the sterling qualities of this same young lady."

Mr. S. McCullogh Dow sighed, and in sighing, his lower lip seemed to drop and quiver.

"Right," he assented. "There was a girl that knew her McGuffey's when it came to trimmin' a sucker. No sentiment! No monkey business! All technic and confidence. Sometimes I used to think that after we had laid up a pile we would -we might ——"

"Ten minutes." Mr. McMurty hated sentiment in all forms, except in court rooms.

"All right," assented his client wearily; "but if you were bound up in this thing the way I am, you wouldn't be sitting there with your watch in your hand like a timekeeper at a race track. When I think — "

"Nine and a half," intoned counsel.

Mr. Dow snapped forward in his chair, and his words came with the rush of a timid swimmer diving into deep water. "Here goes! But just remember this, Mac: I always played the game fair an' square. I never —— All right! . . . I picked out a little town called Mervale. Maybe you've heard of it? Never mind; you haven't missed anything. But it was the sort of a place I needed in my business—a town where the chamber of commerce

"I Hope This Hick Gets Here Soon"

is so bubbling over with civic spirit that there is no holding it. One of those little places with a motto"—Mr. Dow laughed bitterly—"the City With a Civic Smile."

Mr. McMurty grinned.

"I went there about two months ago. Iris stayed in Chicago. I went from the depot to the only hotel in the place—roast pork, roast beef and no paper towels in the containers. The next morning I laid the groundwork for Old Reliable. I found out from the desk clerk—he was also the cashier, managing director an' proprietor—that the leading real-estate man of our budding city was a gentleman by the name of Elbert H. Tilbert—commonly known as Tilly. And, Mac, you can take it from me, when I stepped into Elbert's little office I realized for the first time how apt a nickname can be. There he sat—a little squirt of a fellow about thirty-five years of age, with a moth-eaten touch of mustache and a 1911 model blue-serge suit, topped off with a necktie he must have won at a pedro party back in the year William McKinley was inaugurated as President.

"'Mr. Tilbert?' I inquired in my best racket manner.

"'That's me,' snapped Mr. Tilbert, 'and furthermore I don't need any books of travel or reference, good investments, insurance, greeting cards or merchandise of any kind.'

"Isn't that a typical opening for a snappy hick that knows his onions, eh, Mac? Can't you picture him sitting there, looking at me very executively over the top of his shell-rimmed spectacles, with a nasty little sneer of superiority on his pasty little face? Can't you, Mac? And can't you see me smiling to myself, knowing, as I know and you know, that there is nobody so good for a racket as a wise hick? Can't you just see me giving him the cold glare in return, as I tell him that I came to his office to talk business—real estate—on the recommendation of the proprietor of the hotel and that, furthermore, I had been mistaken for many things in my life before, but never until I had a chance to open my mouth?"

Mr. McMurty grinned appreciatively. "The indignant, prosperous, rough-and-ready manufacturer was always your greatest rôle, Sammy." Mr. Dow acknowledged the compliment with a grin and a wave of his hand. "Of course," pursued his counsel, "the minute you stormed out of his office the little man was all of a twitter about the wonderful opportunity he had passed up."

Mr. Dow lit another cigarette and nodded. "You win," he acknowledged. "I went back to the hotel and sat down to lunch. Ten minutes later the proprietor ambled in, came up to the table and started to tell me what a well-meaning fellow Elbert was at heart, even though he was mighty hasty sometimes and a mite overly suspicious."

"And then came Elbert."

"And then came Elbert," assented Mr. Dow. "His face all cleaned up with a silly little grin and a nice shiny apology for his hasty words. Said he had been up late—with a toothache."

"Let me see, Sammy, if I know the rest." Mr. McMurty squinted through the cathedral. "You calmed down—not too quickly—and then, in a burst of generosity, you apologize for walking out. Right?"

"Right."

Mr. McMurty dropped the cathedral to light a fresh stogie. "So far," he observed, "it seems to be the same old racket."

"Up to this point it is the same old racket," Mr. Dow admitted agreeably, "but it gets better."

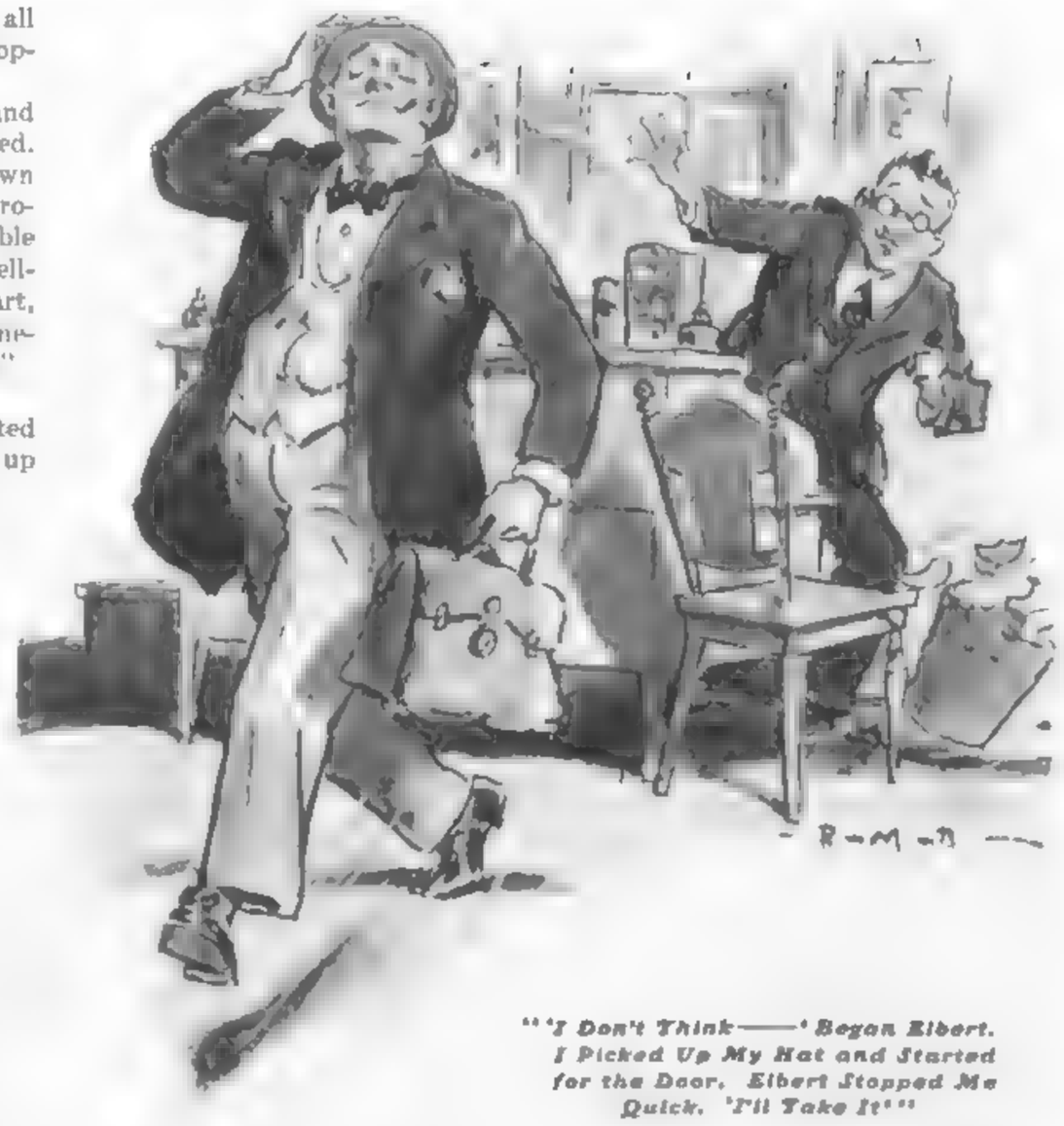
"You invite him to lunch and let him tell you all about Mervale, the City With a Civic Smile."

"Exactly! Then"—Mr. Dow leaned forward eagerly—"I give him the works. I contrast his town with my town. I dilate on the terrific handicap business must overcome in big cities. I rave about high taxes and arrogant labor, and lastly I reached the conclusion that all the big cities of the country are gradually driving industry out into the smaller communities, where the civic point of view is farsighted instead of nearsighted.

"'That's Mervale,' says Elbert.

"'That's what I'm here to find out,' I told him.

"With that, our little Elbert took the hook in his mouth and started to run away with the line. It seems that Mervale was a city with a real civic smile—a Rotary Club, and a luncheon meeting of the chamber of commerce every other Tuesday at twelve o'clock sharp; a city five hundred feet above sea level and one of the lowest tax rates in the state; the center of a very prosperous agricultural district



"'I Don't Think——' Began Elbert. I Picked Up My Hat and Started for the Door. Elbert Stopped Me Quick. 'I'll Take It'"

connected by two railroads with seven leading cities. The fish glaze went out of his eyes as he talked about the percentage of townspeople who owned their own homes. I paid out more line.

"'Just suppose,' I said—'nothing firm about this, of course. I'm merely looking around at the present time—but just suppose that I might be interested in recommending this town to my client, what facilities have you available for a small plant?'

"'How many square feet? What character of structure?' he asked.

"I told him fifteen thousand feet. It seems he had just the sort of place I had in mind. During the war somebody had worked the town with the old rubber-factory racket, and Elbert had sold the company a piece of land he owned on a land contract. After the factory had been built and the company had failed, the whole thing came back to Elbert—good switching facilities and everything.

"I told him as soon as we finished lunch I would be glad to look it over. Then Elbert ran true to form—got foxy. Talked about cash. It seemed that while Elbert and Mervale were both strong for the civic smile in business, they were not so strong—since the war—for reducing the civic bank roll for the purpose of financing new operations. Naturally I gave him the glare.

"'Lissen,' I told him; 'I am acting for people that have been established for twenty-five years. They're not looking for any financing or any subsidy. All they want is a fairly priced property in a community with a decent tax rate and labor that will give a real day's labor for a real day's pay.'"

"The Proprietor Came Up to the Table and Started to Tell Me What a Well-Meaning Fellow Elbert Was at Heart"

(Continued on Page 52)

DELILAH

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

WHEN I entered college, Neil Protheroe had just returned from Oxford to take the chair in English literature. He was a Rhodes man, and he had brought back from England more than a hint of the Oxonian manner, at once humorously arrogant and self-deprecating. We were all at the latter stage of adolescence when good looks, combined with a not too reticent intellectuality make their liveliest impression. We agreed that he was conceited and that Oxford had spoiled him; and we pursued him with our themes and problems of term work and semester reading and hung over his desk in the decorous but rapturous poses of young ladies in a group of Rogers statuary.

It was just before the war, and we were callow youth in a callow young world. We had inherited the universe from Darwin, from Gladstone, from Tennyson, from all the great Socialists and moralists of the nineteenth century. We accepted it solemnly as a trust from these tremendous spirits, believing in progress, in a world industrialized into prosperity and evangelized into peace, and finally redeemed from the exciting necessities of sin. In the meantime we went dancing and walking and snowshoeing with the college men, bantered them austerely and encouraged them to confide in us, believing them to be subject, because of their sex, to certain mysterious and fatal temptations. We went every morning to chapel and sat with lifted brows while the chancellor read the Scripture lesson, standing under the stained-glass image of Martin Luther, with its stern and desperate legend: *"Hier steh' ich, Gott helf' mir, ich kann nichts anders."* And sometimes between lectures we went down to Clarke Street and bought paper bags of lemon tarts, which we ate publicly, dropping crumbs down the front of our college gowns. We were childish, pedantic, a little ludicrous; accepting, with a fantastic faith in their eternal truth, the solemn pretensions of an age that was already spinning out the last years of its final decade. There will never be anyone like us again.

This was the little world into which, in the fall of 1913, Neil Protheroe brought his new young wife. The report flew from group to group in the big shadowed rotunda where we were waiting to register the first morning. "Did you hear about Cornelius? He's married. He is. He got married in the holidays." Jo Elder had seen her the afternoon before, crossing the campus with him.

"You wait till you see her," was all she would say.

I saw her the following week at the opening class reception. We were up in North Hall listening to one of the interminable concerts that used to precede the dancing. The college elocutionist, in a white net frock with a wide pink sash, had come on the platform with the announcement that she had intended to give The Revenge, but as it was a little long had decided on Locksley Hall instead. And now, having given Locksley Hall, she was back once more giving The Revenge as an encore. I heard a murmur in the doorway, and turned to see Neil Protheroe standing there with his bride.

She wore a blue silk dress, sleeveless and untrimmed, looking as though it had been drawn over her body as flatly as a glove is drawn over the hand. I was only eighteen, and that was the first thing I noticed about her—that and her thick dark hair, cut short and cupped over her ears like a little girl's.

I was sitting in the center of the back row and they came and sat in the vacant place beside me. I can still see her as I saw her that first night, slipping past the row of knees, held respectfully aside, a little, bold, deprecating smile under her downcast eyes.

No one in Lesage ever admitted that Leila Protheroe was beautiful. The Gibson Girl had set the standards of our period—our clothes, our deportment, the very shapes of our thoughts were modeled on that superb characterization. Beauty required an attitude and an achieved repose. Leila Protheroe had neither of these; she was simply enchantingly pretty, with a gayety that she extended without discrimination or reticence to everyone who came her way.

She sat beside me now and I could feel the warmth of her bare arm through my sleeve. The frankness of her gown—the skirt was split, over a long silk stocking, almost to her knee—troubled and perplexed my innocence. I felt vaguely that women wore clothes like that to arouse in men heaven knew what unsainted fevers. And wasn't she a married woman?

Mrs. Protheroe turned to me suddenly, and plaintively pulling down the corners of her mouth, whispered, "Is this The Revenge as an encore, or the encore as a revenge?"

"She's only got eighteen more stanzas," I whispered back.

And at that, as though a common spring had touched us off, we began to giggle. The seat shook with our suppressed laughter, and I liked it and liked the sense of having a secret understanding with this dangerous and exciting creature. I did not know then that this power of hers of tricking you, in the midst of a crowd, into a moment of mirthful intimacy, was of all her gifts the most exciting and dangerous.

As for the Younger Women Students, They Studied Her as Industriously as Though She Had Been a Textbook

I couldn't stop laughing. Every time I contrived to steady myself the faint tremble of her arm beside mine would set me off again. It was dreadful. The people for rows in front were turning about, and when they turned around again the backs of their heads continued to look suspicious and surprised. And then I caught a glimpse of Neil Protheroe's face, very flushed and embarrassed, and that steadied me pretty quickly. I couldn't have him think me a giggling adolescent. Mrs. Protheroe's arm continued to shake, but I knew now that she wasn't really laughing at all, that she was simply trying to prolong the moment of childish excitement, and I kept my face steadily and stolidly to the front.

The program was over at last. From the floor below we could hear the faint plucking of strings, the sound of a violin bow flying to the top of the scale. We all withdrew decorously from the hall and went down the wide stairs to the dancing floor below.

I was a straw-colored youngster, thin as a match, and I had come to college on the tall crest of a scholarship that made me, in spite of my rather insignificant looks, something of a figure around Lesage. I was twice removed from reality, living in a world fashioned by myself from a hundred other worlds created for me by Donne and Shelley and Palgrave's Golden Treasury. Until that night I had never realized that there could be a loveliness more moving than the loveliness of imagination and an enchantment far nearer and more troubling.

I stood close to Mrs. Protheroe's corner and watched man after man come up to be introduced, while Neil Protheroe stood beside her looking rather consciously detached—he had the Balliol College man's horror of uxoriousness. There were never less than four about her at a time and never one to whom she didn't contrive to convey some sense of gay secret understanding.

There was Professor Pettinger, who was tall and dry and sapless like an old tree; a wry ancient tree standing off by itself and scorning to cast the graciousness of shade. And before my eyes I saw a miracle take place like the miracle of spring.

"But I've heard about you for years!" she cried. "Wait a minute!" and she held him there, transfixed by a raised forefinger in an attitude of incredible gallantry. "The Ethnology of the West," she brought out triumphantly.

"You're not trying to tell me you've read it," he said, with the gayest air of indulgence.

"Every word. And turned up the back page halfway through to see how it turned out."

And presently there was Ronald Dietch. Of all the people who come and go across my memory of that time, he was the only one who seemed to have emerged completely from adolescence. He was stocky and handsome, and he had the air of being on genial and familiar terms with the world that we sometimes rather fearfully suspected of lying beyond the college walls. Some of the men used to warn us against him: "He's a nice chap; the fellows like him. But if it was my sister, I wouldn't like her going around with him."

While he was talking to her he had her program and had scribbled his name in broad black lead across a whole section of pale pencilings. She caught it suddenly back.

"Oh, but you mustn't!" she said. "You'll get me into the most awful trouble."

He had the air of putting her safely away behind his comfortable masculine strength.

"Don't you worry," he said. "I'll stand them, one at a time, or the whole lot together."

He was shorter than she by inches, but graceful and light in spite of his rather uncompromising build. And she perfectly accommodated her height to him. Her dancing, everything she did, was a continuous moving design, carelessly and beautifully composed. In those days we danced circumspectly, holding one another at elbow's distance, making, in a formal pattern, the full circle of the dancing space. But these two clung to the very center of the floor, clasping each other tightly as though they had been flung together by some sudden catastrophe and dared not let go. We had never seen dancing like that at Lesage before. There was considerable glancing askance as the circle wheeled about them, and over by the doorway the patronesses quietly lifted their eyebrows at one another. And I remember Professor Pettinger, whose dance was one of the ones that had been penciled out, standing by the newel post of the staircase and needing only to thrust his fingers into the openings of his evening vest to look like a man in a gloomy old daguerreotype.

I never lacked partners at the class receptions, and Neil Protheroe was usually among them. But while the others treated me with deference and distance, as an erudite girl, temporizing for an evening with gayety, Neil accepted me quite simply as an agreeable young person with a quaint taste for scholarship. My dances with him were always bright Cinderella intervals in a life given up—rather

She Was on the Patroness List of Every Dance That Winter, and She Was Always to be Found Where the Dress Suits Gathered Thickest

pathetically it seems to me now—to the dusty servitude of old literature.

But tonight I could find nothing to say to him. Every aspect, every variety of charm, it seemed to me, was already represented in the person of Mrs. Protheroe. What was there left for me to say or do?

I burst out, with a rather childish sense of saying the magnanimous thing: "I think Mrs. Protheroe is the loveliest person I ever saw."

He quite flushed with pleasure.

"Well, I don't imagine anyone would describe her as exactly unattractive," he said.

And as though she had caught the tribute, Mrs. Protheroe, leaning over Ronald Dietch's shoulder, put two fingers to her lips and signaled him a gay caress across the crowded room.

I met Mrs. Protheroe about a week later in her husband's office. I came in to return his copy of Confessio Amantis and found her waiting for him to come from his lecture. She was wearing, I remember, a red suit with a short furred jacket, and she was sitting at his desk, smoking a cigarette. I had never seen a woman smoking before. I was so startled that I simply stood staring in the doorway, trying to reconcile the action with her air of delicacy and youth.

"Come in," she said. "My husband will be here in a few minutes."

I came in and laid the book on the table. Mrs. Protheroe picked it up.

"Confessio Amantis," she said. "What is it about?"

I explained that it was a cycle of narrative poems, each group directed against one of the seven deadly sins. And Mrs. Protheroe, rolling her cigarette expertly about the edge of the tray of paper clips, picked it up and flicked over the front leaves.

"Hypocrisy, inobedience, surquidry—he's left out all the best ones."

"They're over toward the back," I said.

She gave me a quick, laughing glance.

"You're Lucy Dayne, aren't you?" she said. "Neil has been telling me about you. He says you are the only one in Lesage with a sense of the symbolic."

She went on turning over the leaves of the Confessio. Her left hand, holding the cigarette, hung over the edge of the chair. It wore a slim platinum wedding ring and no engagement ring. The sight of the ring gave me a curious, intimate and excited feeling. It meant that she was really married to Neil Protheroe—but actually married!

She put the book back on the table and said suddenly, "Is Lesage always as awful as this?"

I didn't want her to think of me as part of Lesage. I said, "Well, of course, it's really quite a small town—just a big village."

"Oh, a small town!" I couldn't tell whether her impatience was for Lesage or for me. "I was brought up in a small town. Lesage is a church. No, it's worse. It's the dear old Alma Mater in a college song." She pulled down the corners of her lips in a child's disconsolate face. "They want me to make two tons of fudge to buy curtains for Regina Hall," she said—"dear old Regina Hall!" And she added with a funny sort of desperate seriousness: "I'll have to do something about it—have a baby or something."

I thought "She's just trying to impress me," and fortified myself behind my scorn of all this childish pantomime. At Lesage we suspected every form of simplicity except the simplicity of moral greatness.

She butted her cigarette slowly and carefully in the tray of paper clips. Then she looked up at me half smiling. Her little face with all its irresistible prettiness of curve and color and brightness was close to mine.

"Oh, Lucy, you don't have to look like that," she said. "You're not like the others."

I felt suddenly friendly and melted and, at the same time, shy and a little ashamed.

"I didn't mean to look—to look like anything," I said. "I'm sorry about your not liking Lesage."

And just then Neil Protheroe appeared in the doorway. She got up quickly and went over and put an arm around his neck and rubbed her cheek against his.

"Hello, dearest," she said to him. "I've come to let you take me out to lunch."

He very gently unwound the arm. "You'll have to wait till I wash up," he said.

I murmured something about the Confessio and slid out of the room.

Behind me I could hear her gay, cajoling voice: "Oh, but darling, wait till I fix your face. You look exactly like Jehovah in one of his terrible tempers."

There had been, early in the year, some sort of desultory affair between Ronald Dietch and Ellen Beale.

She was one of the senior students, a big, bright, fair girl, the head of half the student organizations at Lesage. The two of them used to go out for long walks on Sunday afternoons. It seemed to the rest of us the oddest sort of friendship. Perhaps he was attracted by her blond handsomeness; or he may have taken a perverse enjoyment in the spectacle of himself as a moral problem undergoing solution. Ellen Beale herself was rather mysterious about it. Once, however, she confessed to me that he had a "really fine mind."

"So many people with brilliant minds are like that," she said. Like what? I wanted to know, thinking how the long spaces of the Sunday walks must have been filled with revelations of the most sinister and illuminating sort. But she grew mysterious again and refused disclosures.

(Continued on Page 89)

"But I've Heard About You for Years!" She Cried

INDUSTRY AT THE JOY STICK

By Commander Ralph D. Weyerbacher, C. C., U. S. N.

THE Transcontinental Airway, which spans America from New York to San Francisco, has long been regarded as the backbone of all aerial transport in the United States. Originated, developed and financed by the Post Office Department, it fathered the many spur lines that carry mail and express to scores of cities off its rigidly followed course. If it should fail, many of these companies, too, would fail and threaten by their crash the stability of commercial aviation throughout America.

For these reasons the transfer of the important parent route from Federal to private operation last summer was regarded with serious concern by many students of aviation. Skeptics recalled that the line had been created and supported by the Government, with all of the Government's vast resources; that experts had declared no form of civil aviation could endure without direct and generous Federal subsidies; that probably never before had so significant an experiment in transportation been attempted. Some wondered frankly whether it would last.

Will Rogers Getting His Breakfast at Chicago, Just After Changing Planes on His Round-Trip Transcontinental Flight

As this is written, nine months have elapsed since Boeing Air Transport, Inc., took over the western leg of the Transcontinental Airway—from San Francisco to Chicago—and seven since National Air Transport, Inc., took over the eastern run—from Chicago to New York. Department of Commerce reports for that period show not only an amazing increase in the quantity of air mail and express cargoes carried but a corresponding growth in virtually every form of aviation development.

Three More Forward Steps

THUS during the first six months of 1927, while the transcontinental route was still under Federal operation, 620,626 pounds of air mail was carried in America, while during the last six months—after private operators had assumed control—the air-mail load totaled 1,033,539 pounds. During the first period air-mail revenues to operators amounted to $773,281, while during the latter they rose to $1,861,665. For the entire year the air-mail load reached 1,654,165 pounds, compared with 810,855 pounds carried in 1926; and the revenue paid to operators $2,634,946, as compared with $765,549 for the preceding year. The revenues represent payment for air mail alone, exclusive of express and passenger income. Records for the first three months of 1928 show a continuation of this consistent increase.

Such figures would seem to answer the skeptics. But there is still more convincing evidence. In 1926 there were in the United States seventeen airway operators, flying on regular schedules largely dependent on the transcontinental line. Today there are thirty-four mail, passenger and express routes either in operation or scheduled for operation over 14,279 miles of airways, with a daily airplane mileage of more than 31,000. In 1926 the air-transport operators flew 4,318,087 miles; in 1927 they flew approximately 6,000,000 miles. In 1926 the capital invested in air lines was $5,000,000. It has now increased to $7,500,000 on operating lines alone, and will mount still higher as the routes recently scheduled go into operation. In 1926 the production of the aircraft industry proper—which counts the air-line operators among its consumers—was 1186 airplanes. In 1927 it was approximately 2000 airplanes, with 1200 unfilled orders, and in 1928 it is expected to exceed 4000.

This is but part of the amazing record of accomplishment in air transport since the post office turned over to private capital an industry it had originated and developed to a dividend-producing stage. What will be further accomplished in the near future is equally interesting. Three important projects for which plans are nearing completion can now be forecast with absolute assurance. They are:

1. Reduction of air-mail charges from the present rate of twenty cents an ounce to a new and lower rate.

2. Completion of the project to light the Transcontinental Airway from coast to coast, thus making safe night flying possible over the entire route and reducing the scheduled time.

3. Establishment of a privately operated commercial route between Boston, Massachusetts, and Valparaiso, Chile.

The first of these will go into effect within a few weeks—or months at most—the second by July first, and the third within a year. That a great increase in air mail—and in revenue to operating companies—will follow a reduction in rates may be readily foreseen. Complete airway lighting will mean that mail, express and passengers can cross the entire continent with the loss of only one business day by flying two nights and one day instead of two days and one night, as is now the practice. This obviously should increase the recognition and popularity of aviation as the fastest means of transport. The tremendous contribution to international communication, commerce and understanding promised by an air line connecting the two American continents is similarly apparent. It will mean the expansion of American air transport from its present national boundaries to a field which is at once international and intercontinental in expanse. And what is most significant, the line will be established by private industry, without one dollar of direct government subsidy.

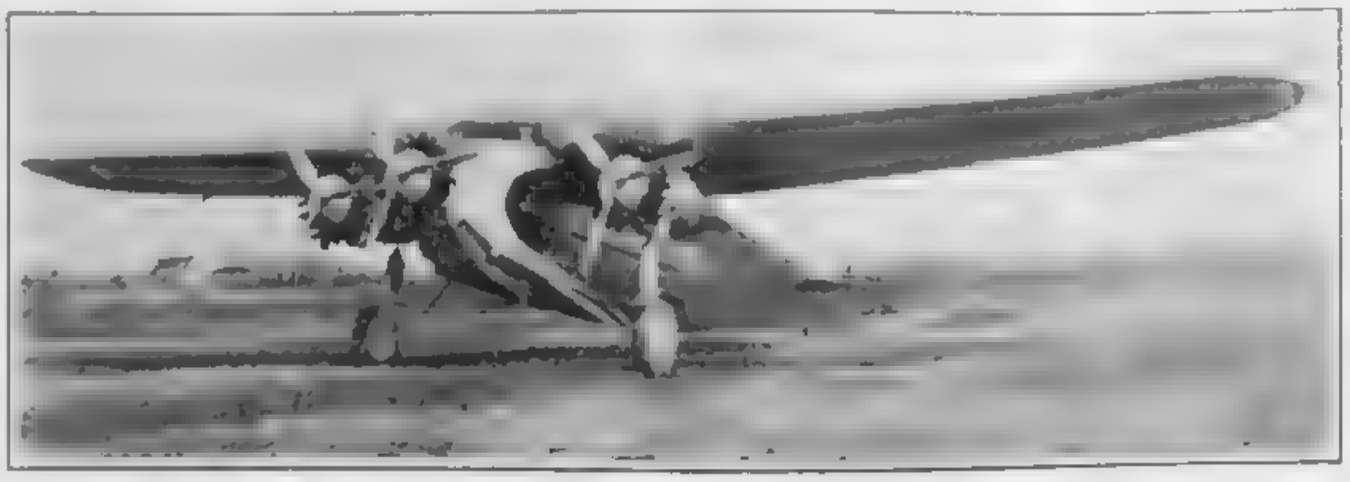
I have discussed only air transport thus far, because it represents so amazing an advance in one field of civil aviation. Growing out of the Air Mail Act of 1925, the privately operated air lines flying on unvarying schedules have developed to their present stage in little more than three years. And in spite of their progress, they represent only a small proportion of the volume of flying in America. Fixed base and itinerant air service operators engaged in taxi service, crop dusting, journalism, news and commercial photography, sight-seeing, mapping, touring, flying instruction and the like account for the remainder. There are approximately 400 such air-service operators around the country, whose investments, incomes and complete activities have not yet been tabulated by the Department of Commerce.

Loading Mail, Express and Passengers at Kansas City

To Supply the Demand

PROGRESS in the manufacturing branch of the industry is similarly encouraging. In 1925, when the air-mail bill was passed, there were 44 manufacturers, with a total production valued at $12,524,719; in 1926, 59 concerns produced airplanes and engines valued at $24,161,752. Unofficial surveys for 1927 show approximately ninety companies engaged in building airplanes. Thirteen firms are exclusively engaged in making aircraft engines. The collective products of these manufacturers will undoubtedly double in value the 1926 figures. Exports, too, show a significant increase.

In 1925 the total value of planes, engines and parts exported was $783,659; in 1926 it was $1,027,210; in 1927, $1,903,460. This 1927 total is 85 per cent more than the 1926 exports and 143 per cent higher than the 1925 exports. Shipments for 1927 included 63 planes, 84 engines and $570,117 worth of parts exclusive of tires. They went to twenty foreign countries, principally Canada, Peru, Chile and Russia, in the order named.



A Fokker Tri-Motored Plane Used for Carrying Passengers Between Los Angeles and San Francisco

Only a minority of transport operators have inaugurated adequate passenger services, for reasons that will be discussed later. Reports show, however, that they have carried in the past year 7321 passengers along their regular routes and several thousand more in joy rides at the terminals. These figures do not include the many thousands of passengers taken aloft by the 400 or more operators not engaged in scheduled transport. A growing number of business concerns have bought passenger airplanes for the use of executives and are using them daily.

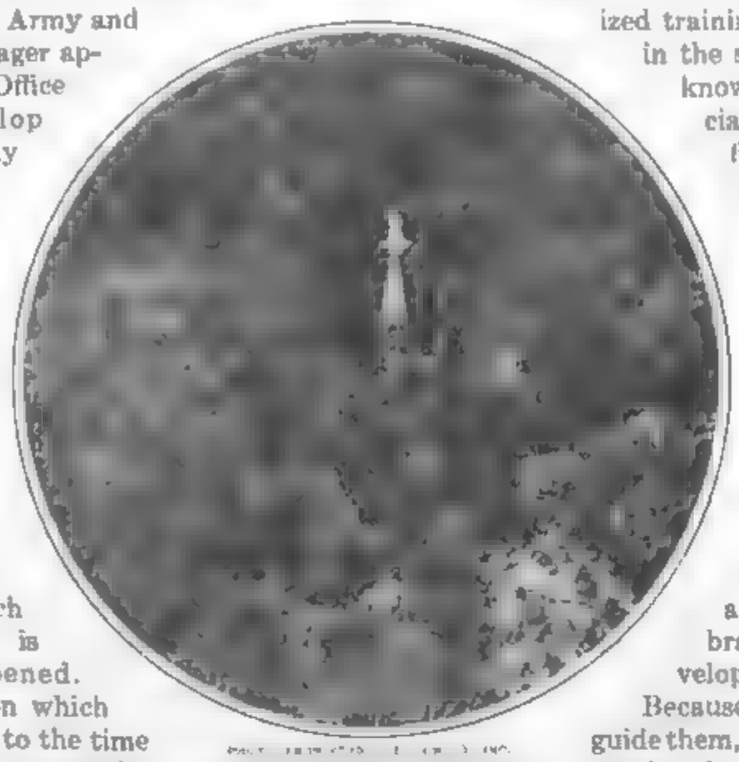
In view of so startling a record of progress in America's newest industry during the past few years, it seems appropriate to trace its inception, its growth and its future. Men have always visualized the possibilities of flying as an agency of war, but, so far as I am able to determine, Benjamin Franklin, who was first in so many things, was also first to discuss aeronautics in their utilitarian and income-producing aspect. As early as 1783, after observing the famous Montgolfier hot-air balloon in Paris, he wrote to a friend in Philadelphia:

> It has been fancied that in time People will keep such Globes anchored in the Air to which by Pulleys they may draw up, Game to be preserved in the Cool and Water to be frozen when Ice is wanted. And that to bet Money, it will be certain'd to give people an extensive Vision of the Country by running them up in an Elbow Chair a Mile high for a Guinea.

Through the Period of Pessimism

THE inventions of the Montgolfier brothers, of Franklin's day, and of the Wright brothers, of our own, mark the two significant epochs of man's conquest of the air. Then the World War brought each development closer to perfection and demonstrated that planes and engines can serve as well as destroy mankind. From 1908, when Orville Wright carried the first passenger aloft, airplanes followed slowly the perfection of the gasoline engine and grew consistently faster and more reliable. By 1914 the scientific and engineering side of aerodynamics had been perfected, and the development had emerged from the field of invention into that of engineering. Then, under the stimulus of war conditions, six years' work was applied with unlimited funds and personnel. Results were immediate. Progress in aviation was, in fact, so rapid that by the time the United States entered the war the American public was ready to accept the impossible. Congress appropriated millions of dollars, and an impossible building program was adopted. Naturally, the plan as a whole was a failure; naturally, the public became discouraged. Trained personnel was lacking in sufficient numbers to carry the approved program to success. Apart from capital and labor, trained brains were necessary to aeronautical development, and the number of these was limited. The only results of the large expenditure were the Liberty engine, a large number of aviators trained on American-made planes who were forced to fly at the Front in machines purchased abroad, and a modest Navy aircraft program.

After the war there came an appreciation of the possibilities of the airplane as a means of transport. Many airplane companies were launched, only to fail because of unfortunate methods of promotion, unsuitability of equipment, lack of terminal facilities and insufficient patronage. Capital was not interested. This was to be expected, for there were no commercial regulations in existence, and statistics showed that commercial aviation, which should have been the safest of all aeronautical activities, was then the most dangerous. The situation was one that only time could clear up. The Army and Navy struggled along with meager appropriations. Then the Post Office Department began to develop slowly, cautiously and soundly its air mail lines; the Morrow board made its constructive recommendations; Congress adopted the five-year building program for the services; the Department of Commerce, under Secretary Hoover's direction, assumed control of commercial aviation; and Colonel Lindbergh aroused public enthusiasm. A period of discouragement and pessimism had been passed; a new era, of which today's encouraging progress is only the beginning, had opened.



One of the Warning Signal Towers Between Chicago and New York, Which Act as Guides to Planes at Night. At the Top of the Beacon is a Red Light Which Warns the Pilot That it is Not a Landing Field

Those dark days of aviation which lasted from the end of the war to the time of the Morrow board in 1925 represented a necessary shake-down period through which the new industry had to pass. In the darkest of them, however, one type of enthusiast continued to keep the interest alive. This was the greatly maligned gypsy aviator. Instilled with the love of flying by wartime experience, or by admiration of wartime pilots, the gypsy picked up army surplus planes at low prices and flew them, often scandalously unequipped and unprepared, around the country. Two things he accomplished. The first, was to remind America that airplanes could and would fly; the second, to build up in his own group the nucleus of a trained and air-minded personnel, which the industry was to welcome and expand as its wings grew more steady and its promoters more capable.

Lindbergh was once a gypsy pilot, as were many other men whose names are now bright in civil aeronautics. During the war, advocates of an air program had been taught to believe that capital plus labor must equal production. Now they know that two other factors are necessary. These are knowledge and incentive. Specialized training in the technical schools and in the services has given aviation the knowlege. The demonstrated financial possibilities of commercial flying and manufacturing have supplied the incentive.

Aeronautical engineers who worked during that period to develop the comparatively fragile airplane of the first days of the war into the reliable common carrier and service ship of today had one advantage which is seldom recognized. They had to start with the fundamentals of their science. They had to discard many long-accepted formulas of other branches of engineering and develop their own from the bottom up. Because there were no traditions to guide them, they discovered new things concerning factors of safety, relative weight and strength of materials, and the like.

Experience and Intelligence

THEY had to discard, for example, traditional theories of wind forces and subject them to new analysis. They had to put new research into weight. They learned how to utilize or combat the partial vacuums created by wind as well as the direct pressures exerted. They learned to reduce the areas of certain types of bearings and yet preserve their strength by assuring rigidity at certain points. They learned to take nothing for granted. This, of course, represents the highest form of engineering, for engineering knowledge, after all, is actually only an accumulation of past experiences and practices seasoned with intelligence in their interpretation. They acquired their experience in wind tunnels and on testing blocks, and put their findings into practice with airplanes that demonstrated their value. In a sense, the engineering development of the modern airplane is a triumph of youth adventuring into new fields of research, just as flying the airplane was a triumph of youth adventuring into new fields of experience.

To understand how much has been accomplished it is only necessary to compare the modern passenger mail or express plane with the two-seated open-cockpit ship of wartime. The structures of the old airplanes were of

(Continued on Page 144)

An Air Mail Express on the N. A. T. Lines and an Express of the Earlier Days

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF THE AERONAUTICS BRANCH OF DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE OF AMERICA

The Municipal Airport at Cleveland, Ohio. These Hangars are Used by the N. A. T. Lines

MISS LA MARNE IN PERSON

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

II

THE reason why controversies raged about Mrs. Lansing was that she was a virtuous egotist, and about such people controversy always rages. She was, as regards conduct, almost perfect. She was an attentive wife, a careful mother; she served punctually and sometimes effectively on uncounted charitable committees. She dressed well, kept up with current art and literature, entertained agreeably, and was civil, even kind, to her husband's family. Only a sensitive and perhaps critical ear could detect beneath the noise of these activities the steady sound of a voracious vanity sucking in its own egotistical satisfaction.

But how impossible it was to prove this to her admirers! Her detractors would tell how she had left a bridge game, asserting that she must go home because her husband had a cold and if she did not bring him his tray he would not eat—literally he would not touch a morsel. She smiled the strange anxious smile of the true egotist, always gambling for higher stakes than appear on the table. After she had gone, those who disliked her laughed among themselves and doubted that Keith Lansing would starve himself to death in her absence. The same group insisted that her children were carefully trained by their governess to invent flattering nicknames for her—"*la bonne fée*" and "*maman adorée*." The others pointed out that nothing could be more appropriate. What mother was more adorable than Mrs. Lansing?

The circumstances under which she and Paul had met were not without romance. She had read a poem of his in a magazine and had written to him praising his work, in care of the editor. She did not know that the poet was the tall, nice-looking young man of whom she had been only vaguely aware on the rare occasions when she went to the library. Paul was gratified by her letter, enjoyed thinking, when she passed him in the streets of Gabina ignorant of his identity, that she had written thus to him. But he did not answer the letter.

The Two Women Entered the Long White-and-Gold Drawing-Room—the Boiserie Imported From a Minor French Eighteenth-Century Palace—Miss La Marne in Her Billowy Flounces and Mrs. Lansing in Her Clinging Black Velvet

Then a day came when the trustees of the library decided to build a new wing, with, as they said, the coöperation of the citizens of Gabina. It was insisted at the meeting that the undertaking was assured if Mrs. Keith Lansing would take the chairmanship of the committee. It was discussed—her ability—her many preoccupations. To everyone's surprise, the librarian himself volunteered to interview Mrs. Lansing.

Having made an appointment with her over the telephone, he strolled up to the house with the tower at five o'clock of a spring afternoon and found her in her library, all calmness and benevolence. The knowledge that she was going to refuse his request made her particularly kind, almost tender. She spoke of her many responsibilities, her willingness to serve in a more humble capacity. He stood up to go.

"It was kind of you to write to me as you did," he said.

Presently he sat down again. He stayed another hour, and many hours followed. It seemed to him that she had been made for his necessities.

Every man desires the friendship of a flattering, useful but thoroughly remote woman, and to a poet such a woman is absolutely necessary. Mrs. Lansing soon became identified with his success. She introduced him to publishers and presented him in a flattering and important aspect to them. The publication of his books, which followed, brought him success, and success made it easier to write. The whole train followed from her first praise of him. Egotists, contrary to popular opinion, can flatter beautifully if they want to—they are experts. He did not by any means believe all she said to him, but the wheels were oiled by it. Just as a creative nature can be destroyed by something that it loves, it can be cherished and encouraged by something it does not wholly respect.

The advantages to Mrs. Lansing were obvious—a good-looking, agreeable man who wrote verses and dedicated books to her and yet never made emotional demands is the dream of every respectable wife. All might have gone well with their relations for years if she had been able to resist the temptation of reading his letters aloud to her friends, or if Marna had not decided to make an appearance in Gabina.

Celebrities were Mrs. Lansing's natural right; it was always to her house that they came. Gabina, like every other community, had its two circles—the intellectual and the fashionable. She dipped into both and selected whatever would be most suitable for the celebrity of the day. Paul was always considered suitable to both.

She was a little annoyed with him for not being willing to come to her house the evening she entertained Miss La Marne. She thought him a trifle obstinate in his refusal and said so tersely. Otherwise she had gathered just the right people to meet the lovely celebrity. There was the president of the local college, with his wife; and the professor of English, who had written a book to prove that, after all, the motion pictures were not half so bad as most people thought—a work which had circulated to the number of eleven hundred and thirteen copies, but had never, fortunately, come under the observation of Miss La Marne. Then there was the head of the bank, who knew a little something about the amount of capital invested in the industry, and a smart young couple from New York who happened to be staying with the Lansings, and about ten of Gabina's younger dancing set.

The two women entered the long white-and-gold drawing-room—the *boiserie* imported from a minor French eighteenth-century palace—Miss La Marne in her billowy flounces and Mrs. Lansing in her clinging black velvet. They were hand in hand like children at a party.

"President Morgan, Miss La Marne, and Doctor Lewis, who simply adores the cinema. . . . Oh, yes, and Mrs. Lewis."

They had all enjoyed Miss La Marne's few words—or so they said—and considered that she had looked so beautiful. Miss La Marne turned on her wondering smile. Had they really liked what she said? How wonderful! She had been so nervous.

Things went fairly well in this innocuous vein while supper was being served. Could they ask what Miss La Marne was working at now, or was it a secret? Then the inevitable moment came which every writer or actor or producer for the screen so dreads—the moment when every amateur in the room began to tell her what was wrong with motion pictures.

"Almost an art," the college president said. "Upon my word, Miss La Marne, I am quite serious when I say I look upon it as almost an art. But why, my dear young lady, can you tell me why they never give us anything really good?" He beamed upon her as if she were bound to be

delighted at his interest. Educational films were the president's idea—just solid hunks of accurate information.

On her other side a pale young artist was all in favor of beautiful inconsequential light effects. Beauty was what was lacking in the screen—sheer beauty of light and contrast. He intimated that the right artists, if appealed to, could achieve it for them.

"Why is it, Miss La Marne, that they never give us anything beautiful? Beauty—ah, it may not pay, but it brings its reward. If I could persuade them not to go in for mere commercialism ——"

"What idiots they are!" Marna thought. "Commercialism! Doesn't he try to sell his own pictures?" . . . Still no word of Paul. Evidently he wasn't coming. She began to grow restless and wish that Julius would arrive and say it was time to leave.

Mr. Porter, the president of the local bank, drew up his chair. "I have a question to ask of you, Miss La Marne," he said, "and I hope I can express it right. I want to ask this: Why have we so few really good pictures? With all the money and talent and effort expended, why is it all thrown away upon such wretched stories?"

"There are not many great stories in the world," said Marna, setting her teeth.

He beamed the more. "I disagree with you there," he said. "When these fellows come to the banks for money we all say the same thing to them—give us greater stories and you will make more money. Oh, yes, Miss La Marne, there are great stories."

"Name three," said Marna.

He looked alarmed, but managed at length to name three, and was much astonished to hear that they had all been made into successful pictures. He admitted that he seldom saw a picture. Marna was delighted to find herself suddenly surrounded by the younger set—the thoughtless dancing set of Gabina, who knew the pictures as well as she did.

Supper was almost over when Mrs. Lansing herself came and sat down beside her distinguished guest and began to make her feel the rich glow of her celebrity.

"I don't so much envy you your talent," she said; "that's an act of God. I have none, so I can only admire those who have. But I envy you your stimulating interesting life, seeing all the amusing artists in every department of art, all our foreign visitors who flock to you in Hollywood."

She went on in this vein. Marna would have gulped it down more greedily, perhaps, if she had not remembered that this was the sweet draught that had poisoned Paul. Time was passing and his name had not even been mentioned. At last she saw her moment.

"But you have celebrities in Gabina, haven't you?" she said. "I'm very fond of poetry and I read the loveliest poem in the Atlantic the other day—or was it the Yale Review?"

"What?" cried Mrs. Lansing, laying her hand with a brief gesture of fellowship on Miss La Marne's. "Are you one of us?—an admirer of Paul Radnor? How very interesting! I asked him to come here this evening, and he was so sorry he couldn't come, but he was obliged to go out of town."

"Probably he isn't interested in pictures," said Marna.

"He'd be interested in you," said Mrs. Lansing flatteringly. "Oh, no," she added, as Marna modestly protested, "he would—he would; he's interested in all artists. I know him so well. He's one of my best friends. I'm so delighted that you think as highly of his verse as I do. . . . Keats, you know—the modern Keats, as somebody called him. You would be interested in seeing his new book—an advance copy. I'd let you have it, except that it's autographed. Doctor Lewis, hand me that new book of Paul's from the table. Miss La Marne, it seems, is an admirer of his verse. Isn't that wonderful? I shall tell him tomorrow and it will give him so much pleasure."

"Well, you know best about that," said Marna.

By this time Doctor Lewis had brought the book and Mrs. Lansing gave it to her, open at the first page: "To Beatrice, from the author."

"Oh, is your name Beatrice? Such a lovely name," said Marna, and saw from the little ripple of amusement that went round the circle that she had made a fool of herself, though for a minute or two she couldn't see why. In her reading, Paul had never got as far as directing her to the poetical masterpieces of other languages. She did not understand until she turned the pages and read the opening sonnet. It was called The Creators. The idea was that it was to the ladies, good or bad, whom the poets had loved that those who loved poetry should be grateful:

Twixt mortal poets and the god Apollo
These ladies stood, and oh, the names they bore!
Frail Lesbia, with her immortal swallow,
Vittoria and Jane and Eleanore
And Beatrice

Oh, oh, so that was it, was it? Marna colored with rage and humiliation. And hate—that most potent of motives—sharpened her wits.

"You know, it has always seemed to me," she said gently, "that poets write even greater prose. How I should like to see some of—of Mr. Radnor's prose!"

"Now that's very interesting," said Doctor Lewis. "You are quite right. There is nothing better in English than Shelley's prose—Milton's of course. But, unhappily, Radnor has never written a line of prose."

(Continued on Page 112)

Mrs. Lansing Shut Her Eyes and Shook Her Head in a Sort of Mild Ecstasy. "The Most Wonderful Letters," She Murmured

THE TAKEN CHILD

"Better Come Along Quick, Crapsey, or It Will be Too Late"

X

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE of the most persistent stumblingblocks to the doctrine of the efficacy of prayer is the frequency with which a thousand breeders, owners, trainers, drivers, caretakers, race sponsors and showmen can pray for a bright day with all the fervor of the faithful and wake to the sound of rain on shingle or canvas. For a moment Harry refused to believe his ears, so incredible and needlessly cruel did it seem that his supplications should so be flouted. He rolled over for another nap and when again he awoke it was to find the sun beating on his face.

He sprang up, washed, and went in search of Mr. Galloway, whom he found with a large group of experts studying the muddy track. It was their united soft-voiced opinion that if the sun kept on shining and if a fresh breeze should blow from the west, racing could be resumed about noon. In the meantime the harrows were out, cutting up the clay to let in the air, and the brush drags were following to smooth it down again. The big event of the day, set for half-past two, was that in which the Alloway Deep entry was to compete against a formidable foe. Mr. Galloway drew Harry aside.

"Well, son, it looks to me as if our race would be called about on time, and I don't want you should get the idea that because I said the mare had a shade the best of it, the Whelp won't have his chance. With a heavy track I might almost say he has the most chance of the two on account of his being so fond of mud. Perhaps he'll eat it up, and then again perhaps he'll take a notion to stop behind and make pies. But what I'm trying to say is this: You're in this race just like I am, and don't you forget it for one minute."

"I won't," said Harry.

"There's ten starters, so two of the lot drawed in the second tier, and the Whelp was one on 'em. But never you mind; there's only one hoss you got to catch and that's Black Bangor, with Elk Edmond up, three from the pole. I've looked 'em all over from the day they was weaned up to their last performance and the hoss that beats Black Bangor pulls down the big money. That's all I got to say and I won't say it again."

"If I get the chance, do you want me to hook in behind you?" asked Harry, groping for some further word of advice.

"I don't want nothing except you should drive your own race."

It was nine o'clock before Harry had finished his breakfast, and from that hour until the moment the race was called, time passed on leaden wings. He did not wish to see Captain Bill and he shuddered at the thought of running into Doris Kent. He hung around the Whelp's stall, had him hitched, took him out for a jog and a sharp round to feel his action, and then helped Crapsey rub him down. He ate no luncheon, and when the gong sounded for the big event, wondered if he had made a mistake, for suddenly he felt faint.

Crapsey led the Whelp to the track, with Harry walking along beside the bike, the reins hanging loose over his folded arm. He was wearing Mr. Godfrey's jumper of the Galloway colors, also Mr. Godfrey's cap and goggles, but he had on his own moleskin trousers, strapped under the instep. He heard Mr. Beattie speak to him, giving him a last cheering word, but he did not know what he answered or if he spoke at all.

They were on the track. He threw his left leg over the seat of the bike, caught one of the stirrups and gathered up the lines as he swung his right foot into position. The Whelp began to move, with Crapsey running beside him, reaching to hook the check rein. Now he was alone; he had been alone for a long time though he was driving up for a trial score or two with the others. The Whelp seemed logy. That would never do. He spoke to him, let him out, and immediately had his hands full. It was as if he had Pickpacker between his knees, and for the first time that day he felt happy and at home.

He began to watch the others and to look for Mr. Galloway, up behind Kitty Kitteredge. But that, too, was a foolish occupation, for he could spot his stable mate any time. The man and the colors he ought to fix in his mind were Elk Edmond and his orange stripe, but he did not find him until they were lining up to score. They scored time and again, but interminably came the clanging of the gong to send them back. The assistant starter yelled at him angrily, for the Whelp was always a disturber of the peace. Harry did not answer; he was not even rattled.

He remembered Mr. Galloway's tale of his great start with the Whelp—a belt under the belly that raised the startled horse two feet off the ground. Horses had long and exact memories—at the spot where they bolted once, they would bolt again, years later. Dared he try it? Would the Whelp burst into a trot? Ought he to try it? Then through the hurricane of hoof beats, sounding no different, looking no different from all the false starts that had gone before, boomed the magic word "Go!"

They were off, and like a gaping spectator he was watching the bunched field pull away. He raised his whip to strike in anger, but before it could fall the Whelp awoke in that startled silly way which was his alone to the fact he was being left behind. He hurled himself full-breasted into a trot and Harry could feel along the taut lines a surge like the impulse of a dynamo. The current thrilled through his arms, down to his toes and back again. What a horse! What a heart!

For this moment if for no other he would always love the Whelp. He heard neither jeers nor laughter. He forgot

what a fool he had been and where he was. Horse, man and sulky were welded into one by the alchemy of speed, and he was an atom, part of a throbbing bullet shooting toward its mark. At the quarter they were still behind, but at the half they began to pull down the stragglers, one by one, until at the stretch there was nothing left in front but Bangor and Kitty, far ahead.

Then Harry used his head. He had been going out around—swinging wide on the long side of the track asking the willing Whelp all the way for more than a mile. Now he held him back, eased him against his will, for he was assured of his position for the next heat. The numbers went up: Number 3, Black Bangor, 1; Number 6, Kitty Kitteredge, 2; Number 8, Axton Whelp, 3.

Then Crapsey had the Whelp by the bridle and Mr. Beattie was saying, "That was great driving, Harry; one of the best drives from behind I've ever seen. You saved him too. Good boy!"

Half an hour later they were out again for the second heat in the positions they had earned—Bangor on the pole, Kitty second, the Whelp next, and the rest might as well have been nowhere. They scored once only and got the word, an occurrence so astonishing that the Whelp was more surprised than ever he had been at being left behind. He shot forward. With his heart in his mouth, Harry found himself cutting across to take the pole—passing his father, passing Elk Edmond. He could hardly believe it. When he saw Kitty's head at his shoulder and began to feel Bangor's breath on the back of his neck, he said to himself:

"They let me in on purpose. Why? Why did they do it? I've got to think things out. What is Elk Edmond after? Does this pace just suit him? What does father really want?"

The musical low whir of the bikes was like the velvet of a carpet; the slap and drive of twelve hoofs like a rushing cyclone. They held their positions until well into the back stretch, when Kitty forged ahead. At the half he could see her creeping up, creeping by; then, as she got full abreast, his eye was drawn to her off forefoot. Something was the matter. He steadied the Whelp and looked again. She had ripped her boot and it was flapping. What should he do? Ought he to speak, with Edmond so close behind? He took a fresh hold on the Whelp, getting ready for the worst.

"Look out, father!"

"I know, son. I seen it, but what do you want me to do? Ask everybody to stop and wait while I fix it?"

"Pull out, father! You can't see it like I can. She's going to ——"

The mare drove her right hind hoof full into the flapping boot. Down she sank to the right, wrenched, stumbled and all but fell. By the mercy of the god of jehu the remaining strap had given way and left her free, but when she rose she was headed toward the outer rail. Before Harry's mind could grasp exactly what had happened, another sulky was traveling beside him, hub to hub, and he might have thought he had been dreaming the accident complete had he not become conscious of Elk Edmond's rasping voice:

"Don't you crowd me, you stinking half-grown swipe!"

The amazing words were like a goad, a sudden intolerable pain. A wave of shame shot through him, not at what Elk Edmond had said but because he knew it was only by sheer luck he had not thrown the race there and then. It was only because he had taken a grip on the Whelp when he knew the mare was bound to crash, and was holding him as steady as a railroad track, that the taunt had failed of its purpose.

"There's three judges watching you, you pug-face," continued Edmond, "and they ain't blind. Who give you the loan of the track to learn to drive?"

Harry's jaws grew set and his eyes turned glassy behind the goggles. He was glad he had them on; they were like a mask. He would have liked to speak to the Whelp, but he dared not trust his voice. All he could do was to send his message along the taut lines: "I'm here, Whelp, old boy! I'm back with you again! We're doing this together!"

"Just you try to saw that bonehead hoss across my track again," rasped Elk's goading voice, "and I'll break every bone in your baby body." Then, sharp as a pistol crack "Get over now, get over! Stay on your own side or I'll spit in your ear!"

But Harry was only half listening and soon his attention was absorbed in something else. At last he could smile, not with his tight-drawn lips, but with his hidden eyes. They had seen something—they had seen Bangor's ears beginning to wilt, not all at once, but with that infinitesimal sagging at the base that tells when the biggest heart has shot its bolt.

He scarcely heard Edmond now. He was thinking that Elk was a fool or he would never have asked his horse to hang on the outside all the way round the big turn just to give himself a chance for conversation.

"Mamma!" jeered Edmond. "Mamma, please come! Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!"

Suddenly they were in the stretch, and through sheer habit Black Bangor spurted, game to the last drop of blood in his bursting veins. Harry watched him creep by and gulped at a lump in his throat in spite of his sound conviction that the black could not last. But after all, the wire was not really far away, and going at that clip, it was coming nearer at the rate of more than thirty feet to the second. Impulse bade him lay on the whip, but reason clamped down on all his muscles with an iron hand. The one thing he wanted, the only thing he needed, was that the Whelp should not break.

Nor did he. Drivers could jeer at the Galloway cut-up while he was at the starting post, the grand stand could groan with impatience and the starter rain down curses on his rebel head, but once in the stretch there was no man living so churlish as not to doff his hat to the Whelp's single-minded, belly-to-the-ground devotion to an all-devouring trot. Far back on the turn, nursing the lamed Kitty along, Mr. Galloway knew without looking that Axton Whelp had won his heat.

(Continued on Page 70)

He Gazed at Her Crumpled Body Unbelievingly

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Record-Breaking Stock Markets

THOSE who suspect sinister forces and the powers of evil in all big business merely because of its bigness have been much exercised over the unprecedented volume of transactions which the past few months have witnessed on the New York Stock Exchange. Four-million-share days have become almost commonplace, and Saturday closings to enable clerical forces to bring their books up to date have been accepted as necessary evils incident to record-breaking markets. The resources of the Curb Market as well as those of the Big Board have been taxed to the uttermost; and its quotations, which were recently confined to two or three columns in the metropolitan press, now occupy the greater part of a page.

We are told that such things could not be if there were not malign pool activities, gross manipulation and sundry other dark men from over the water concealed in the financial woodpiles at Broad and Wall streets. There is enough truth in the charge to keep it sweet. It may be accepted as a general rule that when any exchange is free from groups working either in concert or independently to put prices up or down it is too inert and inactive or too closely controlled to offer a free market to buyers and sellers. But the smaller the exchange, the more contracted its volume of business, the thinner its markets, the greater becomes the temptation to exploit the innocent outsider and the easier it is to do so.

Even the manipulator, however selfish may be the motives behind his operations, swells the number of transactions and makes it easier to buy and sell securities at a moment's notice and thus gives them a liquidity they would not possess except for his activities. Another characteristic of a free market is the perfect liberty it affords its clients to win or lose according to the correctness of their own judgment. It executes their orders quickly, faithfully and to the letter; but it never questions or censors them, never enforces prudence, courage or caution, never stands between a man and the fortune he is about to win or lose. If it did any of these things it would not be a free market.

Within recent years the New York Stock Exchange has become the greatest free market in all the world. Its very bigness is the little man's protection. Its movements are conditioned by too many factors for any one group long to control. Its machinery is so gigantic and such vast sums are required to turn it out of its natural course that the small investor, as long as he remains an investor and does not turn speculator, need not fear to use its facilities. It is his servant and not his master. It is a servant who works in harness and hobbles, subject to more rules, regulations and penalties than almost any other agency with which people have common contact.

No single factor is responsible for the four-million-share days which the financial pages chronicle. The swift, silent growth of the country and the phenomenal outpouring of its savings are partially accountable. The recent extension of direct stock-exchange ticker service to remote parts of the land has played its part in swelling the volume of transactions. Completer knowledge of the finances of the corporations listed on the Big Board has made them more desirable investments than other concerns which work in the dark and avoid publicity. The most important factor of all, though it is a consequential factor rather than a prime factor, is the unprecedented number of new investors.

According to recently published estimates, the number of security buyers in the country has increased thirty-fold during the past fifteen years, a period during which the population increased only twenty-seven per cent. Fifteen years ago the number of security buyers was estimated at half a million. Today it is not far from fifteen million. Even during the past four years the increase of their purchases has virtually doubled. In 1923 they amounted to nearly five billion dollars; in 1927 they were nearly ten billion, and during the current year they are likely to increase in due proportion.

These figures speak for themselves.

Prolonging Life

THE conquest, in whole or in part, of many diseases, especially those which affect the earlier years, has caused the greatest enthusiasm among people at large. It is a common saying these days that one is only as old as he or she feels and looks. The similarity in appearance between flapper and grandmother is stock in trade of the comic section. On all sides is heard the laughing comment that no one need be old any more, and there is a truly pathetic effort not to appear so. We all talk continually of the marvels of modern medicine and try to envisage even greater achievements in the future.

But over against this roseate attitude is realization of the stern fact that heart disease, cancer, kidney ailments and other maladies of middle and later life are getting in their ever more deadly work. It is apparent that whatever the victories of medical science over the germ assaults upon the earlier years, the degenerative diseases which come later are still the supreme conquerors. Yet the greatest confusion of thought and reasoning exists in this whole field. For one thing, it is not altogether clear whether all these degenerative afflictions merely have more material to work upon because more younger lives are saved, or whether they have increased relatively as well.

We do not even know what old age is physiologically. One school of thought, with Prof. Irving Fisher as spokesman, holds that old age is a health rather than a time proposition. There are decrepitude and invalidity, not old age. If infections, poisons, strains, excesses and deficiencies could be kept away we should live much longer. Others hold that the body normally wears out, that it has a cycle of its own. We know that the extreme span of life has changed very little in historic times.

Clear light on certain aspects of this complex subject is thrown by a recent bulletin of the statistical bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Pointing out the lack of evidence of change in the extreme span of life, the bulletin explains that what has changed very materially is the proportion of all persons born who attain higher ages. Though the chief gain has come from the saving of infant and child lives, there has also been a gain in other age groups.

The last available official figures are for 1919–1920 and show an expectation of life at birth for white males of 55.33 years and for white females of 57.52 years. Though exact contrast with earlier years is impossible because of uncertain data and because the areas to which they apply differ from case to case, it is probable that in round numbers the gain in expectation of life in this country from 1800 to 1920 has been about twenty-five years.

Most of the gain has taken place in the last few decades. But it may not continue so rapidly hereafter, if the law of diminishing returns sets in. On this point no one dares be dogmatic. All that can be said is that science is concentrating upon the problem as never before. Large sums are being devoted to studies of the common cold, which, for all we know, may predispose the body to later degenerative disease. There is the recent Lasker gift, to be devoted to "the causes, nature, prevention and cure of degenerative diseases." No one can predict with safety whether octogenarians, nonogenarians and centenarians will be as common as forty and fifty year olds in the future. What we do know is that while life lasts its usefulness can be both increased and prolonged.

Free Rubber Again

DIRECTLY upon receiving the report of the special committee of inquiry to which had been intrusted the investigation of the workings of the Stevenson plan for control of British rubber, the Prime Minister of Great Britain announced that the control would be terminated on November first and the market become free. It seems that the Rubber Growers' Association, the India Rubber Manufacturers' Association and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders had made to the committee of inquiry representations that in the event of abrogation of control, this be deferred for three years to enable stocks of rubber to be liquidated. The decision of the government was to set the date of abrogation on November first, leaving some eight months for adjustments and liquidations. The stocks of rubber in the hands of American and European buyers are not definitely known.

The direct result of announcement of abrogation of control was decline in the price of spot rubber, which declined from around thirty-five cents to below twenty cents a pound. Apparently the market expects a flood of rubber in November. This flood must come, if at all, from the pent-up supply of British rubber, since the Dutch producers have been marketing freely. This would mean enlargement of the British share of the market, though at lower prices. In fact, decision to drop the control was founded on the desire to prevent the Dutch producers from further expansion in their share of the supply and market of rubber.

The decline in prices of rubber and rubber shares represented, according to the reproach of Ramsay MacDonald uttered in Parliament, a loss of more than six hundred million dollars. Probably this was an overestimate, since the prices on good and poor companies alike declined, and it is certain that the values of the low-cost concerns will later recover. One must not thus early convert paper losses into real losses.

But real losses there will be, as result of the colossal experiment. Whatever the losses, the best opinion in Great Britain runs to the effect that if early abrogation meant curtailment of losses, deferment would have only augmented them.

What has been learned from the experiment and subsequent fiasco? The protesting position of Secretary Hoover has been fully justified in the outcome. One more experiment in artificial valorization has exploded. No matter what the material or where the control, there will always be Dutch producers outside. New methods of reclamation of rubber have been perfected, new economies introduced, since necessity prompted researches that might not otherwise have been undertaken so soon. An example has been given of the dangers of monkeying with the buzz saw of international business.

We have paid our full share of the price for an experiment in the making of which we had no part. If every cloud has a silver lining, perhaps we may console ourselves that it has been worth the price of our losses to have been vindicated in our opposition to valorization of a basic raw material by an international control amounting to a governmental cartel.

WITS AND HALF-WITS

By Don Marquis

IT HAS taken me a quarter of a century to discover that the acknowledged wits of New York City have the same idea as to what is funny as the acknowledged half-wits of Prairie Center, Illinois. New York admits cheerily that it is the intellectual capital of the Western Hemisphere. Prairie Center amiably confesses that the cornfields come nodding up provincially to within a stone's throw of the town hall and calaboose. But in urban center and provincial village alike the direct personal gibe is considered the pungent essence of polite humor. I grieve to report it. One expects the time-honored inquiry, "Where did you get that hat?" from the good-natured neighborly meddler of Prairie Center; one looks for something a bit more subtle and less familiarly personal from the sophisticated author of a wise-cracking show that is flaunting its S. R. O. sign in the face of Broadway.

I left Prairie Center years ago because I had come to long fervently for a community in which each man, woman and toddling child did not know intimately how many spots I had on my tonsils, where I had purchased my socks and how I got hold of the quarter I had put in the plate at church last Sunday—did not know these things and converse publicly about them. Even the somnolent dogs in front of the Palace Hotel, and waiting at the railroad depot for the four o'clock passenger train to come through, seemed to think it their right to know all about one another's fleas.

I am no hermit, but I do have my moods and moments when I can get along without conversation concerning the dandruff on my coat collar and the warts on my soul. I aspired to an environment in which it would not be a matter of remark if I had just had my hair cut or my adenoids unveiled or my sinus opened with prayer or had set up a new dove-colored necktie in place of the old familiar salmon-tinted one which had become a landmark.

After struggling uncertainly about the country for some years I achieved the metropolis and I said: "Now, in this vast and vastly intelligent town, certainly I shall be permitted to quit wearing belts and go back to galluses without everyone from Battery Park to the Harlem River having some original and humorous remark to make about it."

The Talk of the Town

BUT I was mistaken. New York is worse than Prairie Center. In Prairie Center, out of a total population of a thousand, there are only five or six half-wits who carry the thing to the place where the only adequate retort is mayhem. In New York there are a hundred thousand wits who leave one speechless with bewildered rage. Mayhem does no good in New York. Cutting a New York wise-cracker in two is as useless as performing the same operation on an angleworm. The upper half of him crawls away and joins Alexander Woollcott's circle of wits at the Algonquin Hotel, and the lower portion becomes a dancer in a cabaret or night club, or a character in one of Carl Van Vechten's books; the original trouble is only doubled.

In Prairie Center you were supposed to have breakfast at 7:30 o'clock, and you were supposed to eat bacon and eggs. If by some chance the eggs were omitted or the breakfast was nineteen minutes later than usual, the scandal spread all over the village like a swamp fire burning the dried rushes in the sloughs west of town. After this crime against the conventions and proprieties you go downtown to the post office. Only two hours have elapsed, but the boys who have been pitching horseshoes in front of Hennery Siples' blacksmith shop—interrupted only by mealtime, winter and rough weather, ever since Buchanan was President—know all about it and refer to it pleasantly.

"Must 'a' been out late last night, huh?" inquires Tucker Johnson genially. "No appetite for breakfast this morning?"

Clem Sanders, loafing in front of the Weekly Banner office, looks at you knowingly, and the only reason he doesn't say anything is because he hates to waste the enormous chew of tobacco he is ruminating. He has been practically speechless because of his tobacco for so many years that Clem has acquired the reputation in the community of a wise, silent man. But the next issue of the Banner will contain a pleasant insinuation that you were out the night before.

Ben Hodges, the clerk in the post office, is distributing letters and reading post cards to himself when you enter. But he knows all about it. He regards you with an air of definite superiority and says:

"Out amongst 'em again, huh? No wonder some of you young fellows got no appetite for anything but coffee in the morning!"

It follows you about all day, and for several days—and by that time there is something else. Uncle Peleg Witherspoon, who has been sitting on the veranda in front of the Palace Hotel for so long that he has weathered to exactly the same color, welcomes the new topic of conversation heartily and elaborates upon it. He hopes it will take public attention for a while from the exquisite witticism with regard to himself, now in its tenth season, to the effect that he was once caught staring at Aunt Maria Appelwhite's cork leg with his glass eye.

One expects this from Prairie Center, I say. I did not expect it from New York. Well, it has not been three weeks since I sat down in a club in New York and ordered bacon and eggs at one o'clock in the afternoon and had precisely the same remarks made to me. By what sort of people? Well may you ask! I answer truthfully, by the bright and shining stars and intellectual planets of the Western Hemisphere, who are willing to admit, themselves, that they cast effulgence and scintillation across vast reaches of the Occidental firmament.

In Short, He Got a Haircut

IN NEW YORK I have deliberately cultivated the society of these bright and shining intellectuals. I have made a point of getting acquainted with newspaper paragraphers, prominent dramatic critics, eminent essayists; I have persistently cultivated brilliant short-story writers, erudite philosophers, so-called Bohemian painters, spiritual poets; I have intruded myself among, and invaded the publicity of, numbers of noted novelists, clever playwrights, profound editors. There is scarcely any variety of wit or wag or serious thinker, scarcely any little group of dedicated brains, scarcely any coterie of brows, high, low or done medium with onions, among whom I have not, with more or less humility, managed to insinuate and insert myself. For intelligence is what I was looking for—intelligence and preoccupation with the wider affairs of this planet which goes forever spinning onward through illimitable space. I wished to get away from that personal note which had driven me away from Prairie Center and its provincialities and genial crudities.

Some of these persons, as the result of lengthy and determined persistence on my part, have permitted me to know them rather well; there are, indeed, numbers of them whom I might approach familiarly with an offer to lend money without fear of offending them. At last, I said to myself some years ago, I have swum and drifted somewhere near the central vortex of the mental whirlpool of the Western world.

And I am desolated to report that I might just as well go back to Prairie Center.

A few months ago I got my hair cut.

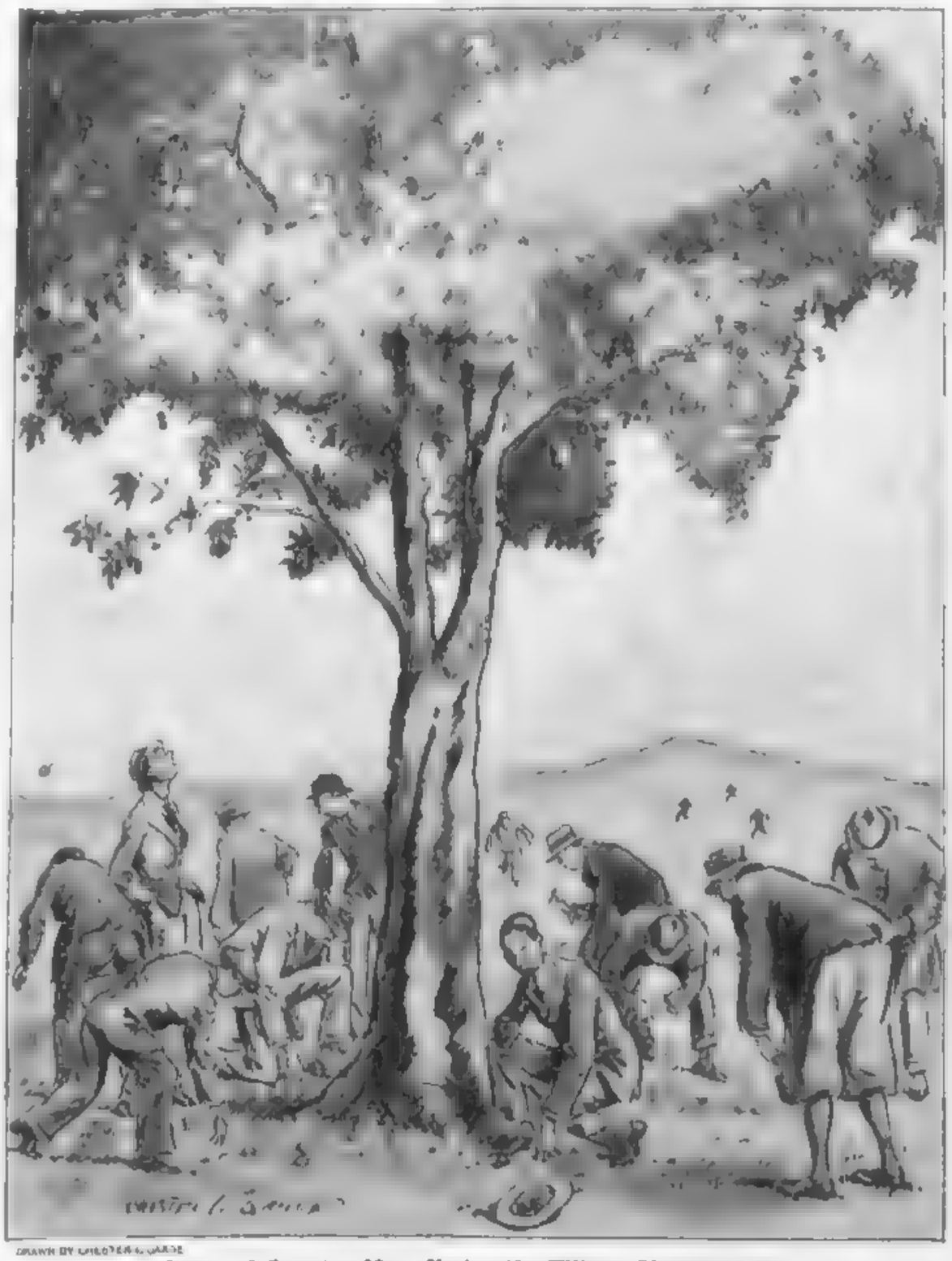
That doesn't jar you, does it? Well, it seemed to jar a great many of the intellectual classes in New York.

What I am going to tell you about that haircut is literally true—there wouldn't be the slightest point in it otherwise. Literally true; not exaggerated; rather understated than otherwise.

Well, then, I got my hair cut. I got it cut short. I got it cut very short. If I had not pledged myself against exaggeration, I would say I got it cut so short that you could almost see the thoughts spreading around in every direction under the thin, shiny layer of intellectualized bone.

It was nobody's business why I got it cut that short. It is nobody's business to this day. I shall never tell why.

(Continued on Page 141)



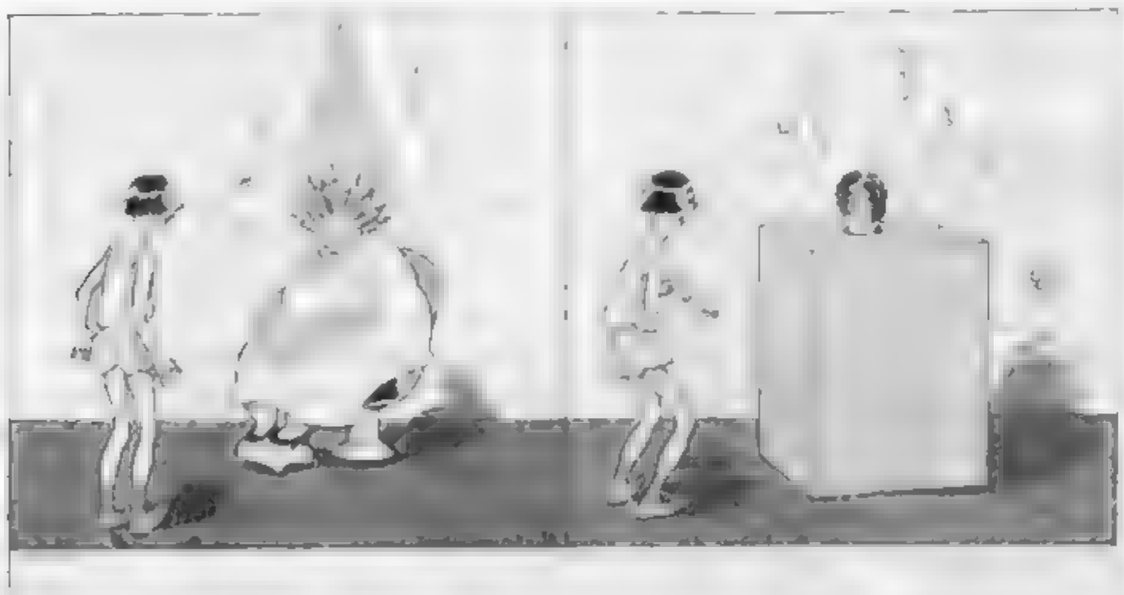
City and Country Meet Under the Village Chestnut Tree

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Wife: "Eugenia Has Engaged Herself to be Married! Shall We Give Our Consent?" Husband: "Absolutely! Who's the Man?"

Psychopenalysis

NOW that sin's as old-fashioned as Moses,
Don't be hard on a brother's neuroses;
When he murders for pelf,
Keep reminding yourself,
"We all have our little psychoses!" —C.R.S.



The Early Christian Martyr Visits a Beauty Shoppe!

The Tabloid as Textbook

WHEN my friend advanced the theory that the newspapers contained each day an epitome of all human knowledge and a record of all human achievement, and was therefore the finest and most finished educational medium, I was not deeply moved. But when he announced that his children were to be taught with no other textbook, it did seem that he was carrying the idea a little far.

Today he asked me over to listen to the first examination.

"Arithmetic first," said my friend. "What do six and two make?"

"Sex and two," chorused the children, misunderstanding him slightly, "make the front page." He was taken aback, but resumed hurriedly.

"What are two and one?" he asked.

"A triangle!" shouted the children.

My friend coughed embarrassedly.

"Now we'll see about your letters," he said. So he wrote them on the board, one after the other, and the children called them—A, B, C, up to W.

"What's this?" he asked, as he wrote X.

"That marks the spot where the body was found!" said all the children together.

"Suppose we try the sciences," said my friend. "What are the laws of falling bodies?"

"They land," the children replied, "with a muffled splash or a dull thud." *(Continued on Page 150)*

The One Behind the Tree: "Huh! He's Been Talking to Her for Ten Minutes and Hasn't Wagged His Tail Once—Must be His Wife"

The Superstitious Motorist Tries to Keep a Black Cat From Crossing His Path

The first bright glow in the meal!

You need hot soup with all the cold foods in summer

SOUP *and* *Mrs. Grundy*

SHE HAS always been a famous woman—has Mrs. Grundy. She never lived, to be sure, but she has been feared and respected ever since her name was first used in an old English play. In this play she never even appeared on the stage, but another woman, a rival of hers, stood in constant awe of her and kept continually asking, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" From that day to this, her name has been used to represent the gossips and the critics.

Every neighborhood has its Mrs. Grundys who set up their little courts and deliver their judgments on their sisters. No independent, self-respecting woman caters for their favor. But by the same token, proud and capable women demand that their homes shall at all times be so faultlessly kept that no Mrs. Grundy can throw her little barbs of criticism at it.

SOUP IS now accepted as one of those refinements in the daily menu that mark the well-kept home. The woman who is jealous to have for her family a table second to none in charm and excellence is careful not to omit soup. She is quick to follow the example of those neighbors whom she most respects and admires—friends who exchange visits with her and who take it for granted that delicious, invigorating soup will greet them at the table, as it does in their own homes.

The woman who makes it the rule to serve soup every day proves that she wishes to make her meals just as enjoyable as possible. She also shows that she knows how to make them most beneficial. For soup not only delights the taste, it also stimulates the flow of the digestive juices and promotes general good health.

SOUP OFFERS a variety of delightful savors and flavors that no other food supplies in such tempting form. There's nothing like good, hot soup to cheer you and invigorate you. Add to this, the distinctly helpful effects of soup on appetite and digestion—and you see why the experts recommend soup.

The more you appreciate quality, the better you like Campbell's Soups! Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. So easy and convenient. Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

I'm a happy, bouncing maid,
See the clever part I've played;
Helping mother more and more,
Bringing Campbell's from the store.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

LITTLE GIRL

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"Am I—Am I Wanted for Any More of the Picture?" He Shook His Head. "It's Better for You"

IX

OUT in the street before the little bakery, Guarda Daran directed Soames to stop his car. "This is where she lives."

"Not in this bakery? No wonder she didn't answer the telephone."

"In this apartment next door. I don't know whether she has a telephone. But I know this: If at the very last minute North gives her this part in The Searchers, Lowndes and all of them will have to stand from under; and that means you and me, if we don't look out. Me, I'm dished, if he doesn't give me something else. I'll have to marry you."

"You could do worse. But why you want me to come here, I can't see." He took the stairs with distaste. On the third landing he paused. "If I had not told North how thin she was, it would not have happened. It was her hands, wringing out her question, that did it. But I never dreamed he would do more than give her some small thing to tide her over, when I described the way she used her hands."

"That's why I want you to be the one to give her the news; not North himself, or some fool from the studio. I want you to tell her how it happened, so she'll know it was you who did it. You'll see why."

"I'll see nothing. She isn't here. North has probably sent for her."

From the bell Guarda's hand fell to the knob and the door yielded. It had not been shut. Darkness hung about the room. Only the window cut it—a frame of dim light. Guarda stepped inside the room and stood still.

"Strike a match." Her voice was hurried. There was a stillness there in the room, a shadow—something—it was like a pain.

Soames was feeling for an electric switch. Quite suddenly the light flared, blotting the faint glimmer of the window. In the chair by the table a little figure huddled. One hand had dropped to the side of the chair, holding the receiver of the telephone. The other hand lay on the table beside a sugar roll.

"Kid!" Guarda bent over her. "Kid!" Over the huddled little figure Guarda's eyes met the man's. "She never even knew what the telephone was going to tell her. Oh!"

For one tense second Soames looked down at Guarda, who was bending over the lax hand on the receiver and unclasping it. That look Guarda had sent him had said: "She cannot take this part and I shall have it." For a moment he did not move. Then he took the telephone from Guarda.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am calling a doctor and a nurse."

He spoke rapidly into the transmitter. He hung up the receiver and slipped an arm under Constance's head.

"Get me water, Guarda." He took his flask from his pocket.

As he watched the waxen pallor of her face he thought of what had been in it—was it only a week ago? He had said she was on the edge of something big and he had thought it might be success—so superstitious they all were—luck seekers! So he had gone to North himself—and her voice—and she had been on the edge of death—and he had said he would ring her up—not the next day, but the day after. He could not let this thing happen. And those hands, weaving their agony in and out, as he told her she would not be vivacious enough. He could not be too late. He looked up at Guarda.

"What are you doing, Guarda?"

"I'm going to bring North here. He has eaten at her table. He's strung her along with what he was going to do for her and left her flat while he went East. The merest word to you while he was gone—I'm going to give D. G. North a ring."

Once more that curious look in Guarda's eyes. It was not the girl on his arm that Guarda was thinking of. And he had almost married her. Gad, no one was safe in this picture fight! He bent down over the shadowed face. There was the faintest flutter of breath about the lips. Hurried steps sounded without.

"It is the doctor, Guarda. Hurry! Put that telephone down and open the door!"

X

THERE was tension on the set. North's best director, Soames, was directing Guarda Daran, and he made her do one bit of business after another, over and over. Soames was known to the cameramen and the lightmen as a conscientious rehearser. If necessary, he rehearsed a sequence the usual three times and then did it three times more before he called camera, but this morning Guarda could not seem to please him no matter how often she rehearsed.

She stood sullenly looking at him as he patiently explained. And she waited a moment before she began to follow his directions. In that moment she had caught the significant flash from eye to eye of the other actors on the set. She knew perfectly what it meant. They were unaccustomed to this critical attitude on the part of a director whose reputation for handling suavely the Guardas of the picture world was well known.

These last few months Soames had directed Guarda with more than suavity. There had been between them that swiftness of interpretation that meant an instinctive desire to please each other that was personal rather than professional. This does not occur without the whole studio chattering about it, no matter how subtle it was. The onlooker of any assemblage is always the one who detects the undercurrent.

Guarda knew that, at the luncheon hour that day, the care that had been given to her smallest requests by the wardrobe men and the cameramen and the property men, would be altered, because it was not quite so sure that she was going to marry Soames. Something dangerous began to slumber in her eyes and the camera caught it and Soames himself caught it.

Soames turned his head. "Constance Gray!" he called.

Guarda moved aside and again the significant look was exchanged between the onlookers. They bent forward to see the new girl. As an extra nobody had made the slightest effort to see her, but she had been given a featured part out of a clear sky. She was one of those romantic new people, picked up anywhere, that made the reputation of the director overnight if she succeeded. She was far more interesting to the narrow fringe of onlookers than the seasoned actress, the more so because Guarda Daran obviously was not pleased with her.

As the scene progressed the reason for Guarda's displeasure became apparent. The new girl moved uncertainly; she was almost tremulous. Between each sequence she found a place to sit down, as if she found it difficult to stand long. She had no difficulty in following Soames. She apprehended his directions swiftly. It was as if the difficulty lay in forcing her body to carry them out in spite of overpowering fatigue.

The camera stopped clicking as Guarda threw up one hand in despair. She spoke in a low voice to Soames: "I can't manage myself and this girl too. I have to push her along so I can't stay in my own part. Can't you rehearse her without me until she is ready to do it?"

"I think you can play it," said Soames. "Constance, you have been in an automobile wreck, and you are nervous and excited and can hardly speak. You scarcely know what you are doing. Now, Guarda, take her by the shoulder and shake her. You don't have to shake the breath out of her. You are trying to get something from her. Now again. Here, I'll show you how."

His hand fell on Constance's shoulder and rested there a second and then fell.

"Don't shake her," he said to Guarda. "Put your hand on her arm and put your head up close to hers instead."

Guarda shrugged. "Will she fall to pieces? What if I put my hands behind my back and talk to her?"

"You must put on a little more flesh, Constance," said Soames. "Now go on, Guarda, and stop all this nonsense. Try it again. You look angry. You are not angry. You are worried to death for fear the accident to the girl has scattered her wits so that she cannot follow you. Guarda, I have never seen you so wooden. You're in the way.

(Continued on Page 30)

By the quickest way to you—

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BY the quickest, most direct route possible Brookfield Creamery Butter is sent from our creameries to the dealer who supplies you.

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Brookfield

Butter--Eggs--Cheese

C S & Co.

(Continued from Page 28

I can't see her at all. Step back. There's no use in your trying to make somebody talk that the audience can't see. Now, this is camera."

Crawlingly the scene came to an end and the noon hour sounded. Soames gave the signal of dismissal and Guarda came to his side.

"I want to speak to you. I am having lunch in my dressing room. Will you come?"

"Sorry; I am lunching with the chief. Will you speak to me now?"

She gave a lightning look about the darkened set. The fringe of onlookers had dwindled to the few people who were turning off the lights or arranging the set for the next sequence. But Guarda knew that, for all their seeming unconsciousness, they were watching her. Even the light-man and the call boy are actors on the set.

"No," she said, "I can't say it here. Shall I see you tonight?"

"I'm afraid not, Guarda. I have to go over the script tonight. Tomorrow we do the boat-race sequence. It's all in the water and I won't have a moment tonight."

Guarda watched the figure of Constance Gray as she moved slowly out into the sunshine and paused, shading her eyes.

"If you put that bunch of bones into the water tomorrow you will be picking up a collar bone on the Santa Monica beach and a shin bone out at Catalina. Honestly, it's all right to be sorry for a girl because she got sick worrying about getting a part, but it's another thing to give her a part before she gets well, and make everybody flop on her account."

"What's it to you, Guarda? You have what you wanted and you're not responsible for what she does."

"It's nothing to me except where she comes into the picture with me. Of course, I know what you are up to. North has given her the part and told you to see her through. And I know it's getting on your nerves. I've worked with you too long not to know the signs. But why don't you tell North at this luncheon you say you are going to, and let him put somebody else in?"

"Do you know how much that would cost? We'd have to retake the whole middle part. You know North wouldn't do that."

"Better to lose fifteen thousand than a hundred thousand in the picture being a flop. I'll tell North myself if I see him."

He came closer to her. The last light was snapped out and the set was in shadow. After all the movement and all the light, it had the effect of desolation after effort.

"Guarda, you know you have your part because this girl isn't well enough to play it. You got North to come to her house that he might find her ill and give you the part. Isn't that enough for you?"

"If you mean, do I care whether I have this part or not—I don't. It isn't much of a part or North wouldn't have thought of her. You know it's a man's picture and you know I wanted the feature in it because you were directing it. What's the matter with you, Tony? You are so changed I do not know you these days."

"Your imagination is working, Guarda."

"I thought so at first. I thought I was dippy to believe you were doing anything else than just helping North when you took so much trouble at the hospital for this girl." A deeper note of sincerity came into her voice. "I thought you were playing this game we all have to play. But I don't think so now. You are getting different. You can't be falling for this girl. She's a rotten actress and you know it. But even if she were the best ever, she's North's and you wouldn't get into it. That's the reason I can't work it out. It's why I ask you what's the matter?"

He did not answer her question, making use of an old defense. "You are mistaken. She is a good actress—good enough. She just knows nothing about screen technic."

"Sure! Holds her mouth open to register surprise and gets all her teeth photographed! She takes so long, she must be good; but everybody else is through their business before she begins. She never heard of timing."

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Even now she was not far from that something big he had seen about her six weeks ago, when she begged him for work and flung her last drop of blood into simulating vivacity, because he had told her she was not vivacious enough. This something big might be the hovering shadow he had dragged her out of, and it might have nothing to do with her simulated feeling before the camera. Not for one moment did she seem real, there on the screen. Painstakingly Soames tried to see whether this was physical or whether it was lack of experience.

Behind the Window Constance Gray Watched the Car Until It Turned the Corner

He rose and went out into the sunlight. This technic, won so hardly, here a little, there a little, was so desperate a winning to those who fought knowing what they fought for; so impossible to those who did not know they had to fight, because they saw no signs of hard-won technic in the work of the finished artist. Soames sighed.

XI

THE yacht-club wharf at Catalina was strung with flags of a hundred different colors, little pennants fluttering to a stiff breeze. Behind them the curve of the bay, with the mountains coming down to the shore, made a background of brown rock and golden sand. Before the wharf the water was barely ruffled by the breeze. The little power boats rocked with a motion that greatly pleased Soames' eye. He looked out about the horizon and felt he could not have had a better day for his shore scene. Three yachts strung with pennants were anchored close to the power boats and he was sending extras in lacy garments and big hats to lean over the rail of the yachts and look as if they were watching the race of the power boats that would finish close to the wharf. Each boat had an aquaplane tied to it and the assistant director was marshaling the girls who had to stand on the aquaplanes as the power boats cut through the water.

Constance Gray watched the girls with eager eyes. She had a special make-up for the water and she wore a bright green taffeta bathing suit and tried not to shiver as the breeze caught its scanty skirt. Soames came up behind her.

"Haven't you a coat, Grayling? It's treacherous weather. I'll get you a bath robe from one of the property men. You ought to keep wrapped up. Pretty, isn't it?"

Constance sent her eyes over the white yachts and the sun-flecked water and the golden beach. On the beach were sixty extra girls in the smartest sports clothes that could be made. They made a kaleidoscope of color. In attendance were groups of white-flannel men extras. Some of them were rolling huge beach balls about the sand. Others were playing sand hockey. There were parasols and marquees and beach chairs of such variegated colors that the beach glowed with them.

"Lovely. But you aren't having that power boat explode and burn up very far out, are you? Isn't that the boat, where they are testing those powders?"

Soames bent a concentrated attention on an old boat painted to look new, where two men were setting fire to little dabs of powder that burned with different colored flames; some red, some yellow, and some white.

"For the purpose of photography, if you don't see the land, the ocean looks as deep thirty feet out as three miles out." His narrowed eyes came back to the fluttering pennants on the wharf.

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In the Chair by the Table a Little Figure Huddled. One Hand Had Dropped to the Side of the Chair, Holding the Receiver of the Telephone

HOW HONEST IS BUSINESS?

By Samuel Crowther

ONCE upon a time money lending was the lowest of all known ways of earning a living, for the taking of interest was unchristian. Now banking is very respectable indeed; but only up to a point. Usury was once the charging of interest, now it is the charging of more than the legal interest, and the usurer is not a banker but a loan shark, and blood brother of those who were cast out of the temple. Yet a banker charging 10 per cent in New Mexico would be classed as conservative, for there the legal rate is 12 per cent; in Pennsylvania he would be a usurer, for there the legal rate is 6 per cent. And in many countries there is no legal rate. Germany favors the creation of cartels, which are combinations of producers to fix prices and to allocate production, but to do anything of the sort in the United States is a high crime. It is even rather difficult here for a producer to fix the price at which his article may be retailed, and trade associations must tread warily lest their members be haled into court as conspirators.

All of which is sufficiently puzzling when one starts to appraise the state of business honesty, for it would seem that right and wrong are not absolute but vary with the period one was born in and where one chooses to set up shop and what sort of witch doctors are operating. At the moment of writing, it is being freely said that business is dishonest. One wing of politicians have always said so and are now only having their most cherished fears confirmed. But the speeches of politicians are more often inspired by creeds than by facts, and the first article of every creed says that the other party and its supporters are drawn from the depths of iniquity.

Where Caveat Emptor Still Rules

BLAINE used to refer to his opponents merely as "the wicked." One candidate recently keyed a campaign on "Turn the rascals out." This is just a conventional fiction which not even the speakers themselves believe, and coming down to realities it means that all political speeches, whether for or against the present conduct of business, should be well salted before taking. Professional political opinions on business are not important. But getting about among the larger men of affairs, one hears rumors that this or that industry is not entirely what it ought to be. And that is important. For though many business men are inveterate gossips, they are more apt to gossip about the ability rather than the integrity of their fellows. One man went so far as to say that all business, excluding only his own clients, was sanctimoniously turning sharp corners: but I think his stomach was a bit off.

Take the case for the prosecution, without, for the moment, trying to discover a definition of business honesty. There are many ugly happenings: The ramifying scandals growing out of the leasing of the naval oil reserves are most prominent and to date have most unfavorably involved a number of prominent men. We do not as yet know the full story and may never know it, for many versions are already current and some of them completely exonerate the men involved from other than technical malfeasance. There have been a number of cases during the past few years—not in the oil industry—where the courts have held groups of financiers liable to restore large amounts of property on the ground that they took unfair advantage of the owners. We have had several nasty failures. The Federal courts have had before them and fined quite a number of more or less prominent manufacturers for what were alleged to be price conspiracies. The Federal Trade Commission has made some important findings, which may or may not be true. The trade commission is not a court of final adjudication but is in the nature of an intermediate bureau of conjecture. It now has before it more than a dozen investigations, including one comprehending the whole electrical and utility field. Also there have been some reorganizations and recapitalizations which have been rather freely questioned.

All these cases divide roughly into two classes. The first class involves moral turpitude—theft and perjury. The second class has to do with the violation of antitrust statutes in which the offenses are highly technical and the law obscure.

We are all of us rather familiar with rascality in business and sometimes we take it for granted. It is not many years since the buyer had to beware and every purchase was a matching of wits, just as in a horse trade. That is still the accepted practice in many countries. I have had the privilege of being flagrantly cheated by many of the best shops in Europe. I have bought amber substitutes as amber, composition metal as silver, brass as gold, artificial silk as silk, celluloid as ivory, and so on through a long list. Usually I have paid more than the genuine article would sell for.

I would like to hold that all the merchants of the Continent are dishonest, but I know better. I know that these merchants took for granted that I had no right to enter their shops unless I felt able to take care of myself. If you pay a Continental merchant with a check, he makes no pretense of believing that your check is good; he sends it off by messenger to the bank to be cashed. He does not trust you and does not expect you to trust him. He does not expect you to believe his representations any more than a circus expects you to believe its posters or barkers. We have a certain amount of that sort of business in this country, especially in the small shops run by foreigners, and also in the stores which stage a continuous performance of removal, bankruptcy and fire sales. But by and far, in the shops of this country one does not have to know goods and can buy on representation and at the price asked.

The price may have no relation to the cost of the thing sold, as in the case of many luxury articles, but this is not a matter into which honesty enters. It is purely an affair of policy. One manufacturer may decide to surround his product with a certain air of exclusiveness by putting his prices high and selling only to fancy specialty shops, while another manufacturer making exactly the same article may decide to cut his prices to the bone and go in for volume. There is some misrepresentation of a quasi-scientific nature in the description of a few otherwise excellent proprietary articles. Many patent medicines are only faith cures, but they make no pretense to respectability and belong in the outlaw fringe of business together with fake stocks, bucket shops, and the like. They are no more representative of business than an absconding cashier is of banking.

Crooks Because They are Crooked

THERE are criminals and confidence men in business, but no one deduces from that that all men in business are dishonest. Neither does anyone assert that all men in business are honest. A certain negligible fraction of men will be crooks in whatever they undertake, and they are crooks not because of the system they happen to be a part of but because they are just naturally crooks and do not know how to be straight. Their criminality is individual.

Then there is a vast border line of transactions that may or may not be honest. For instance, a jobber ordered a large number of sheets from a cotton mill. They arrived one inch shorter than the specifications and were rejected. It seems impossible to believe that any textile man would take the chance of his sheets not being measured by a professional buyer, but that one inch on the whole order meant the saving of a lot of cotton. These sheets were special and could not be sold in the general trade. The buyer sat tight for months, refusing the sheets at any price, but finally he took them at about one-half the cost of manufacture.

That sort of thing happens every day in all kinds of commodities. If the seller tries to put one over on the buyer and fails, is the buyer then justified in trying to put one over on the seller? One can argue either way. Is it honest, all the cards being on the table, for a large buyer to drive a bargain which will cripple the seller? That is rather an open question, and yet most improvements in manufacturing have been brought about through price pressure, and one great manufacturer has the firm policy of making his prices without much regard to costs and then insisting that costs be so lowered as to earn a profit.

Is it honest to cut wages according to the labor market—to pay the minimum rather than the maximum? Putting aside the economic value of high wages in creating markets, is it

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Mystic Pond, Near Winchester, Massachusetts

(Continued from Page 28)

I can't see her at all. Step back. There's no use in your trying to make somebody talk that the audience can't see. Now, this is camera."

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"Sorry; I am lunching with the chief. Will you speak to me now?"

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Constance Gray watched the girls with eager eyes. She had a special make-up for the water and she wore a bright green taffeta bathing suit and tried not to shiver as the breeze caught its scanty skirt. Soames came up behind her.

"Haven't you a coat, Grayling? It's treacherous weather. I'll get you a bath robe from one of the property men. You ought to keep wrapped up. Pretty, isn't it?"

Constance sent her eyes over the white yachts and the sun-flecked water and the golden beach. On the beach were sixty extra girls in the smartest sports clothes that could be made. They made a kaleidoscope of color. In attendance were groups of white-flannel men extras. Some of them were rolling huge beach balls about the sand. Others were playing sand hockey. There were parasols and marquees and beach chairs of such variegated colors that the beach glowed with them.

"Lovely. But you aren't having that power boat explode and burn up very far out, are you? Isn't that the boat, where they are testing those powders?"

Soames bent a concentrated attention on an old boat painted to look new, where two men were setting fire to little dabs of powder that burned with different colored flames; some red, some yellow, and some white.

"For the purpose of photography, if you don't see the land, the ocean looks as deep thirty feet out as three miles out." His narrowed eyes came back to the fluttering pennants on the wharf.

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HOW HONEST IS BUSINESS?

By Samuel Crowther

ONCE upon a time money lending was the lowest of all known ways of earning a living, for the taking of interest was unchristian. Now banking is very respectable indeed; but only up to a point. Usury was once the charging of interest; now it is the charging of more than the legal interest, and the usurer is not a banker but a loan shark, and blood brother of those who were cast out of the temple. Yet a banker charging 10 per cent in New Mexico would be classed as conservative, for there the legal rate is 12 per cent; in Pennsylvania he would be a usurer, for there the legal rate is 6 per cent. And in many countries there is no legal rate. Germany favors the creation of cartels, which are combinations of producers to fix prices and to allocate production, but to do anything of the sort in the United States is a high crime. It is even rather difficult here for a producer to fix the price at which his article may be retailed, and trade associations must tread warily lest their members be haled into court as conspirators.

All of which is sufficiently puzzling when one starts to appraise the state of business honesty, for it would seem that right and wrong are not absolute but vary with the period one was born in and where one chooses to set up shop and what sort of witch doctors are operating. At the moment of writing, it is being freely said that business is dishonest. One wing of politicians have always said so and are now only having their most cherished fears confirmed. But the speeches of politicians are more often inspired by creeds than by facts, and the first article of every creed says that the other party and its supporters are drawn from the depths of iniquity.

Where Caveat Emptor Still Rules

BLAINE used to refer to his opponents merely as "the wicked." One candidate recently keyed a campaign on "Turn the rascals out." This is just a conventional fiction which not even the speakers themselves believe, and coming down to realities it means that all political speeches, whether for or against the present conduct of business, should be well salted before taking. Professional political opinions on business are not important. But getting about among the larger men of affairs, one hears rumors that this or that industry is not entirely what it ought to be. And that is important. For though many business men are inveterate gossips, they are more apt to gossip about the ability rather than the integrity of their fellows. One man went so far as to say that all business, excluding only his own clients, was sanctimoniously turning sharp corners; but I think his stomach was a bit off.

Take the case for the prosecution, without, for the moment, trying to discover a definition of business honesty. There are many ugly happenings: The ramifying scandals growing out of the leasing of the naval oil reserves are most prominent and to date have most unfavorably involved a number of prominent men. We do not as yet know the full story and may never know it, for many versions are already current and some of them completely exonerate the men involved from other than technical malfeasance. There have been a number of cases during the past few years—not in the oil industry—where the courts have held groups of financiers liable to restore large amounts of property on the ground that they took unfair advantage of the owners. We have had several nasty failures. The Federal courts have had before them and fined quite a number of more or less prominent manufacturers for what were alleged to be price conspiracies. The Federal Trade Commission has made some important findings, which may or may not be true. The trade commission is not a court of final adjudication but is in the nature of an intermediate bureau of conjecture. It now has before it more than a dozen investigations, including one comprehending the whole electrical and utility field. Also there have been some reorganizations and recapitalizations which have been rather freely questioned.

All these cases divide roughly into two classes. The first class involves moral turpitude—theft and perjury. The second class has to do with the violation of antitrust statutes in which the offenses are highly technical and the law obscure.

We are all of us rather familiar with rascality in business and sometimes we take it for granted. It is not many years since the buyer had to beware and every purchase was a matching of wits, just as in a horse trade. That is still the accepted practice in many countries. I have had the privilege of being flagrantly cheated by many of the best shops in Europe. I have bought amber substitutes as amber, composition metal as silver, brass as gold, artificial silk as silk, celluloid as ivory, and so on through a long list. Usually I have paid more than the genuine article would sell for.

I would like to hold that all the merchants of the Continent are dishonest, but I know better. I know that these merchants took for granted that I had no right to enter their shops unless I felt able to take care of myself. If you pay a Continental merchant with a check, he makes no pretense of believing that your check is good; he sends it off by messenger to the bank to be cashed. He does not trust you and does not expect you to trust him. He does not expect you to believe his representations any more than a circus expects you to believe its posters or barkers. We have a certain amount of that sort of business in this country, especially in the small shops run by foreigners, and also in the stores which stage a continuous performance of removal, bankruptcy and fire sales. But by and far, in the shops of this country one does not have to know goods and can buy on representation and at the price asked.

The price may have no relation to the cost of the thing sold, as in the case of many luxury articles, but this is not a matter into which honesty enters. It is purely an affair of policy. One manufacturer may decide to surround his product with a certain air of exclusiveness by putting his prices high and selling only to fancy specialty shops, while another manufacturer making exactly the same article may decide to cut his prices to the bone and go in for volume. There is some misrepresentation of a quasi-scientific nature in the description of a few otherwise excellent proprietary articles. Many patent medicines are only faith cures, but they make no pretense to respectability and belong in the outlaw fringe of business together with fake stocks, bucket shops, and the like. They are no more representative of business than an absconding cashier is of banking.

Crooks Because They are Crooked

THERE are criminals and confidence men in business, but no one deduces from that that all men in business are dishonest. Neither does anyone assert that all men in business are honest. A certain negligible fraction of men will be crooks in whatever they undertake, and they are crooks not because of the system they happen to be a part of but because they are just naturally crooks and do not know how to be straight. Their criminality is individual.

Then there is a vast border line of transactions that may or may not be honest. For instance, a jobber ordered a large number of sheets from a cotton mill. They arrived one inch shorter than the specifications and were rejected. It seems impossible to believe that any textile man would take the chance of his sheets not being measured by a professional buyer, but that one inch on the whole order meant the saving of a lot of cotton. These sheets were special and could not be sold in the general trade. The buyer sat tight for months, refusing the sheets at any price, but finally he took them at about one-half the cost of manufacture.

That sort of thing happens every day in all kinds of commodities. If the seller tries to put one over on the buyer and fails, is the buyer then justified in trying to put one over on the seller? One can argue either way. Is it honest, all the cards being on the table, for a large buyer to drive a bargain which will cripple the seller? That is rather an open question, and yet most improvements in manufacturing have been brought about through price pressure, and one great manufacturer has the firm policy of making his prices without much regard to costs and then insisting that costs be so lowered as to earn a profit.

Is it honest to cut wages according to the labor market—to pay the minimum rather than the maximum? Putting aside the economic value of high wages in creating markets, is it

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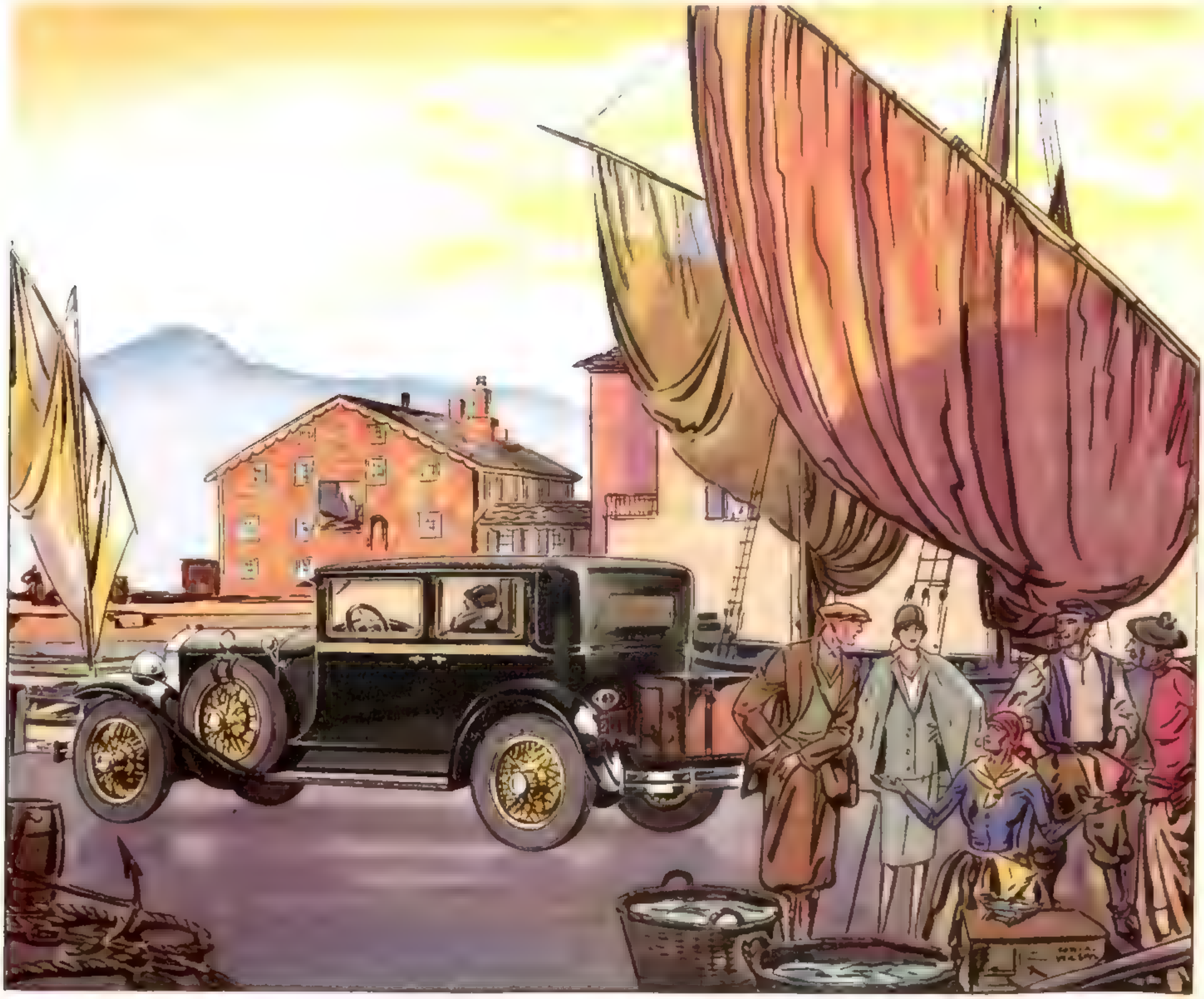
Mystic Pond, Near Winchester, Massachusetts



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Giraffes and Their Enemies

By MARTIN JOHNSON

Giraffes on the Serengeti Plains

WITHOUT the giraffe in daytime and the noisy hyena at night, Africa would not be Africa. The giraffe is one of the first animals you see when you arrive and one of the last to peer at your fading dusty trail when you leave.

One day near noon, near the upper edge of the Kaisoot Desert in British East Africa, we came suddenly on a pitiful sight—a dying giraffe, neck broken and twisted almost under him Up the poor creature's back was a series of four sets of lacerations, each set grouped within a radius of about six inches.

"Lions!" cried Osa, my wife.

Boculy, our black elephant guide, shrugged his broad shoulders and grunted one word: "*Simba*," the native name for the king of beasts.

The giraffe's great soft brown eyes gazed up into mine for a moment, then glazed. Sadly I reconstructed the scene that must have taken place not twenty minutes before.

The water hole near by told where the victim had been drinking when set upon by its assassin. A few yards away was a clump of young trees, the tops of which were green and tender. This was another clew to its fate. For after it browsed among the thin African foliage, it turned to drink. As it poised awkwardly over the water, a tawny blur behind a near-by rise on the rolling plain crept slowly forward. In my mind's eye I could see the swish of the big cat's tail as it slunk along with that dreadful running crouch at which the lion and leopard are so skilled. To be sure, from time to time the wary giraffe glanced nervously about. But to fill its long sharp mouth it must plunge nearly its whole nose into the scummy water, fatally shortening its vision. At these instants the lion darted forward, each time gaining ten yards or so on its prey.

When a hundred yards away all cover ceased. The instinct of the giraffe had arranged for that. Then the charge; a galloping dash so swift that the horrified giraffe sensed but a yellowish light over its shoulder.

Probably at ten feet the wet-jawed lion sprang. He landed, with claws bunched, on the rump of the doomed giraffe. Heart pounding with dread, the giraffe set off at the best speed Nature had given it. But this speed was as a child's tottering run compared with the hurtling death behind. Nor did the lion cease to run now that he was aboard. He literally galloped right on up the creature's back. Hence the groups of lacerations, where his claws had dug a foothold.

Defenseless

ASTRIDE the shoulders of the giraffe, the lion balanced for a second. Then, with one powerful upward sweep, he caught the despairing creature's long neck with the claws of one massive paw and hove it down until the vertebra cracked. Such is murder in the wild spaces of the earth.

If there lives a more defenseless animal than the giraffe I should like to know about it. To be sure, a giraffe can run faster than an earthworm; it can kick harder with its front feet than a caterpillar; and it can see better than a mole that is blind. But the earthworm has its hole; the caterpillar can roll up and play dead under a leaf; and the mole lives hidden from his enemies.

The giraffe abides on the open plains amidst lions, wildcats and leopards. To every one of these carnivores its flesh is an appetizing delicacy. The giraffe is grotesquely conspicuous at all times. Its neck is ridiculously out of proportion to its body, which in turn is foreshortened to a stumpy and unbalanced lump. Its legs are so stiff and ill-formed that it must drink by spreading them apart until it takes a violent effort to spring to attention in case of danger. Its teetering gallop is thrown out of balance by the weight of its long neck. It has no claws or teeth for combat. It can make no sound to frighten its enemy or warn its comrades. It cannot fight, run, cry out or hide well enough to escape its bloodthirsty enemies.

I think it was Conrad who once said the best way to deal with injustice was to ignore it. This is what the giraffe does. He accepts the injustice of his fate with a dignity and gentleness that are worthy of the best traditions of a gentleman.

The family life of the giraffe is exemplary. We became so accustomed to the rowdies and grouches of the jungle that it was a distinct pleasure to fall in with giraffes and watch their bland goings and comings among the other animals. Never did they dash about kicking and snapping the way the zebras did; nor snort and quarrel, as is common with the rhino amongst his kind.

Orphans

ONE day Osa and I came unexpectedly upon a mother giraffe and her gangling baby. The latter, like all its kind, was consumed with curiosity. It surely wasn't more than a day or two old. So the sight of us two-legged animals was something entirely new. That we might represent danger seemed not to occur to it.

As the little fellow craned his long neck and trotted a few steps in our direction the mother became almost frantic. Having no vocal cords, she could make no sound of warning; and unequipped with paws, she could not maul her infant the way a bear would have done. Her only recourse was a sort of panicky trotting round and round the young animal, punctuated by a series of nudges that made little or no impression on his burning desire to find out what we were and why.

It was a splendid picture of mother love we saw. The adult gave every sign of terror. She knew we were not like the grazing animals to which she was accustomed. Probably our movements were nearest to those of the beasts of prey that she knew would find a tasty morsel in the tender haunches of her child. Yet she would not desert it. And not until the silly little creature consented to trot away with his adoring but terror-stricken mother would she leave our vicinity.

One strange phenomenon we often saw among the giraffes was a half-grown female followed about by several babies. Osa was sure that this was some sort of nursemaid arrangement. She used to report to me of a night: "Martin, I saw a herd of giraffes today with two nurses and five children." Probably the truth of the matter is that the mothers are killed by lions while defending their young. The infants manage to escape during the struggle and rejoin the herd. But since the other adults are already taken up with their own young, the orphans must band together for mutual protection.

Of course we never were able to make a study of the animals until we saw them in an undisturbed state at or near a water hole. In order to make films of African wild game it was necessary for me to erect a blind in the dry season near one of the rare patches of water around which vast herds of animals clustered to slake their thirst. One scorching day I sat reading in my blind. The animals outside were logy with the awful heat. A miasma of white dust filled the air, kicked up by the thousands of hoofs milling about me. This dust prevented good photography, but I hoped the air would clear later in the day. Suddenly I

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A Mother Giraffe and Her Gangling Baby

THE EARLY BIRD

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

IN THE basement sewing room of Emmanuel Church Mrs. Kaltreider sat alone, finishing the hemming of a coverlet which had been elaborately quilted by hand by the Sewing Group of the Ladies Aid, in whose lifetime the art of quilting would continue to survive. It was four o'clock and on the east side of the large building the light was growing dim. She sewed rapidly, preferring to finish by fading daylight rather than by a mixture of natural and artificial light.

She was a little woman with a strange contradiction in her appearance. Her thick hair was brown without a touch of gray, her skin was smooth as a child's, and she moved briskly, but one felt instantly that she was at least fifty years old, and possibly more. Her dark-brown dress was made tight at the waist and long in the skirt, and she piled the heavy mass of her hair high on her head. Her unnaturally smooth skin turned her face into a mask from behind which her little eyes snapped and sparkled. She belonged to a family which had helped to settle Carthage, and she had property which placed her at the head of her small circle. She not only owned her neat little house but had an income of five hundred dollars from dower rights in a farm owned by Thomas Rhodes, and two hundred dollars from four thousand dollars invested for her by Rhodes. Consciousness of unfailing youth, of ability and of wealth made her hold her head high.

"Why, Good Afternoon!" Said He, Startled. "It's You, Mantana!" "The Same Mantana," Said She Tenderly

The ladies gathered together had been four in number, not by any means the whole Sewing Group of the Ladies Aid, but a still smaller division known as the Quilting Group. All were friends and contemporaries. So intimate was their acquaintance and so high their standard of needlework that they welcomed no newcomers.

Mrs. Gobrecht was, like Mrs. Kaltreider, a widow, but she had not been left so well supplied with funds. Her total income came from five thousand dollars invested for her by Thomas Rhodes. She lived in a tiny two-room apartment, where she spent much of her time weeping. She was a tall woman, with a down-turned mouth and sorrowful eyes, who always wore black. She was fifty-five years old and the subject of age was hateful to her. Occupying her thoughts equally was the dread subject of poverty.

Annie Kreider was unmarried and frankly fifty. She was tall and slender and graceful in all her movements. She added to the income of her small funds, also invested for her by Thomas Rhodes, by teaching music. The other ladies thought her irresponsible and sometimes they complained because her stitches were not quite so fine as theirs. But when she was absent, the gathering was gloomy. According to the invariable habit of mankind, her friends believed her to have had an unhappy love affair, though no one knew its object. She was still pretty, with her bright eyes, her uptilted chin and her look of intelligence. She wore a red silk dress which had been made over three times to suit the changing styles.

Mrs. Barr had a husband, therefore she did not need to care about her age or her appearance. She was very large and her husband was very small. The same adjectives might apply to their respective souls. She wore a blue foulard dress, spotted with white, which she seemed to have outgrown. Her expression was sweet and worried.

Thomas Rhodes invested her money as well as Mrs. Kaltreider's and Annie Kreider's and Mrs. Gobrecht's. He was the leading member of Emmanuel Church and one of the leading citizens of Carthage. The town had expanded over three farms owned by the Rhodes family; Rhodes capital established the Iron Novelty Works and the Carthage Knitting Mills; Rhodes money founded the college and headed all subscription lists.

Of all the family, only Thomas now remained, and Thomas was fifty. Upon him Carthage built its faith; he was as solid as a rock, as trustworthy as the church. Only once had he failed—he had not won the hand of Nellie Wood, whom he had begun to love when each was six years old.

The great businesses of Carthage which did not belong to the Rhodes family belonged to the Wood family. Nellie was amiable and beautiful and lovable, but she would not have Thomas. She selected from many suitors Irvin Hall, who was a rich man in New York, which is very different from being rich in Carthage. Now that Thomas' mother was dead at the age of ninety, he continued to live where he had been born. He was, in the eyes of many ladies, still young and desirable; he was, in the eyes of all ladies, both charming and handsome.

The Quilting Group had talked about money. For days the papers had been filled with accounts of a bank failure in Pittsburgh. Taking advantage of the long-established stability of an old bank and of the senile confidence of aged directors, three young men had turned its accounts into chaos. One, named Linberry, the most culpable of all, had committed suicide, one had escaped, one was in prison. Investigations were in progress, but neither investigations nor punishment could restore to thousands of small investors that which had been in many cases all they possessed.

In the discussion Mrs. Kaltreider said the most. She read every word of the daily account and she repeated it as she sewed. Annie Kreider shivered, and Mrs. Barr said at regular intervals "Ei-yi!" Of the four women, Annie alone recognized certain local exclamations and idioms as peculiar to the neighborhood and avoided them. Mrs. Gobrecht ceased to sew and sat with her lips parted.

"Cutting such ones into little pieces wouldn't be too much," she declared.

"They may have had some terrible temptation," suggested Annie.

"We all have temptations," replied Mrs. Kaltreider sharply. "That doesn't say we're to yield."

At four o'clock Mrs. Kaltreider dismissed her friends. She was the directing spirit, and they obeyed her because it was easier to obey than to resist.

"I can finish the hemming by myself," she said, when the quilt was out of the frame. "In work like this a person can go faster alone."

"Yes, well," agreed Mrs. Barr eagerly. The fading light made it seem later than it was. "The muster, he comes Thursdays a little earlier home."

"You spoil him," said Annie.

Mrs. Gobrecht rose with a sigh. It was her habit to remain silent for long periods, and since they had ceased to speak of the bank failure she had said nothing.

Annie rose with a little laugh. "All right, Mantana! Have it your way! You know what we remind me of in this enormous basement alone? We're little mice."

"Mice!" Mrs. Kaltreider was offended. "Where would this church be if it wasn't for the Ladies Aid?"

"You have right!" said Mrs. Gobrecht in a tone of gloom from the doorway.

"Wait once, Lizzie!" called Mrs. Barr to Mrs. Gobrecht.

Annie Kreider stood looking down at Mrs. Kaltreider, amused words on her tongue—"We're just about as important as mice, and you know it"—but she did not utter them. She had no living soul to whom to utter her thoughts. Instead she said "Good-by, Mantana."

Mrs. Kaltreider's answering good-by was muffled as she severed a thread with her sharp teeth. Her motion was quick, like that of a dog snapping at a fly. She set tiny stitches with amazing accuracy and swiftness.

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BODY by FISHER

Body by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

PUBLIC confidence in "Body by Fisher" has been richly earned over a long period of years. For Fisher pioneered the closed car body and created practically every important closed-body improvement. Chief among these are the clear-vision ventilating windshield; the silent, reliable window regulator; the important advantage of body flexibility; the great advance in the art of steel pressing. Fisher's greatest contribution, however, is the standardization and precision manufacture which revolutionized body-building and brought the closed car within the reach of all.

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Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

It has always been more or less of a habit of moving-picture producers to change the author's version of a story in order to insure the happy ending. So far as Universal is concerned, this has been the result of popular demand.

Mary Philbin in "The Man Who Laughs"

People did not want to see the hero and heroine robbed of their rightful rewards. They wrote me hundreds of letters demanding the happy ending, and saying that they go to the theatre to be pleased and not to be saddened.

Have any of you changed your minds? Would you prefer now to see the story faithfully produced? At all events Universal proposes to produce several pictures in which the stories will be followed just as the authors wrote them, and the ending will be the natural ending. Let's see how you like them. I'll confess that I am very curious and will eagerly await the public's verdict. What do you think about it?

No picture produced in recent years has received the generous and enthusiastic praise which the great newspapers of America are giving ***"We Americans."*** On the occasion of the recent presentation in Washington, D.C., the Star, Post, Times, Herald and News published elaborate reviews, and united in declaring it one of the outstanding and original pictures in screen history.

Hoot Gibson

HOOT GIBSON'S new picture ***"The Wild West Show"*** is bound to be received with pleasure by the great mass of people who love Westerns. The greatest rider of them all has a splendid story. You'll like it, I am positive.

The New York World describes Universal's production of ***"The Man Who Laughs"*** as "a beautiful and dignified picture." The masterful interpretations by CONRAD VEIDT in the star's rôle, and the charming acting of his co-star, MARY PHILBIN, are worthy of far more than ordinary praise.

Arthur Edmund Carewe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" bids fair to become one of the greatest pictures of the year. For a story 70 years old, this is remarkable, yet as produced it is "a spectacle of grandeur and magnificent acting," as one critic said.

Have you seen LAURA LA PLANTE, the screen's greatest comedienne, in her newest picture ***"Finders Keepers,"*** or GLENN TRYON, the screen's different comedian, in ***"Hot Heels"***? Better ask your favorite theatre for them.

Carl Laemmle, President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

"I'm Uneasy About Thomas Rhodes"

(Continued from Page 36)

"There once!" she said at last.

She folded the quilt and laid it in a chest. She put on her hat before a mirror, hung her coat over her arm and went up a short flight of concrete steps to the street. She smiled a secret smile; it was easy to get rid of women as stupid as Annie Kreider and Lizzie Gobrecht and Celinda Barr. They did not realize that she always went home alone.

She walked beside the towering wall of the church, then for two blocks between rows of residences. Beyond, the character of the houses changed. This was the old part of Carthage, where those lived who had helped to build the town and who were able to hold their property or at least to prevent it from being divided. First, set back in the middle of the block, surrounded by oak trees sixty years old, stood the older of the two Wood homesteads, now a private school for girls. Beyond, similarly situated, stood the house of Nellie Wood's father, now the property of Nellie herself, kept in order, but closed for years. Still beyond stood the Rhodes homestead, beautiful in its plain simplicity and glorified by a grove of trees.

Mrs. Kaltreider did not continue along the front of these estates: she turned briskly to her right, then to her left, then once more to her left, so that she encircled them and came out at the far end. When she stepped again into Main Street she slackened her pace. She had a shapely little foot and she glanced down to catch a glimpse of it beneath her skirt. A small foot and a neat ankle gave to a woman a gentility of appearance which nothing else could bestow. When she was not looking toward the hem of her skirt, she was looking ahead, as if in expectation.

She had no eyes for the great beauty of the scene before her, the stately old houses, the carpets of green, the festoons of brilliant vines, the gentle beginning of the rain of leaves. On Thomas Rhodes' property there were many beeches as well as oaks, and the foliage on their widespread boughs was the color of honey. She did see at the side of the house a spot of dark red, exactly the color of Annie Kreider's much-made-over dress. It was Annie Kreider's dress. Rhodes' housekeeper was Annie's cousin and she came often to see her. Annie made herself very cheap.

"When I meet Thomas Rhodes I meet him at his front door and not the back," said Mrs. Kaltreider.

Suddenly she uttered a little "Ah!" and at the same moment her eyes narrowed to two tiny points. From the end of the golden vista approached a figure moving briskly and growing each moment larger.

The figure was that of Thomas Rhodes, traveling on foot, according to his invariable custom, from his office to his house. At his house his horse was saddled and his riding clothes laid out. He dined at seven, sometimes even at eight, when other people were thinking of bed.

Nature had repaid Thomas for a homely youth with a handsome maturity. His lank frame had filled out, his hair, early turning gray, softened his rugged features and gave a delightful gleam to his black eyes. He had the appearance of good health and good nature, and in addition a look of adjustment to life and of success and power.

Seeing him come, Mrs. Kaltreider experienced a quickening of the heart which might have been alarming if she had not experienced it many times in the past year. She believed herself to be very distinguished-looking. Her family had been fellow pioneers of the Rhodes family and she was therefore Thomas' equal. He needed a wife, and the very size of his fortune should make him indifferent to the amount of her estate. An ambition which would have seemed ludicrous to everyone else in the world seemed rational to Mrs. Kaltreider. She even looked upon Rhodes as to a slight degree indebted to her, since she allowed him to handle her money.

For several months he had passed with a bow, a smile and a "Good afternoon." Then he had stopped to speak to her.

"I meet you here often"—he hesitated—"Mantana."

She blushed and he blushed, she because he called her by her first name, he because he could not remember her married name.

"I take always a little walk when the meeting of the Quilting Group is over," she explained.

This afternoon she meant to stop, to stand, to talk. He was her agent; it was proper that they have a word occasionally upon business. She believed that she could arrange matters so that he would turn and walk with her. What she felt was not love—it was a fierce and wild ambition.

She was one of those fortunate persons who grow more composed rather than more excited in crises. Her little feet stepped, the one before the other, with an even greater regularity; she moved as though she rolled upon wheels. She looked down, then up, then down, then up—now came the moment when she would catch Thomas' eye!

But she did not catch his eye, though her sweeping glance traveled swiftly from his shining brown shoes over his gray suit of English weave, his red necktie, his pointed beard and ruddy cheeks to the locality of his eyes. He was walking with his gaze on the ground; he was walking—it could not be that Thomas Rhodes was walking unsteadily! He approached nearer, he looked up, he looked at her, but he looked as at a stranger.

"Good afternoon," said she, amazed.

He stopped short, blinking as though there were a film before his eyes.

"Why, good afternoon!" said he, startled. "It's you, Mantana!"

Mrs. Kaltreider smiled her relief.

"The same Mantana," said she tenderly.

Rhodes remained silent, as though he were not yet certain of his whereabouts or of her presence.

"I've been wanting for some time to talk to you about my investments." Here was the easy beginning which she had planned.

"Investments?" he repeated blankly. "What investments?"

Mrs. Kaltreider was smitten with panic.

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[illegible] sold through stores—and [illegible] offer of big profits to demonstrators and order-takers.

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 38)

"My five thousand dollars!" she cried. "My dower rights!"

"Oh, yes!" laughed Rhodes. "Oh, yes, of course! Solid as a rock, Mantana. Gilt-edged."

"You wouldn't advise me to change?" This question, included in the conversation as she had planned it, came unbidden to her lips.

"Change? Never!"

"But ——"

She got no further. Rhodes was gone, as though he ran away.

Instantly a chill wind blew through her body. Between the great trees she could see the church spire wavering. She turned and looked after Rhodes, then she walked after him, herself walking unsteadily. Approaching Rhodes and her was a tall dark figure—she recognized the familiar black of Mrs. Gobrecht. Not dreaming that Mrs. Gobrecht might also arrange to gaze upon the custodian of her property, she supposed the meeting to be wholly accidental. She saw Mrs. Gobrecht pause, she saw Rhodes lift his hat.

At once she turned. Near by was a cross street; she stepped into it and began to run. Her feet kept pace to an ominous name: "Linberry, Linberry." Was anything wrong with Thomas Rhodes? Did Lizzie Gobrecht suspect anything? In cases of financial wreck, those who came first were sometimes saved. She ran on. "Linberry, Linberry," said the tap of her little feet.

A fresh chill smote her when she opened the door of her house. A cold house was to be expected, since it was October and she had not yet started her furnace fire. She entered the kitchen and sat down weakly, leaving the door open, though an army of flies sought shelter. Twilight came suddenly and she lit the gas. Moving automatically, she prepared supper and sat down at the table. Her notable faculty for planning seemed to be lost.

She said aloud, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Presently she answered her own question. "I'll go and demand my money. I'll go ——"

She clasped her hand to her mouth. Through the door which was admitting mosquitoes as well as flies entered hastily a tall figure in a red dress.

"Mantana!"

"Yes?"

Annie Kreider sat down opposite Mantana. Her face was pale and her lip quivered.

"What ails you, Annie?"

Annie had no sympathizing friend to whom she could tell her thoughts, but thoughts must sometimes be told regardless. Her face flushed crimson, her head lifted as though elevated by pride, her lips spoke as though there were no such thing as pride.

"I'm uneasy about Thomas Rhodes."

Mrs. Kaltreider's heart gave a leap. She was a smart woman, but she misunderstood Annie; she believed that Annie was anxious about her money.

"What ails him?"

"Sally Miller says he's not well and he acts strange. He doesn't eat. He's getting thin."

Mantana was immensely relieved. She would be wary; she would give stupid Annie no clew; she would let Annie tell all she knew; then she would go to Thomas Rhodes instantly. There was as yet no panic if no one but Annie Kreider was uneasy, and she merely because he was growing thin.

The name Linberry came back into her mind, and Linberry's awful end. She half rose in her chair. When defaulters committed suicide, all that could be had was a small percentage. She must get rid of Annie at once. Seeing, as though it were a black-clad ghost, a tall figure in the doorway, she uttered a cry.

"It's only me!" cried Mrs. Gobrecht. "Why do you scream, Mantana?"

"Why do I scream?" repeated Mrs. Kaltreider stupidly.

Mrs. Gobrecht remained in the doorway.

"I thought perhaps you'd heard something."

"Heard something?" repeated Mrs. Kaltreider. "About what?"

"About Thomas Rhodes. I met him today and he didn't know me. It scared me, and I said I would talk a little about my money and he laughed—he laughed!"

Mrs. Gobrecht herself laughed. It was the first time in years that either Mrs. Kaltreider or Annie Kreider had heard her laugh.

"Sally Miller says he isn't well," explained Annie, still without putting two and two together.

"I'm going to his house and ask him for my money," announced Mrs. Gobrecht.

"What?" cried Annie.

"That's what I'd already made up my mind to do," said Mrs. Kaltreider.

How much did Lizzie Gobrecht have? If her own claim were jeopardized, then woe to Lizzie!

"Let's go together," proposed Mrs. Gobrecht.

"Let's go now!" said Mrs. Kaltreider. "Let's go before ——"

"What?" cried Annie Kreider again. "What are you going to do?"

"If the ship sinks ——" began Mrs. Kaltreider, and got no further. The doorway was filled by a large figure. It stepped in with a sudden motion as though impelled from the rear. Behind appeared a much slighter figure.

"Celinda Barr," said Mrs. Gobrecht. "Celinda and her little"—Mrs. Gobrecht was surely distraught—"her little mister."

Mrs. Barr sank upon a chair. Her husband stood just inside the door. He had a very sharp nose; this was the physical characteristic visible to the first glance. He looked, as Mrs. Barr moved away, like a slice left behind.

"You've heard rumors!" he cried in a loud deep voice.

"What rumors?" asked Annie Kreider faintly. "We've heard no rumors."

"Then I'll tell you." He spoke with satisfaction, as though something he had long prophesied had come true. "Last week I overheard a conversation in the bank. I heard that Thomas Rhodes had been absent from important meetings. He'd given no notice, no reason—he'd just gone away."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Annie.

"I have a good deal at stake with Thomas Rhodes," went on Barr, ignoring her. In reality, possessing nothing, he had nothing at stake; it was Mrs. Barr who owned property. "I made up my mind to look about. This Linberry business"—the dreadful word was now spoken in the open—"this Linberry set me thinking, and this afternoon I went to Rhodes' office. When I knocked there was no answer and I walked in. It was my right. He was sitting by his desk as if out of his mind. He didn't know me."

"Did he see you?" asked Mrs. Kaltreider.

"He took me for the janitor!" Barr's voice rose to a shout. "He said, 'Out in a minute, Tony.'"

"'Tony'?" repeated Mrs. Kaltreider.

"That's the janitor's name."

"Me, he didn't know either," said Mrs. Gobrecht.

"Nor me," said Mrs. Kaltreider.

"He's sick," said Annie.

"He may well be!" roared Barr.

"Did you speak to him?" asked Annie.

"No," answered Barr. "I closed the door and came quick away. It's necessary to show wisdom." Barr's *w* was a *v*, and he hissed his *s*; he spoke of "vissdom." "And judgment." His *j* and his *g* were *ch*; he spoke of "chudchment." "And tack," said he finally.

"Vissdom and chudchment and tack," repeated Mrs. Gobrecht, growing hysterical. "You have right!"

"Did you tell anyone?" asked Annie. "Things like this become exaggerated; they get bigger and bigger, like rolling snowballs, like avalanches, and they bring ruin."

"Ruin!" Mrs. Gobrecht gave the word the sound of a tolling bell.

"Disgrace!" wept Annie Kreider. "Punishment!"

"Punishment!" roared Barr. "I should say so! It should give a load of buckshot for punishment."

The mosquitoes whined faintly, an imperfect gas burner whined sharply. At last there came another whine still louder, as though produced by some very tiny animal. Words accompanied it.

"I must have my money!" wailed Mrs. Gobrecht. "I must have my money! It's all I have!"

"It's not all I have"—Barr gave his voice to all the caverns of his throat. "But by heck . . ."

"Pop!" protested Mrs. Barr.

"I'm not swearing," insisted Barr. "But by heck, I must have my money!"

Mrs. Kaltreider lifted her hand. She had not been talking; she had been thinking. She had used, she would have said, her brain, while others used their voices.

"In such cases it's in truth the early bird that gets the worm," she said grimly. "It's my belief that all is not yet lost. It's my belief that if we go to Thomas Rhodes and ask for what's ours, he'll give it to us. We're his childhood friends."

"Even if he doesn't know us when he meets us face to face!" interrupted Mrs. Gobrecht.

"He hasn't yet not known me when he's met me face to face," said Annie Kreider.

"He's younger than I," said Mrs. Barr irrelevantly and through dripping tears. "When I taught the school, I spanked him more than once."

"Pity you didn't spank him harder," said Mrs. Kaltreider. "Let's go!"

"To his house?" asked Mrs. Gobrecht, in alarm.

"To his house, of course," said Mrs. Kaltreider. "There's where we can find him evenings."

"You mean to go now?" asked Annie Kreider.

"Now!"

"All of you?" asked Annie.

"All that care for their money," said Mrs. Kaltreider. "The rich can stay behind."

"He's always been generous," said Annie.

"He could well be," said Barr grimly.

"Could you not write a letter?" asked Annie.

"A letter!" mocked Barr. "And leave him read it as he ran?"

The suggestion of flight lifted Mrs. Barr and Mrs. Gobrecht to their feet.

"Go on," Mrs. Kaltreider ordered. "I'll make the light out."

Coming last from the house, she took her place in the rear. Ahead walked Annie Kreider and Mrs. Gobrecht; next came Barr and Mrs. Barr.

In a few minutes they saw the bright beech trees glowing in the light from the street lamp. Annie took a little leap, then turned and faced them.

"Are you really going to ask for your money?"

"Are we really going to ask for our money?" repeated Barr. "I should say yes!"

"I'd rather lose every penny I have a thousand times over than accuse Thomas Rhodes of having stolen it," said Annie clearly, and walked away.

"I can't lose my money once over!" cried Mrs. Gobrecht. "I should starve!"

Mrs. Kaltreider took her by the arm. Together they swept through the gate.

"Let her lose her money," said she in a hoarse whisper. She looked back. The Barrs had paused. "Let's hope they don't come," she said thickly. "The fewer, the more."

Mrs. Barr was running after them.

"It's my money!" she panted, covering Mr. Barr's retreat according to her custom. "He thinks one from a family is enough. He thinks Thomas should not be overpowered. He'll wait at the gate." She seized the arm of Mrs. Kaltreider. "Oh, let us be composed!"

(Continued on Page 42)

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New "Shorts & Shirts" for hot weather comfort

THE shorts are of fine fabrics—in wide stripes and other patterns in a variety of colors. They fit snugly and smoothly about the waist; made completely adjustable with side tapes. Wide flaring legs assure freedom and ample seat room.

The shirts are of light-weight knit fabric—porous, cool, moisture-absorbing. In all white with crosswise rayon threads, or plain cotton, or all rayon. Also with colored rayon stripes on white ground.

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Carter's
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
Underwear

Continued from Page 40

"I am composed," said Mrs. Kaltreider.

Mrs. Gobrecht sniffed violently, like a child without a handkerchief.

"So am I," she declared.

With linked arms, the three went up the broad brick walk to the tall white pillars which faced the front of the house. They had come here many times in pride; they had always felt free to come.

"I have business with Rhodes," they would say proudly.

"Rhodes invests my funds for me."

"I taught Rhodes in school. I spanked him."

Mrs. Kaltreider believed she felt a leaning backward. In consequence she leaned more firmly forward, her body that of the Winged Victory, her robes the trailing bodies of Mrs. Gobrecht and Mrs. Barr. She lifted the knocker.

Before she could let it fall, the door swung back and Thomas Rhodes stood before them. He still wore his business suit, though it was his custom to dress for dinner. Across his arm hung an overcoat, in his hand was a hat. Beyond him, on the floor of the wide hall, stood a heavy bag, beside it stood Sally Miller, crying. Rhodes' cheeks were bright red, and to the gaze of Mrs. Kaltreider and Mrs. Gobrecht and Mrs. Barr, his eyes seemed to burn. He looked at them, startled, then his glance traveled past them. Mrs. Barr looked round—his car drew up at the steps.

"Why, hello!" cried he. "Is this a committee?"

To Mrs. Kaltreider the word had tragic appropriateness.

"It is," she answered solemnly.

"Come in." Rhodes swung the heavy door still wider. "The drawing-room is cool, but there's been a fire in the library." He did not wait for them to apologize for delaying his departure or seem to observe the omission. He explained with suspicious promptness: "I'm going to New York, but I have plenty of time to see my old friends. Have seats. Here, Mantana!" He knew her now! "Here, Lizzie! Here, Celinda!"

Mrs. Gobrecht and Mrs. Barr sank into deep chairs in which they seemed lost. Mrs. Kaltreider, observing their plight, sat erect.

"We're here on business," she announced.

"Business?" repeated Rhodes. "Wait just a minute." He stepped out of the room and went rapidly down the hall.

Mrs. Kaltreider tried to rise, but her feet slipped and she was, like Mrs. Barr and Mrs. Gobrecht, engulfed. She struggled, but her feet beat vainly on the slippery rug.

"Catch him!" she cried faintly from the depths of velvet.

Rhodes was returning. "Four glasses, Sally!" His voice grew louder; he entered the door; he made way politely for Sally Miller, who had wiped her tear-stained face. "Sally's been making grape juice. I wish you each to drink a glass with me."

There was to Mrs. Barr and Mrs. Gobrecht something horrible in Rhodes' levity. Raising their backs at last to vertical positions, they swallowed the delicious drink with difficulty—it was hideous to drink a man's grape juice and then assail him! Mrs. Kaltreider did not drink—what could not Rhodes have put into the grape juice?

"It doesn't agree with me," she said icily.

"Sorry." Rhodes did not seem to be offended or alarmed or in haste. He sat at a broad desk, behind him a carved screen. He looked, Mrs. Barr thought, like a king. "Now, ladies, what can I do for you?"

"We've come to see about getting ——"

Mrs. Barr interrupted Mrs. Kaltreider. She remembered Thomas Rhodes turned across her knee. She could not see this awful punishment descend upon him.

"They say you're not well," she faltered.

Rhodes threw back his head. He laughed. It was a rich, hearty laugh, but to Mrs. Kaltreider it was the laugh of a lunatic.

"I'm neither ill nor mad," said he. "Though I'm accused of being both. Celinda ——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Barr.

"Lizzie ——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gobrecht.

"Mantana ——"

"That's my name," said Mrs. Kaltreider. "I have no older friends than you."

"Yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Kaltreider. "That ——"

"You'll have mercy upon me, I know."

Mrs. Gobrecht began to cry. Mrs. Barr's mouth opened. Mrs. Kaltreider grew deathly pale.

"It's all I ——" began Mrs. Gobrecht.

Against Rhodes' booming voice her whine was lost

"There's a reason for my disturbance of mind," said he. "I'm going to marry Nellie Wood." There was no answering sound. "Have my old friends nothing to say?" he laughed.

"Is her man then dead?" cried Mrs. Gobrecht.

"Two years ago."

Mrs. Barr saw tall young Thomas Rhodes walking the dark streets alone, fighting his cruel pain.

"Oh, Tommy, but I'm glad!" she cried, the tears running down her cheeks.

Mrs. Kaltreider rose, staring at Rhodes, but not seeing him. To most persons Nellie Wood was a lovely woman, deserving even of all she had—to Mrs. Kaltreider she was an image of gold. Had Rhodes been bankrupt a hundred times over, yet could Nellie Wood have saved him.

"You have my good wishes," she said primly.

"Thank you, thank you!" Rhodes rose also. He looked to Mrs. Gobrecht like a lion, she was herself, she knew, a mouse. "You haven't told your errand. What can I do for you?"

Mrs. Kaltreider was a strategist in retreat as well as in advance. Not without reason did she domineer over her friends. Her marble cheek showed no flush. Her ambition was forgotten together with her fear.

"We come for the Ladies Aid," said she. "We want you should be an honorary member."

"Am I not that already?" asked Rhodes.

"We mean the Quilting Group," said she steadily.

"Of course!" said Rhodes. "How much does that set me back?"

"One dollar," answered Mrs. Kaltreider.

"One dollar!" repeated Rhodes. "Well, well!" He took a purse from his pocket and a bill from the purse. He looked at it carefully as though to be sure of the denomination. He put the bill into the hand of Mrs. Kaltreider. "There! You surely need some new needles and thread."

He did not offer to send them home, and together they went down the steps. The lights of the car were not turned on, but they could hear it purring in the shadow. They saw that above the golden beech trees and the house hung a round and golden moon. Before they reached the gate the car had left the door and sailed out the drive. Its red light gleamed and vanished. At the gate a figure waited.

"Is it safe?" asked Barr hoarsely.

From the other side of the gate came the voice of Annie Kreider, light and mocking, yet strained and somehow terrible.

"Of course it's safe!"

"He's going to marry Nellie Wood," announced Mrs. Gobrecht. "That's what he's going to do."

"Nellie Wood!" Barr's great voice cracked. To him also Nellie Wood was made of gold; anything even remotely connected with Nellie Wood was safe. Annie Kreider said nothing; she was gone; indeed, they were not certain that she had been there.

"He looked at us so common and so kind," wept Mrs. Barr. "We ought to be ashamed."

Mrs. Kaltreider looked down at her hand, expecting to see a five-dollar bill. She gave a start.

"It's no cause for shame," she said coolly. "Here's one hundred dollars for the Quilting Group."

PHOTO FROM GENERAL PHOTO SERVICE

Philadelphia's New Art Museum as Seen From West River Drive, Fairmount Park

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TOLEDO SCALES

GIRAFFES AND THEIR ENEMIES

(Continued from Page 35)

heard something picking away at the roof of my shelter on the side away from the water hole.

"Aha!" I thought. "That baboon again." One had been annoying me for some time. "Now I'll get him."

Quietly laying down my book, I crept to the S-shaped passage through which we entered and stuck my head out, ready to club the knave who had the temerity to tamper with my edifice. To my surprise there was not an animal in sight, save a herd of wildebeests and zebras some distance away. I craned my neck about, still hoping that I might ambush the intruder. In my hand I gripped a light stick with which I hoped to get in at least one blow of chastisement.

Deciding that the baboon had heard me coming out and had run away, I was about to return to my time-killing task when I heard a rustle over my head. I glanced out and found myself looking into the familiar brown eyes of a towering giraffe right above me. Apparently he had found some succulent buds among the fresh thorn branches that had been laid over the roof of my retreat. He was startled, yes. But there was no move of vicious defense as there would have been on the part of every other animal out there on the plain. Clearly he was sorry to have intruded. I could almost see him bow slightly and say in a low voice, "Really, I didn't know this was your place. I beg your pardon, sir." Quietly he moved away, gentle, voiceless and innocent of any desire to work harm to any other living being in the land.

A giraffe's water system seems to be built like that of a camel. In the south country natives and guides have told me that the giraffe never drinks. For years I never saw one do so. Yet no one has ever seen the gerenuk or the dig-dig drink. They get their moisture from certain roots, cactus-like bushes, trees that have a milky substance in them, and from the tender young buds of trees.

One day on the Ol Garai River in the Southern Game Preserve, Blayney Percival, the noted big-game hunter, and I were talking about this curious trait of the giraffe. Neither of us was sure what the animal's drinking habits were, though we both knew that it must imbibe moisture somehow or other in order to live.

A Long Time Between Drinks

Suddenly Percival seized my arm. "Look!" he whispered. Right below us on the edge of a little pool stood a full-grown giraffe. After a long scrutiny of the country around, it approached the water very slowly and waited as if listening. There was no cover for a lion to hide behind, except for the little knoll on which we perched, and the land about was as flat as a billiard table. For long minutes it seemed as if the giraffe were only going to have a look at the water. He craned his silly neck this way and that; he cocked his eye at the pool, which must have been very tempting to his parched tongue. But he did not drink. Nor did we move. I think we both were anxious to see what the animal would do.

Finally it began slowly to spread its four feet. Despite its long neck, it could not lean over far enough to reach the surface of the water. It had to lower its whole body by dropping the center of gravity in the same way one lowers a moving-picture camera by spreading the legs of the tripod. Once it assumed this awkward position, the giraffe seemed to realize that the sooner he drank the safer he was. Only by a sort of hop and rear could he possibly resume his position for running again. His long neck swung down. Into the water he plunged his slender tapering nose and drank for what seemed an hour to the pleased pair of men who were spying on him.

I found the same thing later at my waterhole blinds. The giraffe always took longer than any of the other animals to come down to the water. Time and again he would get almost to the edge and then be startled by some stamping giraffe or other beast. He was not afraid of the other grazing animals. I once saw a dozen giraffes pass within ten feet of a grazing rhinoceros and pay absolutely no attention to him. But they no doubt know their shortcomings, and are prepared to flee if any other animal is attacked by the meat eaters who are always hovering about.

If the water hole is among reeds or grass, or up a small ravine, or in any other kind of country that affords cover to lurking enemies, the giraffe will not drink. More than once I have seen a herd of them that I know could not have been to water for days avoid a hole in the most sweltering heat just because it did not offer a safe visit to a creature so awkward. Even out in the open, I have seen a single giraffe take more than two hours covering the last few feet between himself and the water.

Sure Cures for Every Ill

Man cannot really be counted among the enemies of the giraffe. Sportsmen seldom kill them. It is possible to secure a hunting license that permits it, but there is little of the triumph for the big-game campaigner that goes with conquering an infuriated lion, buffalo, elephant or other truly hostile denizen of the plain or jungle. Once the hunter gets within rifle shot of the giraffe, it is no trick to kill him. There is no danger and no dodging. Indeed, his curiosity puts him at an even bigger disadvantage than his helplessness. For he will stand and watch a *safari* until the travelers are out of sight. He will watch as long as he dares when the hunter approaches. And even when he runs he will not go far, because his curiosity soon gets the better of his fear.

Sometimes Boer settlers kill giraffes for the animal's hide, which is second only to that of the elephant and the rhinoceros for thickness and toughness. By slicing a cylinder of the hide around and around, the Boer fashions a long, durable whip which, when properly cured, makes an ideal article for driving his oxen, which he hitches in teams running above twenty animals. The skin also makes excellent harness and boots. But the British Government recognizes the likelihood that the giraffes would soon become extinct if it did not protect them assiduously against commercial exploitation.

Natives rarely kill the giraffe, though the meat is considered very tasty by them. Their greatest desire for a dead giraffe rises from their superstition that the hair out of a giraffe's tail is fine medicine against the onslaughts of evil spirits. They braid this hair, which is black and wiry, into attractive bracelets and necklaces, and wear them night and day.

Whenever in our travels we come upon a giraffe that has been killed by lions our natives make a rush for the carcass in hopes that the jackals and vultures have left the precious tail intact. I must add that such a find is not as valuable as we used to think. Our guide Boculy later confided to me that the hairs from a dead animal have lost much of their effectiveness in keeping away the devil. A settler was once talking to me about this superstition and laughing over the native's insistence that the hair be from the tail of a live giraffe to make good medicine. He related the following incident:

"I remember seeing twenty giraffes bogged in a mud swamp. We weren't after the poor devils. Somehow they got ahead of us and seemed to think we were chasing them. Before we knew it they had galloped straight into a morass that we knew was badly mired after recent rains. I should have thought the animals' instinct would have kept them out. But I suppose they were so frightened they lost their heads. We went up and tried to do something to help them. But our presence only made them struggle deeper and deeper. We went away hoping that when we got out of sight they would manage to escape from the clinging mud that gripped their slender legs. Otherwise the group would either die of starvation or of fright. Next day we came back to see what had happened. The giraffes were still there, but every one had had its tail cut off. That meant the natives had been in after them for the miracle-working hair. Not one animal was harmed."

Indirectly man caused the death of a lot of giraffes when the Uganda railway was first built. The common giraffe, which is sometimes twenty-three feet from the crown of its head to the sole of its hoof, continued to wander about its preserve as its ancestors had for countless ages. Naturally when a hungry lion hopped into the midst of a herd of the tall animals they fled in all directions. As a result the railway engineers frequently used to find a dead giraffe lying near the track with a broken neck. Running madly through the darkness the animals had collided with the telegraph lines with fatal results. For years an average of more than fifty giraffes a year committed suicide this way.

It is practically impossible to tame a giraffe. I know of one that was lassoed and died of fright before it could be got into a cage. Half an hour after the rope was around its neck it collapsed. I once saw a baby giraffe that belonged to a settler, but it did not seem at all contented with its surroundings. It was nervous and anæmic, and gave every sign of longing for the wild plains on which it had first seen the light of day. Most giraffes that are captured die of a broken heart before they become used to captivity. On the other hand, giraffes in confinement give very little idea of those we see in the wild state. I suppose only those that are semimorons can endure living without their freedom; as a result almost none of the wild animal's personality survives.

Satyrs and Sea Serpents

Despite this the giraffe is one of the most-sought-after animals for menagerie or zoo. Justly so, too, for it is one of the strangest creatures that survive from prehistoric times. It is the tallest animal man knows. Its curious spots vary from beast to beast; once I saw one with distinct leaf markings down in Tanganyika, and a native killed an albino in the Lorian swamp some years ago. Some have nearly black markings, others with their pattern so dim as to be nearly invisible. In a herd it is interesting to note that few have the same shade of coloring, all ranging from dark roan to light yellow.

Classed by color and markings, there are two kinds of giraffes in Africa. On the lower edge of British East they are blotched with dark markings on a light ground. But when we get toward Abyssinia we find their designs reticulated—that is to say, they are mostly dark, with a network, or reticulation, of white lines placed in a large pattern thereupon.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the history of man's knowledge of the giraffe compares favorably with the records of sea serpents, and the like. For many centuries the accounts of this animal put it in the class with fabulous monsters. Travelers caught glimpses of its great height and grotesque proportions and at once put it in the class with satyrs, sphinxes and unicorns. It is recorded that the first giraffe ever seen amid civilized surroundings was exhibited in Rome in the time of Julius Cæsar. So great was the impression of the strange beast upon a very superstitious populace that other specimens were brought in whenever they could be got. The animals came in through the Egyptian desert and across the Mediterranean. But few withstood the hardships of such a journey. In those days the giraffe was known as the

(Continued on Page 46)

10 questions ... {and their answers}

that make the most important coffee story ever told

Question: What is there about coffee that makes it necessary for many people to deny themselves the delights of this delicious beverage?

Answer: It contains a substance called caffein. This often affects the heart and nerves, and causes sleeplessness.

Question: How could these results be avoided?

Answer: By taking the caffein out of coffee before offering it for sale.

Question: But if that is all that is necessary, why wasn't it done long ago?

Answer: Because it presented problems which chemical science found it difficult to solve.

Question: You mean that it has been done successfully now?

Answer: Yes—97% or more of the caffein has been removed from Sanka Coffee.

Question: Are you saying that I can actually drink two or three cups of Sanka Coffee, at night, and sleep?

Answer: Absolutely. No sleeplessness, or nervousness, or any other bad effects can be caused by this coffee.

Question: What do physicians think of it?

Answer: Thousands of physicians here and abroad—among them some of the most prominent in the world—have given Sanka their whole-hearted approval. Ask your own physician.

Question: Is Sanka good coffee?

Answer: It's a blend of the choicest South and Central American Coffees, with Mocha and Java. There is not a particle of anything in Sanka but coffee. Experts recognize that there is no other blend of coffee in this country superior to Sanka in quality.

Question: But how about removing the caffein? Doesn't that affect the flavor?

Answer: Not in the least. Caffein has had nothing to do with the marvelous flavor that has made coffee the most beloved beverage. Sanka has the tempting, spicy flavor and bouquet of fine coffees, expertly blended and roasted.

Question: But a cup of coffee gives me an immediate sense of comfort and well-being. Won't I lose that effect if the caffein has been removed?

Answer: No, that is the natural effect of the hot, appetizing drink. You'll get it from Sanka as from any other good coffee.

Question: Then if all this is true, why in heaven's name shouldn't I have all the pleasures of good coffee, with none of the bad effects?

Answer: You can. Why in heaven's name shouldn't you?

Your money will be refunded if Sanka Coffee does not make good on every claim!

Buy a one-pound can of Sanka Coffee from your grocer or delicatessen. Give it a thorough trial. Serve it for several days. Judge it for flavor and aroma. Serve it at night. Judge it for its effect on sleep—on your nerves.

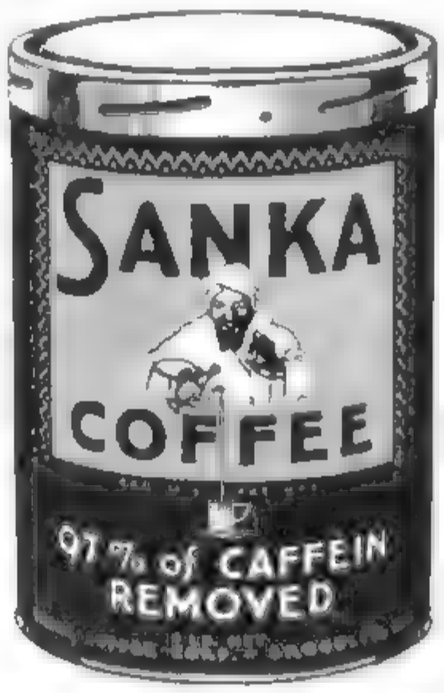
Then, if you are not fully satisfied with Sanka Coffee on every count—if it does not make good on every claim—*return what is left in the can to your dealer and he will refund the full purchase price.*

A new experience in coffee-drinking awaits you! Start now to get the benefits! Start using Sanka Coffee *now!*

If your grocer has not yet stocked Sanka Coffee, please send his name and address to Sanka Coffee Corporation, 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, New York.

SANKA
DELICIOUS-GENUINE
COFFEE

WITH 97%
OF THE CAFFEIN
REMOVED



© 1928, S. C. Corp.

NATURE'S FEET NO. 4★

HE WEIGHS 1000 POUNDS

. . yet he is as *sure-footed* as your dog

TRAPPER EVANS, *old-time Montana woodsman, tells you what to do when you encounter a grizzly.*

Although he weighs between 500 and 1000 pounds, the grizzly bear can climb rocks agilely and jump with marvelous speed and sure-footedness.

Read Trapper Evans' advice about grizzlies: "If you ever come upon the track of a bear and are in doubt as to the species that you are following, just examine the track closely.

"If the imprint of the claw is long and straight, look out—because you are on the track of the grizzly bear. On the other hand, even though you are on the track of the grizzly bear, there is one thing to remember — because of the straight claw, there is one place that you can find safety.

"A grizzly bear cannot climb a tree. The other bears always have a rounded claw and can climb trees readily. Probably most of you boys will not have the fun of tracking any one of the bear family, but, if you do, remember what I have written, and look for a nearby tree, if it is a grizzly bear, but don't depend on a tree if the claw is rounded." Trapper Evans

Keds give to the human foot much of the protection and springiness of the grizzly bear's paws.

Watch the joy with which children change from their hot, heavy, stiff shoes, to cool, light, springy Keds.

It's when we interfere with nature that our foot troubles begin. The farther we get from "barefoot freedom," the smaller are our chances of having good feet. Keds, with their elastic, springy soles, represent nature's way to normal feet, for Keds encourage the foot muscles to exercise freely and the arch develops normally.

Many of the evils of stiff, ill-fitting shoes can be avoided by wearing Keds as often as the season and climate permit. Keds are today the most widely used shoes in athletics in America. They are the shoes of champions. Last year, for instance, Keds were worn in 18 national championship tennis matches.

Keds tough rubber soles wear and wear. Keds uppers are light, with a good snug fit around the ankles. A special insole of Feltex keeps your feet comfortable. Ask for them by name. Keds are made in a dozen different models ranging in price from $1.25 to $4.50.

United States Rubber Company

TRAPPER EVANS
will send you the actual footprint of a Black Bear Cub

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans the makers of Keds now offer you the actual tracks of many American wild animals imprinted in clay-like material, hardened and mounted on felt. Each is an original, identical footprint. Write to Keds Outdoor Dept., Desk D, 1790 Broadway, N. Y., enclosing 50c. Your letter will be forwarded to Trapper Evans in Montana and he will send you a Black Bear Cub's track (postpaid in U. S. or Canada). A postcard will bring a complete list of these wild animal tracks free.

★ His account of the grizzly bear by Trapper Evans is the fourth of a series of his experiences with wild animals of America printed for the first time by the makers of Keds. The wild-cat's story will be told in the June 30th issue.

The "CONQUEST" (on the right)—has a crepe rubber sole which gives a sure grip. White, brown or gray.

The "CLEO" (on the left)—a smart oxford with crepe sole for women. Trimming of crimson, jade, blue, black or tan.

They are not *Keds unless the* name *Keds is on the shoe*

(Continued from Page 44)

camelopardalus, which name stuck as "camelopard" until recent years, when the more simple name began to be generally used.

Before 1827 no giraffe had come to Europe since the end of the fifteenth century. In this year a pair were sent as a peace offering by the pasha of Egypt to the courts of England and of France. It is not on record what the pasha thought the monarchs to whom the animals were addressed would do with these strange gifts. But doubtless he made an impression with this display of his imagination. Further, reports of the species had been so exaggerated that much excitement was caused throughout Europe by the passage of the animals. It was commonly believed that the average giraffe was "so huge that a man on horseback could pass uprighte under him," and that he fed on the leaves of the highest trees.

The next shipment north of giraffes was not until 1836. This comprised four animals and was an outstanding event in natural history of that day. The quartet were led through the street of the city by attendants especially trained for the task. Nubians in Abyssinian costume lodged them in their quarters in Regent's Park. Besides the leading natives, a whole retinue of servants made up the entourage. Accounts of the performance are staidly humorous in dealing with these citizens who unexpectedly sighted the great beasts through eyes dimmed by recent dissipation.

It is curious that, of all the African animals, there are fewer anecdotes and adventures extant about the giraffe than about any other denizen of that wild country. No doubt this fact is as good a tribute as any to the giraffe's virtue in neither meddling in another's business nor in loving combat the way so many of the animals seem to.

Natives claim that a giraffe often sleeps with its head high in the crotch of a tree in order that it may keep a good lookout for trouble. While it dozes it continually shoots out its long slender tongue, which is narrow and curved so that a pencil could scarcely be inserted in it.

Not long ago a giraffe killing was witnessed from the windows of one of the trains on the East African Railway running from Mombasa to Nairobi. Apparently the noise of the train hastened the attack of the lions and gave the giraffe some sense of the danger she was in. At any rate, they seemed to rush in with less assurance than usual. The giraffe at once put up the best defense of her child she could by kicking out right and left with her forefeet, but not abandoning it. The train stopped to give the passengers a chance to watch the spectacle of this cruel and one-sided combat.

A Small Voice From a Long Neck

Undaunted by the roars of the lions, an American newspaper photographer at this point sprang from his coach and rushed out, unstrapping his camera as he ran stumbling over the dry hard ground. Cries of warning by the train crew, who knew only too well the peril in which the tenderfoot was placing himself, did not deter him. As so often happens in dealing with wild beasts, the very boldness of the man unnerved the lions. At the photographer's approach they made off, leaving their wounded victim to escape in another direction. But she did not run far, for her little fellow stood there where she had left him, helpless with a leg she herself had broken in her wild efforts to keep off the lions.

The natives tell of a certain comradeship that occasionally seems to exist between elephants and giraffes. There are certainly traits of similarity between the two animals. Both are inclined to live and let live. Both have dignity and decency in their relations among themselves. Both make excellent parents. And both are grotesque survivors of a prehistoric age of mammals.

Schillings, the African traveler and explorer, relates how he fell in with a big male giraffe consorting regularly with a pair of elephants for mutual friendship and protection. Probably the giraffe could see farther and better than the elephants; and the elephants, in their turn, prevented attack by the giraffe's worst enemy, the lion.

Another curious belief among some of the natives is that giraffes talk to one another by means of their tails. It is true that when the bull of a giraffe herd sights an enemy he at once emerges from the tree foliage among which he may have been feeding and begins whisking his long bushy tail about at a great rate. When the giraffe is suspicious there is also a great switching of his tail.

It is only fair to add that, though the consensus of opinion is that the giraffe is without vocal power, my good friend Percival relates having once heard one cry out.

"They are extremely silent creatures," he says, "and it was not until the latter part of 1911, when I had had a good many years' experience with game in Africa, that I first heard one raise its voice. I was sitting in a blind with my camera over a water hole, giraffe and zebra before me, when I heard a curious cry; it was something like the bleating of a sheep, but infinitely softer. I am puzzled to express it in writing, but the syllables that most nearly represent it are wa ray rather prolonged. It was so soft that I could only just hear it at fifty yards. I was by no means sure that it was the voice of a giraffe, but it came so plainly from the direction of the cow that I watched her through my glasses and saw her mouth open to utter the call. I may add that I have never again heard a giraffe's voice."

The Seamy Side of Life

"WHEN I was a boy," observed Uncle Ed, "I used to think that the chores my parents forced on me amounted almost to cruelty, but I realize now that I was benefited immeasurably. A little discipline and responsibility are and always have been great character builders.

"In the winter one of my duties was to see that the house was good and warm by the time the family was ready to get up. Consequently sometime during the evening I would have to set the thermostat.

"After doing this—no matter what the weather—I would have to go out on the back porch and indicate on a dial how much milk and cream the milk man was to leave. And then, more than likely, someone would discover that we would need ice the next day and I would have to turn the ice card.

"More times than I can recall I have rushed home from school with the intention of rushing out again to play ball or marbles, only to find it was time to start the electric stove for the evening meal. Oftener than not I also would have to plug in the percolator.

"I suppose getting rid of trash always will be the bane of every boy's life. We dumped ours down a chute which led to the incinerator. You would not believe me if I told you how many times I have had to light that incinerator—generally when I was in the mood for a game or a hike.

"Naturally around house-cleaning time I was kept on the jump. When the men came to wash the windows and clean the rugs I had to keep track of things and see that they charged us for the right number. I also was responsible for the appearance of the lawn, and it seemed that always I was at the mercy of some slovenly workman whose chief concern in life was to get through as soon as possible. Father gave me many a calling down as a result, but I suppose I deserved everything he said.

"The worst of all, however, was my mother's supreme indifference to my feelings when it came to making me do little tasks that rightly belong to girls. I blush to repeat it, but it was not at all unusual for me to participate in the dishwashing activities. We had a rather obsolete machine, which might or might not work without attention, and frequently it was my duty to sit by the side of it and give the word if something went wrong."

—DAVID B. PARR.

ATWATER KENT RADIO

The common sense of buying radio—

most radio enjoyment for your dollar

A radio receiver is an instrument which gives you your choice of all the broadcasting programs within range.

When your radio receiver makes this selection quickly, brings in music and speech clearly, gives you no trouble at all—you have the best radio.

A. Atwater Kent

THE Atwater Kent A. C. set is that kind of receiver.

The *price* of the best set should be whatever you have to pay for a good-looking instrument that will give you perfect reception consistently.

When such a set happens to be low-priced, you are the gainer.

The Atwater Kent A. C. set *does* give you everything you ask of radio—and is *not* expensive.

To make such a set, at such a price, requires more than good intentions.

It requires a complete modern laboratory to originate new ideas and new ways, to try them out, and to hold fast to that which is good. We have that laboratory.

It requires experience—and we have twenty-six years of it. It requires facilities—and we have a 15½-acre factory, built, every inch of it, solely for radio. It requires equipment—and we have equipped that factory with machinery designed to make quality radio very rapidly.

It requires extreme care—and we assure such care with 222 tests or inspections of every set before it is shipped.

And—it requires a huge public demand to create such radio on a scale which alone makes a low price possible. More than 200,000 Atwater Kent A. C. sets sold since January 1st. 1,400,000 battery sets before that. There's the demand. And every one of these 1,600,000 owners knows that he has in his pocket a good many dollars which he *might* have spent without getting an additional cent's worth of enjoyment.

Try it in your own home—*then you'll know!*

You have heard of the simple, sturdy and beautiful Atwater Kent A. C. set and the new conception of radio it has brought to more than 200,000 homes since January 1st.

You have seen it, of course, in stores and in the homes of friends. Naturally, you have wondered how it would look and act in your own home. Why not try it there?

Tell the nearest Atwater Kent dealer you want a free home demonstration. Fix with him the day and hour, and have your family share the fun. Snap the switch yourself and watch the friendly glow of the A. C. tubes as power that *can't* "run down" pours through them from a lamp socket.

Try the new A. C. Atwater Kent in *your* home. It invites you to put it to any test.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

A. ATWATER KENT, *President*

4703 WISSAHICKON AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On the Air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Hour—listen in!

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
The J.B. Williams Co.

A good start for a summer day!

AQUA VELVA

for After-Shaving!

Splash on Aqua Velva after you have shaved! You'll like its livening tingle on a drowsy morning. It makes the skin glow with life; brightens the day.

Go through a summer with Aqua Velva. Let it care for tiny nicks and cuts; protect, tone up your facial tissues; keep your skin healthy, flexible and Fit!

In the early morning, when perhaps you still struggle with drowsiness, there's nothing pleasanter than a sniff of Aqua Velva. Its fragrance is distinctive. There's a tang to it. It's buoyant. Yet it never lingers heavily.

Keep a bottle handy through the day. When you're fagged, wash your face and splash it on generously . . . on face and forehead and back of your neck. My, the cool and sparkling refreshment of it!

Aqua Velva can be one of your best summer friends, if you'll give it a chance. *Let it show you how!*

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it.

Address: Dept. PS8, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

THE WORLD DOES MOVE

(Continued from Page 11)

revolutionary leaders and had restored absolutism, with Lenin and themselves in place of the czar. Their method of appeal to the people was essentially the immemorial appeal of any political party platform, or, for that matter, of any dictator's pronunciamento: "We're doing this all for you!" And the Bolsheviki did promptly pass a farmers' relief bill, vastly increasing the number of property owners in communist Russia. Naturally, everywhere else, the poorest people and those who were out of work or who had a hard time to make ends meet on low wages, the troubled and discontented all over the world, felt a great deal of sympathetic excitement.

In the defeated countries, this excitement became a contagion. There were riots that became temporary revolutions, and even in America there was uneasiness. Many substantial citizens were disquieted, not trusting the intelligence of the masses. Agitators, orators and pamphleteers did what they could to bring the populace to more or less radical socialist ways of thinking, and for a time they seemed to be having a rather significant amount of success. Most of them were foreign born or of foreign parentage; they were theorists who had contracted abroad the habit of being resentfully against the government, or they had inherited that habit from their parents; and in some instances the habit had become actually a profession, the practitioners of which had no other means of livelihood. But almost every one of them was passionately sincere in the pathetic belief that his own socialistic prescription was the universally healing medicine for ailing humanity—even if the greater part of humanity had to die of the remedy.

They made converts, especially among the young of that disquieted and questioning time. For it is true that if a person is a socialist at twenty his heart is right and that if he is one at forty his head is wrong, even though his heart may still be right. The academic kind of socialism, of course, is but a laudable Christian sentiment for universal brotherhood. It cannot be translated into a working system, however, until men universally are governed from within themselves by brotherly feeling—a feeling that cannot be imposed from without, either by legislation or revolution. Moreover, state ownership in this country particularly proves to be in reality control by politicians, smothering bureaucracy, not economical, and a loss of that individual liberty congenial to "the land of the free."

The socialist attack on the capitalist system is often only a generous and confused mind's indignation with Nature itself for not making mankind angelic at the outset; though sometimes it hints of an origin in what lately our youth are so fond of calling the biological—an ancient urge still surviving many ages after bees and ants branched off as communists. Something still appears to survive in man, sporadically exciting the wish to become only a cell in a single organism of uniform cells, but the urge is impotent. Socialism is communistic at its base, and communism as a reality actually attempted is the most mocking of all delusions, being merely a change in the names used to designate bosses.

It does not really matter whether the man in the limousine is called millionaire or commissar if he has the same actual power under either title, and he necessarily has unless there is chaos. The Russian collapse, before it was realized that the word "capitalistic" really meant "human," approached chaos for a time and produced one small but reasonable party—the extreme leftward feather of the left wing, the party of chaos, or perpetual revolution. Lenin recognized it when he told the very poorest to attack those who were somewhat less poor and seize their goods. After that, of course, there would again be some who were the very poorest, and they in turn must attack and seize. Never could there be equilibrium, and the nearest approach to actual communism must be reached only by incessant revolts. And as the revolts would have to continue until everybody was killed, this party did, indeed, offer a consistent, logical program; they were the only thoroughgoing realists among the whole body of communists.

Many of our American young people and others who were older in years, having been agitated and troubled in thought by the war, caught at socialistic straws for the world's salvation and turned hopeful faces toward Russia. Socialism, usually of a benevolent, rather vague kind, began to be a vehemence among groups not too humble-minded to resist being defined as young intellectuals—a type as well as a definition seeming to spring in this country from that time. Not a few of them had their own idea—seldom derived from the dictionary and frequently not from Karl Marx—of what socialism meant; though they were nearly all familiar with such phrases as "everything for use and nothing for profit" and they enjoyed a pleasant kind of superiority not unnatural to youth.

Particularly this superiority is congenial to youthful socialism, which from a height characteristically pities the stupid and uncomprehending world far below. Nevertheless, however superior youthful socialism may have been, and however vague - as it usually was—upon practical aspects of its own subject, it was born of sympathy for the under dog and of the effort to think how redemption could be brought to a troubled world, and as an emotion it was genuine and generous.

As thought, it was a symptom of change; it was a part of the new questioning, the new doubts of the value of all established things. The characteristic questionings of every new generation as it begins to think a little for itself were not quietly simmering as aforetime. The minds of this generation of young people had been startled and shocked by the most colossal and terrific war the world has known. No wonder they began to question the old order, since, so far as they could see, it appeared to bear the responsibility for all that madness of destruction.

XXIV

AS OUR Army disbanded and the tensity of the country relaxed, there seemed to be a period of uneasy anticlimax. The saloon was gone; prohibition had come with the war; equal suffrage was certain and presently women would vote; there was a pause during which men seemed to be asking in tired voices, yet a little anxiously, "Well, what now?" Then, slowly at first and after a trying depression, business began to try to be resumed as usual; the young soldiers, not often easily or with great immediate satisfaction to themselves, began to try to get back into their former occupations, or to find new ones, or to continue interrupted educations. Most of them suffered from restlessness; and, changed themselves, discovered that they had come back into a changed world that was still confusedly changing.

Moreover, during service under arms, military discipline had taken the place of the former accepted guides to conduct, and as on furlough all rules were off for the gayer or wilder spirits, so, when military discipline was permanently removed, those former rules it had supplanted were not immediately resumed in all their pristine force. That force, indeed, was shaken by doubts, not only in the minds of many of the returned young soldiers but in those of the girls who had been kind to them when they went away to war and now welcomed them home. For girls were changed, too; thousands of them had crossed the dangerous seas and made themselves part of the war; other thousands had prepared themselves to follow; and all the rest had done war work of one kind or another. Some of

(Continued on Page 50)

To enjoy the tour *Install* New Spark Plugs

To insure ideal and carefree performance on your tour install a new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs. They will restore new car speed, power and flexibility, save gas and oil, and make your engine perform better under all driving conditions.

Champion is the better spark plug because of these definite structural and operative superiorities:—

The insulator is practically unbreakable because it is made of *sillimanite*, a rare mineral which is exclusively Champion's because Champion controls the only known source of supply.

This insulator is specially heat treated to withstand the greater compression and higher temperatures of the modern engine and it greatly retards carbon formation. The two-piece construction with its new solid copper gasket seal remains absolutely gas-tight. The special analysis electrodes greatly resist pitting and burning and assure a fixed spark gap under all driving conditions.

For these reasons you can buy dependable Champion Spark Plugs with every assurance of better and more economical car operation, as do two-thirds of the world's motorists.

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO

New Spark Plugs Save Their Cost

Greater economy in oil and gas pays for new spark plugs in a few months' driving

It is easy to understand why you should install new spark plugs once a year. They quickly save their cost in gas and oil, and improve car performance. Here is how your engine operates—

The gaseous mixture from the carburetor is drawn into each cylinder by the downward stroke of the piston, then compressed by the upward stroke and ignited by the spark plug.

The compressed gas burns with great rapidity—it does not "explode"—and expands to many times its former volume, forcing down the piston and developing the power.

The full, efficient spark, delivered at the firing points of the spark plug, assures rapid and complete burning of the gas, with maximum expansion, and full power.

But if the spark is weak the burning is much slower and only partially complete.

Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Some is condensed and works by the pistons to dilute the oil in the crankcase. Power is lost. Engine performance is seriously impaired.

For these reasons it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles, or once a year.

No matter how well a spark plug is made it is bound to deteriorate under the tremendous stress imposed by modern engines.

The higher compression actually delivers hammer-like blows. The excessive heat imposes terrific strains. Destroying chemical reactions take place.

That spark plugs continue to function under the extreme conditions to which they are subjected is a tribute to the great advance in spark plug design and manufacture.

And in this advancement Champion has always played the major part—always pioneered and anticipated the requirements of engine designers.

Champion X—in the Red Box—for Model T Ford and Fordson tractors—
60c

Champion—in the Blue Box—for all other cars, including Model A Ford, and trucks, tractors and stationary engines—
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Your face
feels the difference
instantly

WHILE you lather . . . while you shave . . . your skin is bathed in a refreshing coolness that makes shaving ideal . . . not an ordeal. With Ingram's . . . the pioneer *cool* shaving cream . . . you need no lotion.

If your skin is tender . . . you need Ingram's more than ever. It heals the tiny nicks and scratches you can't see but do *feel*. It takes the resistance out of a tough beard . . . and takes the pull out of a dull blade. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are. Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

FREE!
7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others. Use the coupon.

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Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 *cool* shaves for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream
COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
950-10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 Free *Cool* Shaves.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 48)

the work that girls had done was rough as well as perilous; some of it was heartbreaking; some of it was shocking. Feminine delicacy and chaperonage had become almost extinct ideas—temporarily almost extinct, at least—and when revived later they were found to be greatly enfeebled.

That uneasy pause of depression and confused readjusting was a long one; it lasted longer than the time we had spent in war; but finally it began to pass, and the country entered upon a period that was like what the old spectacular drama programs loved to call the Grand Transformation Scene. The blaze of glory, so to speak, in which this present epoch was to culminate sent forth preliminary showers of sparks.

During the war, babies had been born as usual; and, after the peace, when ships were no longer needed for carrying soldiers and war supplies, immigration once more became multitudinous. In the meantime there had been no building; but all these new people needed housing, and, the Government having finally decided to become economical, after its vast war spending, money lost its timidity. Building began again.

Once begun, it became almost overnight of a furious energy, and never before was seen such building up and tearing down. Our midland city, after the pause in its heaving up and spreading out, now heaved and spread incredibly, as did all other strongly living cities. It began to pile itself higher and higher in the middle and its boundaries moved like the boundaries of a rising spring flood. It overran its suburbs, leaving them compacted with the town, and then immediately reached out far beyond them. A new house would appear upon a country road; the country road would transform itself into an asphalt street, with a brick drug store at the corner of a meadow; bungalows and theatrical-looking cottages would swiftly cover the open spaces of green—a farm would turn itself hastily into a suburb and then at once join solidly to the city. What was a quiet lane through fields and woods in spring was in autumn a constantly lengthening street, with trolley cars gonging and new house owners hurriedly putting up wooden garages in their freshly sodded side yards.

Down deeper in the city, more old houses came down, until those that were left became pathetic and ridiculous among the buzzing automobile sales buildings and tall apartment houses. They were begrimed, crowded, deafened with city noises, and seemed to know that the day of demolition was already set; yet they struggled to maintain some appearance of dignity as they breathed their last among the fumes of the gasoline that had doomed them. And in the sooty back yards of some of them there still stood, as a final irony, the reproachful spacious shapes of brick stables long since empty.

To the old citizen, passing by, these expiring mansions spoke wistfully of ancient merry times within such solid walls as the frantic new and costlier building could not afford. There had been music at night on these cramped and dirty lawns, under trees that were gone long ago; there had been laughter and good cheer and dancing on the other side of those dingy carved walnut front doors; white hands had waved, long ago, from friendly windows that were gaunt and hollow windows now. Sleek young horses had trotted eagerly out of white-painted iron driveway gates long dusty in the junk shops; and even the ghosts of the happy little dogs that had barked so gayly at the horses must now be choked in the city smoke.

Some of the people who had spent their youth in these houses still survived and had part in the strong life of the new city; for now it was, indeed, a new city built upon the ruins of the old. What had happened to New York and to Boston and to Chicago happened in its own way here. As Fifth Avenue disappeared to rise again, all changed, so did Euclid Avenue and so did Meridian Street; and as New York became foreign, so did our own old stock become less typical. Of the grown people who called the midland city home, less than a third had been born in it. Most of the newcomers were natives of smaller towns; but there was a German quarter; there was an Italian quarter; there were many Irish neighborhoods; there were Jewish neighborhoods; there were large groups of Poles, of Hungarians, of Rumanians, of Serbians; and there was a negro quarter covering square miles. The old typical midlander was visibly not what he had been; a new one—in fact a new American—could be obscurely seen emerging.

"A new spirit of citizenship has sharply defined itself," I took note of it then. "This spirit is idealistic and its ideals are expressed by the new kind of business men downtown. They are optimists to the point of belligerence, and on their marching banner they inscribe the words Boost! Don't Knock! They are boosters out to sell their city to the world. They believe that boosting pays and their boostings are of a new phrasing believed to be both vigorous and seductive. The new type speaks, too, in a pretentious vocabulary apparently of the noblest altruism.

"Nevertheless, the men are sincere and they believe that honesty pays. The politicians dare not give them too much bad government, because the new type of business man will not endure bad government when it is so bad that it depresses the value of real estate; the politicians understand that they cannot go to this length. The idealists constantly shout that their city shall be a better city, and what they principally mean when they use the word 'better' is 'bigger and more prosperous.' They seem to have one supreme theory—that the perfect happiness and beauty of cities and of human life are to be brought about by more factories. There is nothing they will not do to cajole a factory from another city, and they are never more despondent than when another city gets one away from them.

"As the city grows and grows, it grows dirtier and dirtier. The idealists are putting up magnificent business buildings that are repulsively begrimed before they are finished; but the idealists cannot see the dirt for the size, and boast grandly. They boast of their monuments and rain soot on them. Every year they boost a great Clean-Up Week, when everybody is supposed to get rid of the empty cans in his back yard. Of course this new idealist, with his booming and boosting and hustling, with his pretentious vocabulary, his flawless self-confidence and his unconsciousness of all the little sophistications, is drawing the satire of the sophisticates. He can afford it; the Rotarian is the great man of this time. He is strong and devoted; he loves his country and humanity, and some day he will know more about beauty. Then he will make his city not only big but beautiful, for his city is his passion, and in his strength he can make it what he will."

XXV

NOW, with the new growth surpassing all former growing and such enormous building of everything as never had been before, and more people than ever before taking out money from every pocket to spend it, and with an agonizing war to be forgotten and left to historians and the past—there seemed to arrive on wings of glittering gold and silver a vast spirit of diversion. Even during the war, the new dancing had never stopped, and generally it seemed to require the stimulus of alcohol in order to be undergone by the operatives. The turkey trot and the bunny hug, those exquisite moderns, had subsided into the one-step and the fox-trot; but now for greater enjoyment there came the toddle—a movement as infamously ludicrous in appearance as the turkey trot had ever dared to be. Cabarets and night clubs succeeded the old roof gardens, and in these and in the road houses that sprang up along the new automobile highways, crowding and noisy people toddled and paid Arabian

(Continued on Page 52)

How Famous Movie Stars

now use a certain type of hosiery to accentuate Shapeliness

Scene from "The Lure Mart," new First National Picture release, featuring Billie Dove

BILLIE DOVE'S

ideal is "The Dancing Chiffon"— a sheer creation with a specially reinforced silken foot for long wear*

In all the world no woman has to watch the selection of her hosiery quite as carefully as the movie star. For the camera is merciless. It seeks out and magnifies the slightest flaw

And with the present mode making legs so conspicuous, directors and stars alike sought a type of hose which would actually enhance the shapeliness of ankle and leg.

In "The Dancing Chiffon," charming Billie Dove has found her ideal.* This Allen-A style is pure silk the entire length of the hose. Sheer and clear. Full-fashioned to hug the ankle and cling to the knee, thus giving slender gracefulness

And inside the silken foot is an invisible "inner-foot" of extra-fine lisle. This reinforces the heel, sole and toe—where most chiffons give first—and is responsible for exceptionally long wear

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all of the newest shades Ask for it by style number—3785. If you prefer a chiffon hose with a lisle foot ask for style 3780. If your dealer does not carry either of these styles simply send us his name—a post card will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

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Hosiery

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Hosiery
for men, women and children

**The same hosiery that is featured in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shops, Fifth Ave. at 56th St., and other New York Stores —are now available at Allen-A dealers' everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3 the pair*

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA

Why the Executive Who Wrote—

"Efficiency in Office Design and Equipment"

Might Have Created

THE SIKES X69½ Perfect Posture Chair

Several months ago a prominent business man wrote a highly illuminating article which contained mighty interesting information concerning the relation of perfect posture to the health and efficiency of office workers.

Had this executive actually produced a chair along the ideas outlined, it might easily have borne a striking resemblance to the new Sikes X69½.

"The seat," he said, "should be adjustable as to height and should swivel but not tilt. It should be a saddle seat, designed to distribute the pressure and should be short from front to back. The back rest, preferably an adjustable one, should exert some pressure and give active support to the back."

The Sikes X69½ is a chair that increases the health, the happiness and the efficiency of office workers by affording natural, comfortable and correct posture throughout the business day. Its small size and special design save costly floor space and at night it slides unobtrusively beneath the desk, leaving clear aisles for easy cleaning.

Your Office Furniture Dealer will gladly send a Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair to your office on approval. Until you allow him to do so, you'll never really appreciate the advantages of this remarkable little wage and space saver

Sikes

The Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair

Is easily adjustable.

Takes little room in use. When not in use takes less—sliding unobtrusively under the desk.

Look for the Sikes Self-Lubricating Chair Iron, a feature of the Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair and all Sikes revolving chairs.

SIKES COMPANY

CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 50)

Night prices for slightly poisoned alcohol until dawn. Silversmiths designed beautiful little flasks, appropriate for maidens; the young people began to use an old word in a new and mystifying sense; it was the word "petting." The era of the obscurely parked car had begun.

New movie theaters were built and opened in all quarters of the cities and in every smallest town; negroes who lived in woodsheds bought phonographs that cost two hundred and fifty dollars; high-school boys deprived of automobiles by stern fathers, easily stole others; the new profession of bootlegging, thriving so mightily that lawyers left their desks to join it, revived piracy and merrily called the revival hijacking. The automobile also had revived a jovial form of banditry out of the eighteenth century. The earlier highwayman depended on the speed of his horse; the new one depended on the speed of his stolen automobile; he murdered a shopkeeper, robbed a till, disappeared at seventy miles an hour, and drank and danced the rest of the night with his girl at a road house.

"Afternoon tea," except in isolated and old-fashioned drawing-rooms, became the great modern cocktail party. With similar exceptions, dinner parties devoted a preliminary hour or so to chilled alcohol, virulent and emetic in orange juice; the food was served later and later, becoming merely an adjunct—an entirely superfluous one when the cocktailing was long protracted. Theater curtains rose at a later hour to please the cocktail diners, and, after rising, showed more and more boldly what was perfectly to the taste of somewhat drugged audiences. After the play there was more toddling, more chilled alcohol. There was toddling during "afternoon tea" and during the cocktail dinners.

More than alcohol was requisite for the toddle, and for all the new dances, beginning with the turkey trot; they could not be accomplished unless abhorrent noises were simultaneously produced. But this was never a difficulty, for the new jazz consisted of such noises and phonographic disks were inexpensive.

A substitute for the household life of earlier times was evolved, founded upon the kitchenette, the automobile and the phonograph, to which the radio set now began to be added. Multitudes of apartment houses and apartment hotels supplied the demand of a new type of family, which required no sand pile under a shade tree, for it consisted only of a husband and a wife, with perhaps a tiny dog to interest the latter at odd times.

Characteristically, they lived in one room with a kitchenette and a bed that folded into the wall; they paid an exorbitant rent for this room, and their possessions were their clothes, a little jewelry, an automobile and the phonograph; and as they had no other taxable property, they were usually not greatly interested in good government; if election day was a holiday, it meant longer automobile excursions.

They danced, kept bootleg alcohol in the kitchenette, followed the murder trials in the newspapers, went tirelessly to movies; some of them played golf; some of them played bridge; and if they were bored they moved to other kitchenette apartments or got divorces. Some of them did none of these things and were strict sectarians; some of them devoted their time to charities, hospitals or local mission work; but whatever they did, their numbers continually increased, and so did the buildings that sheltered them. When the weather was warm and the windows were open, the air in the neighborhood of one of these buildings vibrated day and night with the warring of tinny jazzes.

The toddle passed and was succeeded by other close-clasping dances not so wiggly, but the old citizen found no less in the new ways of people to perplex and upset him. The change in their more conspicuous diversions was only a blown leaf on the storm of change; yet no doubt it showed as well as anything else did the direction of the wind. Challenging and questioning had begun, of course, long before the Great War; it really began in the most ancient times and had always gone on among small groups of constitutional critics and objectors.

But after the war, the old philosophers who had headed these groups began to find themselves the chieftains of large and fashionable coteries. Hordes of followers imitated them, learned their manner of speech and proclaimed faith in an old peripatetic god the young votaries thought new because they had found a horrible new name for him—Debunking. On his altar, they said, everything old must be burned as incense to him; all believers in anything old were either fools or hypocrites and must be jeered to death. Science was "new"; the new questioning could therefore have faith in it—at least so long as it supported the ancient theological theory of predestination now masquerading in the new phrase "mechanistic universe."

For, like the automobile and all the new machines men had invented for greater speed and for ease to labor, the fast-whirling universe itself must be, they argued—a little inconsistently—a machine of its own invention.

Hence all its parts, including themselves, could never be anything but machinery moving to the inevitable. Wherefore, "Eat, drink and be merry," materialism's prehistoric motto, not precisely new.

And meanwhile, as the dancing and new theorizing went on, with automobiles swarming over the earth and airplanes darting across the skies, with the ether shaking to broadcast jazz, with giantism becoming colossalism, so that Atlas would have reeled at the sight of New York, and with Tennessee legislating against evolution—the women were cutting off their hair.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkington. The seventh and last will appear in an early issue.

TELEGRAM FOR MR. DOW

(Continued from Page 15)

Mr. McMurty nodded his appreciative approval. "I suppose he just bubbled over, eh, Sammy?"

"Did he? He just yearned to have Mervale clasp me to its maternal bosom.

"'How much?' I demanded.

"He looked at me and gulped. 'Thirty-five thousand.' I laughed in his face."

Mr. McMurty nodded gravely.

"When I got through laughing I told him that if the property was satisfactory, my people might consider paying him twenty thousand. You've got to be crude in a racket like this, Mac. You can't be anything but hard-boiled and succeed.

"'I wouldn't sell for that,' he said.

"'Somebody will,' I snapped, 'somewhere.'

"He gulped again and said that he might consider thirty-two thousand if the deal was for cash. I told him there wasn't a chance; though my people might go twenty-five grand for an exceptional property; and I could tell by the way his little mustache quivered that the deal was as good as made.

"Well, to make a short story shorter, we went out to the property that afternoon and I looked it over as carefully as a man does a new flivver. I found enough unsatisfactory items to convince foxy little Elbert that he was up against the pure quill. He just bubbled over with salesmanship and personality. We came back to town, and after explaining that he was a bachelor, he invited me to dinner."

"Naturally, you refused," murmured Mr. McMurty.

For the first time since the interview began, a bit of the customary twinkle crept back to Mr. Dow's blue eyes.

"Naturally," he agreed, "I wasn't going to place myself under any obligation to any salesman. I said we'd make it Dutch. Foxy Elbert giggled—one of those twittering little giggles. He got the point."

Mr. McMurty nodded.

"After dinner we just talked around—getting friendly and confidential, so to speak. A telegram or two came for me. I'm a great believer in the psychological effects of a telegram. It does things for a man, Mac. It helps the game. I always" a note of sadness crept into Mr. Dow's voice—"leave a dozen or so with Iris. Well, we got to talkin' about hobbies. It seems that Elbert started out early in life collecting cigar bands for ash trays and ended up, when he was twenty-five or so, by collecting lace valentines. He told me that during the past ten years he had managed to acquire quite a few really rare specimens. Mac, can you wonder at my seeing red when I think of that bow-legged little hick, sitting on the front porch, laughing at S. McCullogh Dow? Can you blame me if I get off the track and whistle for the wrecker?"

"Time passeth," observed his counsel dryly.

"Right." Mr. Dow ground the remains of his cigarette into white pulp in the ash tray on the table, sighed and proceeded. "Then I went into Part Two of the racket. Carelessly I admitted that I rode a hobby too. Only my hobby paid me cash dividends as well as providing me with an outside interest. Naturally foxy Elbert wanted to know all about a hobby that made money.

"'I buy stocks,' I told him.

"'Stocks, eh?' said Elbert; and, Mac, it was funny to watch that fish stare creep back into his eyes. 'Stocks, eh?' he said again, and tittered in that funny little nervous way of his.

"'Yes, stocks,' I told him. 'But don't get the idea that I am speculating in the market. You can't do that and win.'

"Then I explained my innocent little hobby. My business contacts often placed me in possession of inside facts concerning various companies. In many cases these companies had not made any money for years and discouraged stockholders were ready to sell at any price. When such a concern turned the corner a great deal of money was to be made by buying from the discouraged holders before the good news got out.

"'Oh,' said Elbert.

"I had to admit, of course, that deals of this sort didn't come along every day, and when they did come I had to move fast.

"'Don't you ever lose?' Elbert wondered. Then he shivered. I guess he was one of the civic rubber stockholders. 'I never buy stocks any more.'

"'That's right, Mr. Tilbert,' I told him; 'play the game safe.'"

"Well, what happened?"

Mr. Dow answered the inquiry by lighting another cigarette and exhaling the smoke slowly.

"Up to a certain point," he said finally, "about the same thing that happened in every other civic center during the past two or three years. I left town that night. I told friend Elbert that while I liked his town, there were a half a dozen other towns I expected to visit. I told him if nothing happened in the meantime I would be back in a week or two to go further into the matter, provided Elbert met my price. Elbert tried his hardest to be a dominating character and a closer of the first water, but I held out. I told him I had to, in justice to my employers."

(Continued on Page 55

A highly organized distribution service supplies thousands of country homes with Pyrofax Gas. This service is prompt and dependable, because of the hundreds of Pyrofax service stations throughout the country.

Pyrofax—

real gas, ready for use, is now available for homes beyond the reach of city gas mains

REAL gas and genuine modern gas appliances in country homes! What convenience Pyrofax brings to kitchens beyond the reach of city gas mains! The boon of cool, efficient cooking quarters in hot weather; the satisfaction of owning and working with a genuine modern gas range; the pleasure of always getting the very best results in cooking with instantly controlled flame and temperature—Pyrofax Gas Service brings all these to the country because Pyrofax is real gas. It burns with a hot, sootless, clean flame. It comes into your house through standard gas pipe for use with standard appliances. Gas is the faultless fuel and you can have it and all its advantages through Pyrofax, even in the country.

Pyrofax is derived from natural gas—refined and stored in steel containers which are kept in a neat steel cabinet outside your house. Pyrofax is a true gas—not gasoline, kerosene or carbide, but gas like city gas—available instantly with a hot, sootless flame to cook rapidly and perfectly. A nation-wide chain of hundreds of distributing and service stations maintains the most dependable and trouble-free kind of distribution service. Once a Pyrofax user, you have every convenience of city gas at the turn of a gas cock, even though you are miles from the nearest gas main.

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In a test made by the Delineator Home Institute, 1598 individual meals were cooked with two cylinders of Pyrofax. In her report of the test, Mrs. Bentley, director, says: "Regular cooking was done on a gas range supplied with Pyrofax and in every instance results were comparable with those when the same stove was used with city gas. No modifications of cooking were found to be necessary.... In the interest of simple, practical routine in household methods, we are glad to add Pyrofax to our list of tested and endorsed home equipment."

The sign that identifies the Pyrofax dealer in your vicinity.

Prices of Pyrofax equipment completely installed—including gas range, exclusive of gas—$135 and up, depending on the equipment selected.

Decide now to have an attractive modern gas range and an efficient, cool kitchen in your country home. Get in touch with the Pyrofax dealer in your community or return the coupon to the nearest office for further information.

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S E P 616

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You may never care to drive as fast as the Victory will travel . . . . but it's pleasant, just the same, to know that no other car in your class can pass you . . . . and even the most conservative Victory owner gets a genuine kick out of Victory pick-up and get-away . . . . 5 to 25 miles in 7½ seconds simply isn't done, you know, by many cars . . . . by hardly *any*, in fact, except the Victory Six . . . . And you only need to dash across one gridiron of street-car tracks to vote Victory smoothness the marvel of the decade . . . . A new and wiser type of design explains Victory performance—that, and the brilliant Victory power plant . . . . Learn at the wheel what a Six at this moderate price can be built to do!

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE STANDARD SIX $875 TO $970 AND THE SENIOR SIX $1495 TO $1770

(Continued from Page 52

Mr. McMurty passed over the obvious fairness of Mr. Dow with an impatient motion of his stogie. "All right. Hurry up. What happened when you came back?"

"Three weeks," said Mr. Dow with a trace of pride—"I waited three weeks. When foxy Elbert saw me coming through the doorway of his little office he nearly jumped up and kissed me.

"'Good news,' he said. 'In order to close this thing up quick, I decided to make my price thirty thousand dollars.'

"I didn't even bother to laugh. 'If you want to deal with me,' I told him, 'the price is twenty-five thousand dollars for quick action. A certified check for one thousand when the deal is closed and the balance, in cash, when the abstract and deed are ready.'

"'I don't think ——' began Elbert. I picked up my hat and started for the door. Elbert stopped me quick. 'I'll take it.'

"'Come down to the hotel,' I snapped at him, 'and get the check.'

"But unluckily for Elbert, when we arrived at the hotel I found a telegram waiting for me that made me jump for the rattler. I read it to foxy to explain the situation." From an inner pocket Mr. Dow produced a sheaf of papers and from the mass produced a yellow sheet. He read it aloud to the little lawyer.

S MC CULLOGH DOW
PALMER HOUSE
MERVALE OHIO

HAVE OBTAINED RELIABLE INFORMATION BONANZA DEEP MINING WHICH WE HAVE DISCUSSED NUMEROUS OCCASIONS HAS STRUCK NEW VEIN STOP THE FACTS ARE BEING KEPT SECRET UNTIL COMPANY CAN ACQUIRE ADJOINING PROPERTY STOP STOCK AS YOU KNOW HAS BEEN CONSIDERED WORTHLESS FOR YEARS AND CAN BE BOUGHT VERY CHEAP STOP ISSUED PRICE FIVE DOLLARS PER SHARE WORTH PAR OR MORE STOP WILL PAY UP TO ONE DOLLAR ALL STOCK YOU CAN PICK UP

WILLIAMS

Mr. Dow let the slip flutter to the table.

"'I guess that beats collecting valentines, eh, Mr. Tilbert?' I put it to him. And, Mac, it was funny to watch the old racket working away on all cylinders. I wonder his Adam's apple didn't pop right out of his neck with avarice.

"'Yes-s,' he said finally, 'it does. But how about our deal?'

"'Pleasure before business,' I told him with a grin. 'I know where I can pick up twenty or thirty thousand shares of this stuff around fifty cents a share. As soon as I get it I'll be back.'

"Elbert sighed wistfully. Well, it was a week to a day before I managed to get around to Elbert again. The first thing I did was to go up to his office and hand him my certified check for a grand. I got a receipt and picked up my hat. Elbert wondered about my hurry. I apologized, of course. Told him I was still running down Bonanza mining stock and couldn't afford to tarry. Elbert followed me down the hall.

"'I—I—I wish I could make money that easy—and safely,' Elbert told me at the doorway. I clapped my hat on my head and started through the doorway.

"'Maybe some day,' I said as I shot out, 'I'll be able to let you in on one—when we know each other better.' Over my shoulder I could see Elbert watching me hurry down the street toward the depot like—like a mother at her daughter's wedding."

Mr. McMurty nodded his understanding. "At last we begin to move, eh, Sammy?"

"Right." Mr. Dow grinned and then suddenly sighed. "Two days later I sent a wire to Elbert that I had just learned that a Mrs. Agnes Waterbury, a widow, boarding for a few weeks' rest with a farmer named Davies, at Willoville, a little place near Mervale, was the owner of fifteen thousand shares. I explained that I was detained in Chicago and couldn't get away before the good news got out. Therefore, having in mind our last conversation, I suggested that he see the widow and acquire her stock, which I would buy from him."

"Not mentioning any price at which you would purchase, of course?" suggested his legal counsel softly.

Mr. Dow laughed bitterly. "I'm a fool, all right, but not as big a one as that. Of course not! I'd live up to that wire and buy the stock he acquired—at a penny a share. What proof has he that I ever talked about a dollar or five dollars? Didn't he try to cheat a poor little widow?"

"And, of course, the poor little widow was Iris, safely planted with Farmer Davies?"

"Of course," assented Mr. Dow.

Mr. McMurty shook his head in gentle, mocking horror; then, as an ancient twang broke the silence from somewhere in the dusty gloom behind, straightened up, brushed the ashes from his vest, suggested, with more than a touch of acid, that time was flying.

"—— and frankly," he concluded, "as far as I can see, everything is going along according to schedule."

Mr. Dow shook his head slowly. "You're like the fellow that took a ride on the merry-go-round," he said mournfully. "You ain't been nowhere or seen nothin'."

"Give me the facts and leave the vaudeville gags alone. In exactly two minutes ——"

Mr. Dow sought the inner pocket of his coat and produced for the second time the packet of papers from which he had detached the telegram. With a dramatic sweep of his arm he thrust the papers across the desk toward the little lawyer.

"Read these," he commanded hoarsely.

Mr. McMurty blew upon his spectacles and produced, a little later, a polish of considerable magnitude, with the aid of a faded silk handkerchief, kept for the purpose in the bottom drawer of his battered desk. Without regard for Mr. Dow's heavy breathing, he opened the first envelope under the wide rubber band and twisted, with a creak, to the light. It was an envelope of robin's-egg blue and the double sheet within was of the same hue. Carefully adjusting his polished lenses, he read aloud:

"JUNE 17TH.

"*Dear Sammy:* Well, here I am. What a hole! Sometimes I think I have all the heavy work to do, when I have to sit around a dump like this. I hate chickens, except at a dollar-seventy-five a half, with new Bermuda potatoes. This dump here is filled with the usual smells of food. Gee, how I hate the smell of cooking. You know why, Sammy.

"I hope this hick gets here soon—these cotton stockings itch my legs something fierce. And I hate dumpy black. In the summertime to. There is no picture show here. There never is, and the sun burns your skin like dishwater. I hate motherly people. They give me a pain.

"The flies are terrible. Have you sent your wire to this boob yet? I sleep in a feather bed that, between the heat and the mosquitoes and the frogs, gives you the jeebies. Good night! "IRIS."

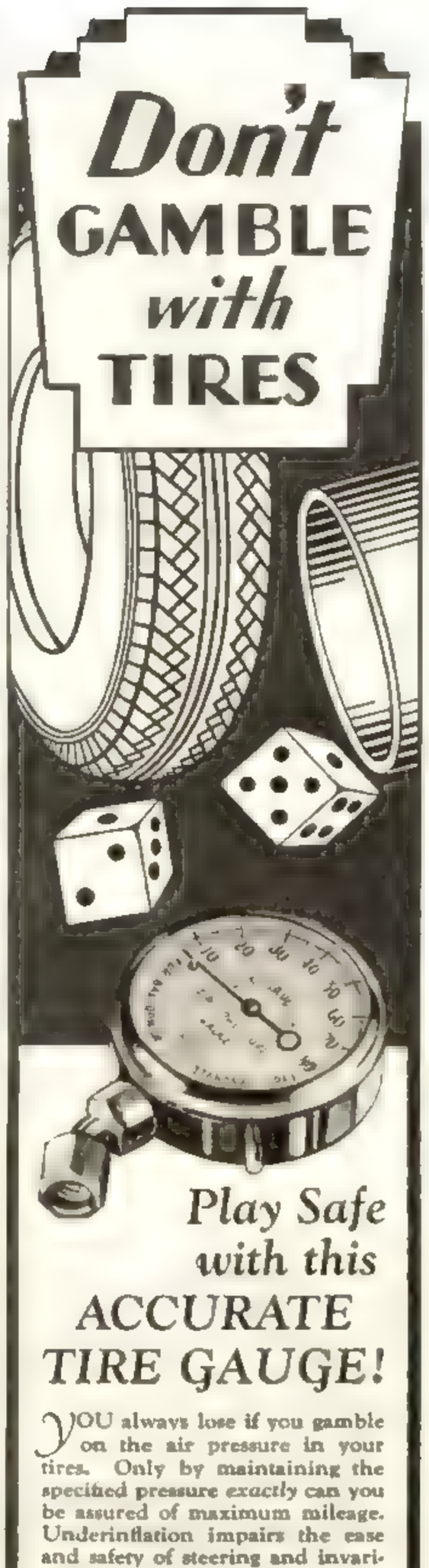
Mr. McMurty carefully replaced the letter in its blue container and opened another of the same hue.

"JUNE 19th.

"*Dear Sammy:* What's the matter with that hick? No sign of him yet. It keeps getting warmer and warmer. I have to go out in the woods in back of the meadow to get in a cigarette, and the bugs get you something fierce. Can't you do something?

"I'll never eat another chicken as long as I live. They're all you hear around here, screaming in the morning and clacking all day. Even the frogs let up sometimes. Did you ever wear these widow Oxfords with low heels? I took a walk up the road today—like a fool—and got a pair of blisters as big as quarters. S O S. "IRIS."

(Continued on Page 57)



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YOU always lose if you gamble on the air pressure in your tires. Only by maintaining the specified pressure *exactly* can you be assured of maximum mileage. Underinflation impairs the ease and safety of steering and invariably causes excessive tread wear, rim-cuts, weakened side-walls and consequent blow-outs.

You can be sure of correct inflation only by checking up the air-pressure at least once a week with a gauge of proven accuracy.

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Ask for a U. S. GAUGE at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, order direct. Price, $1.50, with leather case.

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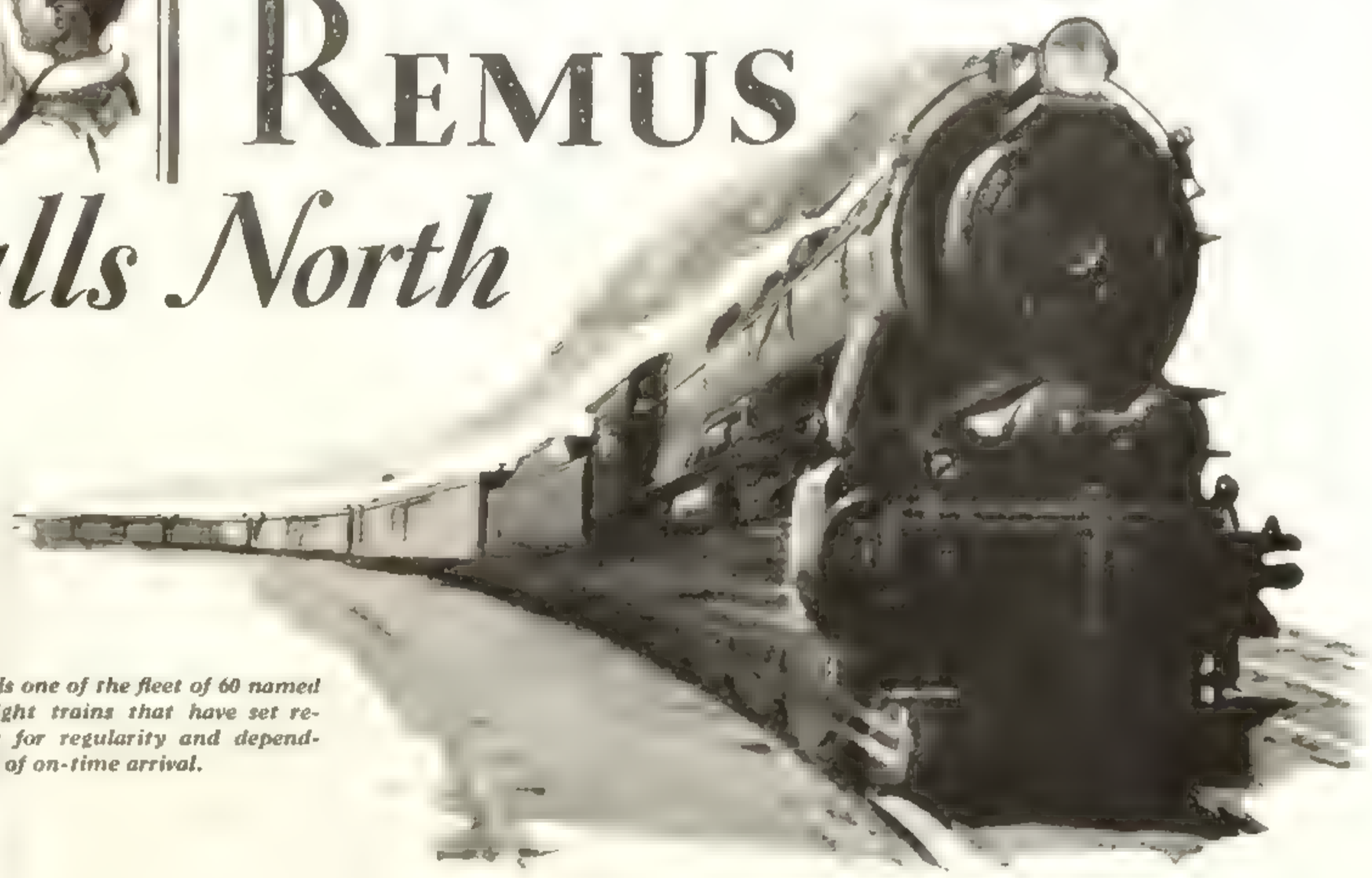
Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges
All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

U.S. GAUGE for testing TIRES

A Road Near Lady Lake, Lake County, Florida

UNCLE REMUS highballs North



"UNCLE REMUS" *is one of the fleet of 60 named Pennsylvania freight trains that have set remarkable records for regularity and dependability of on-time arrival.*

"Sho, chile! I'se a traveler . . . Mebbe to jedge fum my name you thinks I limps roun' on a cane, bent over like I had de rhumaticks . . . But you oughter see me when I gits loaded up fer de Nawth'n Markets . . . I'se as spry an' chipper as Brer Rabbit."

* * *

If you happened to be listening as "Uncle Remus," the big Pennsylvania freight from the South, rumbled by, his wheels might spin a story as they clicked over the steel rails.

And you might be reminded of other stories told by another Uncle Remus who was one of the unfailing delights of your younger days.

Uncle Remus of fiction is important to childhood. And "Uncle Remus" of the railroad is just as important to many children now that they're grown up. For he carries the riches of the sunny Southland up to the Middle Atlantic States and New England. And regularly and dependably he brings in his cargoes on time.

"Uncle Remus" glides out on the steel rails at Potomac Yard, Virginia, tuned up for his dash to the Northern Markets.

Garnishing Northern Tables—
Furnishing raw materials
for Northern Industries

Behind this snorting locomotive rides as rich a caravan as ever swept over the deserts of Araby. For here is wealth from the South—luscious ripening fruits and choicest cool green vegetables to garnish the tables of fastidious Northern housewives.

These and many articles of general merchandise that "Uncle Remus" also carries have been brought by connecting Southern Roads from practically all Southern points to Potomac Yard.

Upon arrival in New York the New England shipments that "Uncle Remus" carries are routed via Hell Gate to their various destinations.

The remarkable on-time performances turned in by "Uncle Remus" assure the Southern fruit and vegetable growers of having their produce reach the Northern Markets promptly—and with a minimum of loss.

Likewise they may rely—through the diversification facilities of the Pennsylvania Railroad—on their goods going to the markets where the best prices are being offered—to be placed before buyers on a regular dependable schedule.

SHIPPERS

Are you giving the man who routes your freight the time and opportunity to effect the economies, contribute to the new business strategy which in many industries is considered the most important development since Mass Production?

The Industrial Traffic Managers of many organizations have been instrumental in the speeding up of turnover—in the reduction of inventories—and in the opening up of new selling territories to which improved freight transportation has given them access.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

(Continued from Page 55)

"Dear! Dear!" murmured Mr. McMurty, and opened the third blue envelope.

"JUNE 20th.

"*Dear Sammy:* He came today. Ain't he a scream? Did you ever see such a suit in your life? I almost laughed right out when I seen him. And that face! Ha-ha! Out of all our prize packages I give him the lizard's atanoyds. He certainly is a day's work

"We sat on the front porch and he kept looking and gulping and playing with his little hat that looked like a felt soup dish. Finally, after I looked at him and then at my Oxfords about a dozen times, he came out with it. That is, he thought he was coming out with it—around and around and around. You know, Sammy.

"Talk about hard work! And in that sun. And me in that dumpy black and them cotton stockings. But I kept after him. Tried to keep him from hemming and hawing. But it took time.

"He offered me thirty cents a share and said he could only make that generous offer because a friend of his made a business of consolidating little copper companies that were practically bankrupted. I wiped out a tear for dear departed Harvey an' made my lower lip quiver—try it some time, Sammy, and see how easy it is—and told him that it was the last investment that my husband made, and I cried softly. I thought he was going to gulp himself to death.

"Then he said he was going to get in touch with his friend and see if he couldn't get me a better price. And, Sammy, he took a-hold of my hand and patted it! I was going to hold out for fifty cents, as per your instructions, but the way the little goat acted made me decide that seventy-five was as easy as falling off a log.

"He sat for an hour after that—and me without a cig all morning—and I certainly did East Lynne up brown. When he got up to go he told me to be brave. How is that?

"IRIS."

Mr. McMurty opened the next blue envelope without comment.

"JUNE 21st.

"*Dear Sammy:* Just a little note to let you know that everything is jake with little Elbert and me. He came over this morning and sat for another hour, and then said he could go as high as fifty cents, because he realized that every cent counted with me. I said it surely did and looked as helpless and lonely as I could.

"I told him that I would think it over, but that money went so fast these days, with everything so high, that I didn't know what to do or which way to turn. I cried softly a little more, and, Sammy, guess what happened. He came right up to seventy-five cents. I was so overcome and he patted my hand some more and gulped. I wonder if he won't go for a dollar? I'm going to try it. Just the same, I didn't close the door on seventy-five. I told him how helpful it was for a woman like me to have somebody to lean upon. I think we will have quick action now. "IRIS."

"P. S. I forgot to mention he is coming around tonight to take me for a ride in his flivver. Can you imagine me riding around in a flivver in the moonlight with Elbert—though at that I think the little simp has a good heart."

Mr. Dow winced. Mr. McMurty continued with the blue correspondence, a faint smile on his thin lips.

"JUNE 23rd.

"*Dear Sammy:* What a kettle of fish that turned out to be! I didn't write to you yesterday, because, honest, for a little while I was knocked for a gool. Do you remember, I told you that I was going riding in Elbert's flivver? Well, I did, not only because I thought it was good business but because anything was better than sitting around waiting until it was time to go to bed—though at that I don't notice the frogs the way I did at first.

"Well, we rode for an hour and Elbert's Adam's apple kept jumping up and down more than the flivver did. Then he stopped the car with a jerk that nearly threw me through the windshield, and blurted it all right out. He told me all about you and how you made a hobby of buying stocks in companies that were sure to do better. He told me all about your telegram and said he couldn't do it. There he sat in the moonlight, quivering away, advising me to hold my stock for five dollars a share. I was so astonished I hung my head on his shoulder to think. And he patted my back! But I couldn't think of a thing. I was so mad at myself for trying to be so smart, I cried real tears, and him saying fluttering little things in my ear that I couldn't catch. When we got home I went up to bed and pulled off my silk stockings—I knew I couldn't stand those cotton things in a hot flivver on a hot night—and sat down to think.

"Well, anyway, I have figured the thing out. When Elbert comes tomorrow night—he can't come during the day because he has to go somewhere, and I am going to be busy anyway, helping Mrs. Davies with a dress she is making; anything being better than sitting—I am going to tell him that with things as they are, I can't afford to wait until the company does better, so I have decided to accept his offer. "IRIS."

"P. S. I can see you tearing your hair at this, but remember, I am doing my best, even if I have had to discard my black dress for something lighter."

The last blue sheet fluttered to the desk. A scant half dozen sheets remained. "What are these?" Mr. McMurty's twisted eyebrow seemed to ask.

Mr. Dow answered the unspoken question. "Copies of telegrams I—I sent to her after that last letter," he said heavily.

Mr. McMurty spread them out on the time-darkened table before him and read quickly:

MRS AGNES WATERBURY
% DAVIES
WILLOVILLE
NO LETTER THREE DAYS STOP HAS LEGACY BEEN RECEIVED PATTERSON

MRS AGNES WATERBURY
% DAVIES
WILLOVILLE
NO REPLY MY WIRE OF YESTERDAY STOP ARE YOU ILL PATTERSON

MRS AGNES WATERBURY
% DAVIES
WILLOVILLE
WHAT IS THE MATTER STOP IMPERATIVE WIRE AT ONCE PATTERSON

MRS AGNES WATERBURY
% DAVIES
WILLOVILLE
WIRE AT ONCE OR WILL HAVE TO WIRE OUR FRIEND AT MERVALE PATTERSON

MR ELBERT TILBERT
MERVALE
HAVE NO COMPLETED DEAL STOP PLEASE WIRE AT ONCE DOW

MR ELBERT TILBERT
MERVALE
HAVE NO REPLY MY WIRE OF YESTERDAY STOP IMPERATIVE WIRE AT ONCE DOW

Mr. McMurty let the last of Mr. Dow's copies flutter to the table to join the little pile of blue-clad letters. "Well, that all?"

Mr. Dow shook his head slowly and sadly. With labored breath he reached into his upper left vest pocket and withdrew a crumpled telegram. Silently he handed it to the little lawyer.

"Read it," he commanded hoarsely—"signature an' all."

Slowly Mr. Murty smoothed the yellow paper and, as a knock sounded on the outer door of the office, read:

NIAGARA FALLS N Y

S MC CULLOGH DOW
METROPOLITAN HOTEL
CHICAGO ILL
HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME STOP WISH YOU WERE HERE ELBERT AND SOPHY

Good-bye, Sunburn!

When you say good-bye to care and the city's grime and dust, make up your mind that the pain of sunburn shall not mar this summer's vacation. Use Mennen Skin Balm to relieve it immediately.

After years of research Mennen introduced Skin Balm to men, as the final word in after-shaving luxury. They hailed it and praised it, and women soon discovered a multitude of other uses for it. Sunburn is one. And now men and women everywhere are using Skin Balm to heal a blistered, fiery skin and to take out the burn and sting.

There's nothing quite as soothing to sunburn as the cool and fragrant touch of Skin Balm. It soothes and tames the angry redness of skin that's aflame with pain. It spreads easily and smoothly, disappears quickly, leaving an invisible, non-greasy film that lasts all day and heals all day.

Skin Balm cools and heals the skin and keeps it smooth and clear.

Skin Balm is mildly antiseptic and astringent. It is as refreshing and invigorating as an ocean breeze and has an odor that everyone likes. At all drug stores, 50 cents. The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey, and Toronto, Ontario.

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ESTABLISHED 1795

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Long Life ~ Rare Beauty ~ Low Cost

THERE is a Bird Rug moderately priced for every home. Colorful, enduring rugs that will beautify any floor of your home. Insist on Bird's when you require floor covering wherein charm of appearance is combined with utility . . . Bird's Rugs and Floor Coverings can be easily cleaned with a damp mop.

BIRD'S ROOFS in varied colors give lasting protection from the elements at minimum expense. These weather-defying and fire-retarding asphalt slate-surfaced shingles give years of service. Insist on Bird's, if you desire roofing which blends rugged quality with rare charm and distinctive appearance.

Bird's Felt Base Rugs are obtainable in leading department and furniture stores at prices ranging from $6.00 to $18.00.

Bird's Roofs are made for every type of building, and Bird dealers are always ready to estimate your roofing needs without obligation.

RUGS BIRD ROOFS

Bird & Son, inc.
East Walpole
Massachusetts

*

Chicago
New York

*

In Canada
Bird & Son Division
Hamilton, Ontario

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

AS THE CASE MAY BE

(Continued from Page 7

Bill Bundy's senses seemed coming back. Suddenly he knew what he had done. He saw the company disorganized and sprawled by the barrack wall, and then he saw that they were convulsed with mirth. Across the space which separated them he heard roars of laughter. Little did he know then how far that laughter would follow him. Old Colonel Hobbs was speaking:

"Come here, Bundy. What's your idea in joining up to be an officer?"

And then Bill Bundy was speaking. He and the old colonel were standing there alone. Major Prothero was running toward the company with his notebook in his hand. Bill Bundy did not know what he was saying, but he was speaking just the same:

"Because I want to go to France, sir." He forgot all etiquette and all respect. He jerked his thumb toward the major and the barrack wall. "And it'll take more than him to stop me going."

The colonel made a strange exploding sound. He bent forward and slapped his knee.

"Oh, gad!" he gasped. "I didn't think I could laugh like this again! 'Squads right or left, as the case may be!' If you live to be a thousand, they'll yell that at you still!"

II

NOW that was long before we saw Bill Bundy—months and months before—and dear old Camp Todwiler, where we spent the winter, was far away in the Carolina mud, a gloomy plain of yellow tents. Since that historic time beneath an August sun, reams and reams of orders had gone forth from a thousand busy pens—ones about officers' coats and whether officers' boots should be laced up the front; or whether officers should wear putties; or what officers should put in their locker trunks; and how many folding chairs or collapsible bathtubs they should bring into the front line. Since then a thousand strange things had happened and life was very strange, as we waited to go to something stranger still. We watched only with an idle interest when a second lieutenant dismounted from a truck before the headquarters of the dear old Umteenth Artillery and sank to his knees in the mud and threw his bedding roll in front of him. We had too many troubles of our own and we never knew that drama was coming to our midst.

With considerable difficulty and yet with a cheerful acceptance of the worst, our visitor drew himself to comparatively dry soil and entered the orderly room—one of those wooden structures covered with tarred paper.

It was easy to perceive from his manner that he had been in other orderly rooms. He glanced at the clerks, busily typing at piles of printed forms, and then at us, where we sat in a row upon a wooden bench. He had a pug nose and a freckled face and a smiling mouth and reddish hair.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said. "Is the adjutant about?"

"He's about something," we answered, "but he's not about here. And we aren't gentlemen, either. We're under arrest."

"Oh!" he said. "May I ask what for?"

"We don't know what for," we said; "almost everybody's under arrest in this outfit."

"Oh!" he said. "I'm sorry to hear that. I'd been thinking of favoring you with my company, but I know how those things are. I take it the colonel also is out."

Our new arrival sighed and glanced at the pine walls and out the window, where the battery streets of tents stretched to the open sheds of the stables, and then toward other tents beyond—a gloomy city beneath a gloomy sky, with only the smoke from the mess shacks and the incinerators to relieve the horrible monotony. That is what one remembers best—the regular monotony and the leaden sky.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked. "Oh, no smoking here?"

"You better bet there isn't," said someone. That's the way it is after ten years, after feeling that you would know them always—all that is left is someone, and the bitter tone in which he spoke.

"Well," said our uninvited guest, "there seems to be a stern strong hand above you, but I can stand it if you can. My name's Bundy—Bill Bundy, the most unfortunate second lieutenant whom one of those Assistant Secretaries of War ever turned into an officer and a gentleman." The name meant nothing to any of us then.

"Cheer up," said someone. "Your misfortunes are only beginning, now you've struck this outfit."

"Shut up," whispered someone else. His name, at any rate, has not gone with the rest. It was Sam Larkin, who got killed with half the telephone detail just outside of Nantillois. "Those birds at the typewriters ——"

"That's all right," said Lieutenant Bundy—"that's all right, gentlemen. You can't discourage me with gloomy prophecies. In the last year I've been attached to so many outfits that it has become a matter of routine. I have been into so many orderly rooms that adjutants seem scarcely more than hotel clerks who register me for the night. I am the plaything of fate, gentlemen, and do you know why?"

"Well, why?" said Sam Larkin. "We're listening, stranger."

Lieutenant Bundy drew in his breath and sank into a collapsible canvas chair.

"Here," cried one of the men at the typewriter, "you better not sit there, sir—that's the colonel's chair."

Lieutenant Bundy was up in an instant.

"Thank you," he said. "I can stand just as well. I'm used to standing—waiting in long lines. As I said, I'm the plaything of fate, and playthings always stand in this man's Army."

"And yet," said Sam Larkin, "you little reck what you have to stand, now you've come to play with us. But why are you the plaything of fate?"

Lieutenant Bundy made an eloquent gesture which made us see that his soul was very heavy.

"Because of a moment of aberration," he explained. "Gentlemen, there was a major up in training camp—I always tell it this way—a most unpleasant major. You know how some officers can be." We looked at one another, smiling bitterly.

"Yeh," said one of us, "we know, stranger. He's probably a colonel now."

"Then we have a common bond of sympathy," Lieutenant Bundy said. The glowing personality of Lieutenant Bundy was casting upon us all its dubious spell. Even the secretarial staff at the typewriters was lending an ear and the clicking of the keys grew slower. "A common bond. He got me so rattled that I gave a wrong command. I said 'Squads right or left, as the case may be.'"

Before we knew it we were on our feet. We were disturbed by a subdued tittering; and somewhat to our horror, for of course one had ideas of discipline and rank, we perceived that Sergeant Major Goldstein had forgotten himself and also had half risen from his chair.

"Stranger," said Sam Larkin, "you're not joking, stranger, because we're just poor boys together? You're not really the one who did that?"

"Oh, my!" sighed Bill Bundy. "You don't tell me you've heard that story in this neck of the woods? Well, what's so funny now?"

There was no need to tell him we had heard the story. The noise we made was enough. After all, we were very young. We burst into a prolonged cheer. The sergeant major and the typists were all cheering.

"That's right," said Bill Bundy wearily, "yell your heads off, gentlemen. I'm used to everyone yelling. That's why I go from

(Continued on Page 61)

Creating Car Life

Timken Bearing steel is produced in Timken electric furnaces and processed in the Timken mill to become the most wear-resistant bearing material ever known.

You want nothing less, if you stop to realize that bearings are the chassis parts directly carrying the motion of shafts, gears and wheels. Bearings have the closest relation to long life, surety, quiet, and maintenance economy. That is why you want Timken Bearings in your car or truck.

"More than anti-friction bearings," Timkens are the complete, simple, compact protection against the wear of side-thrust, shock, weight, torque and speed.

The engineering reasons are Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made electric steel. You choose like the engineers of a great majority of car makers when you buy only Timken-Equipped.

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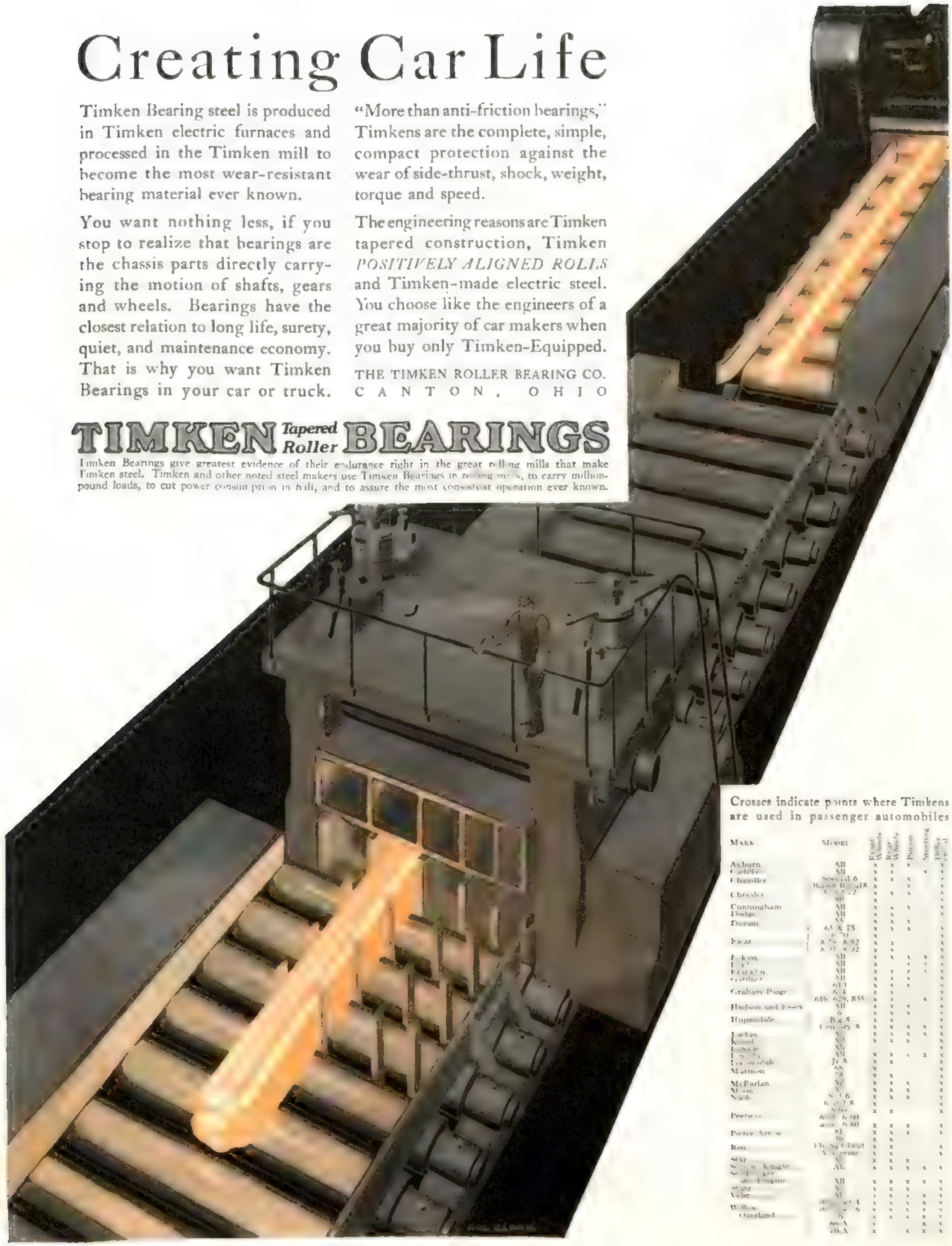
CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

Timken Bearings give greatest evidence of their endurance right in the great rolling mills that make Timken steel. Timken and other noted steel makers use Timken Bearings in rolling mills, to carry million-pound loads, to cut power consumption in half, and to assure the most consistent operation ever known.



Crosses indicate points where Timkens are used in passenger automobiles

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x			x
Cadillac	All	x	x		x	x
Chandler	Special 6	x	x	x		x
	Series B and 8	x		x		x
Chrysler	[illegible]2	x	x	x		x
	80	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	55	x	x	x		
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	70	x				x
Essex	[illegible] 82	x	x			x
	[illegible] 72	x	x			x
Falcon	All	x	x	x	x	x
Fiat	All	x		x		x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
	610	x	x	x		x
Graham Page	614	x	x			x
	619, 629, 835	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
	6	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Reg. 8	x	x			x
	Cen. and D. 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x	x	x
Kissel	All	x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All	x				x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	Jr. 8	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78	x	x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x			x
Nash	8 and 16	x	x	x		x
	6 and 8	x				x
Peerless	6	x	x			x
	6-60 and 8-80	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x		x
	36	x	x			
Reo	Flying Cloud	x	x			x
	Speedwagon	x	x			x
Star	All	x	x	x		
Stearns-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Velie	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Knight	All 4	x	x	x	x	x
Overland	6	x	x	x	x	x
	86-A	x		x	x	x
	20-A	x		x	x	x

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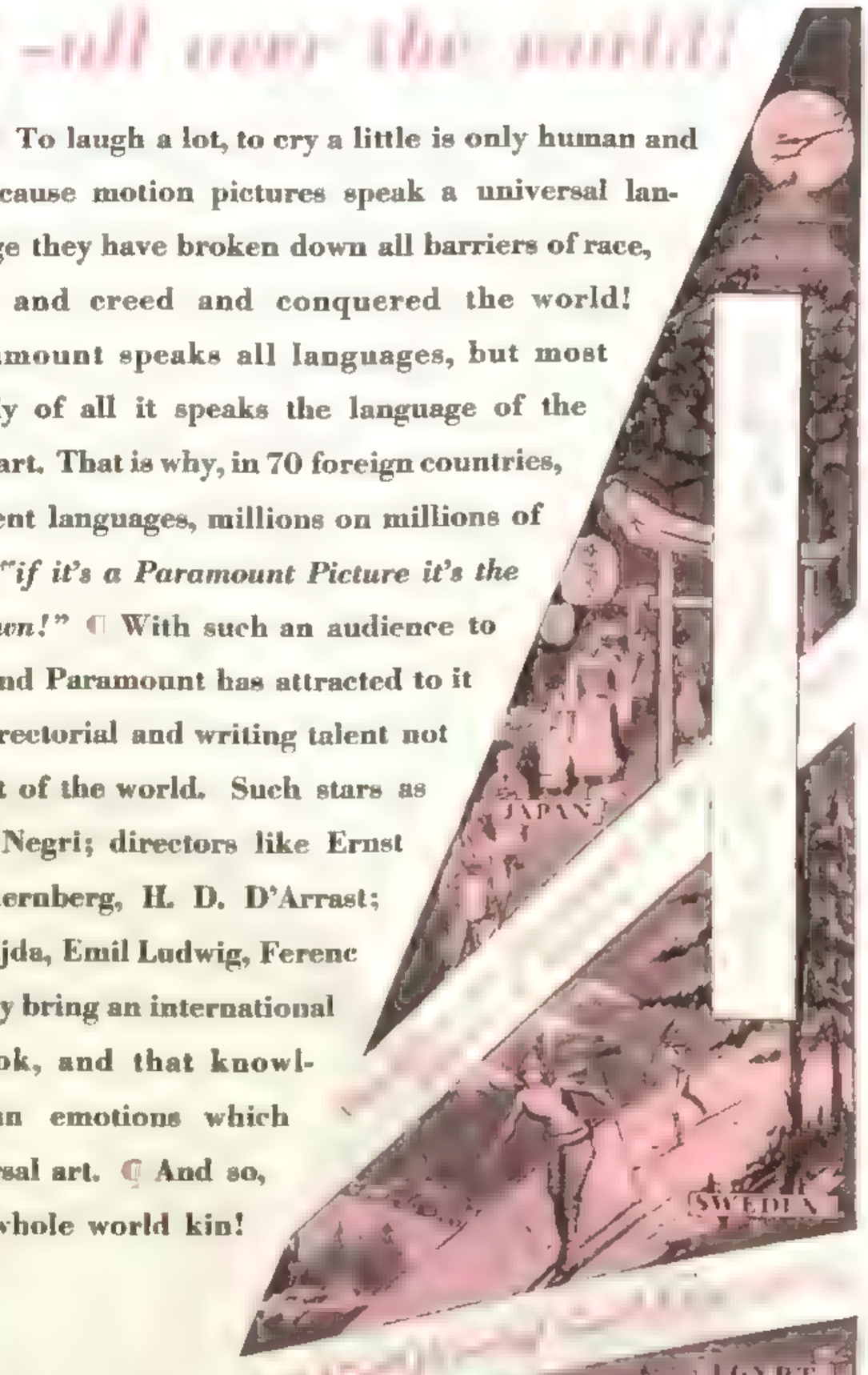
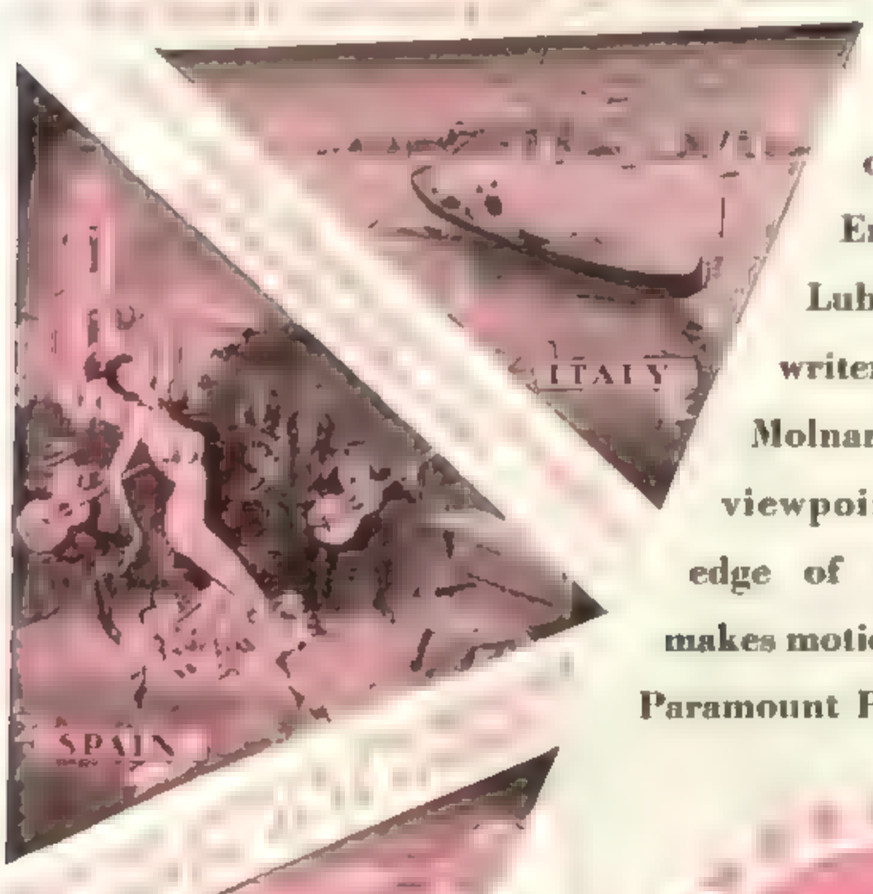
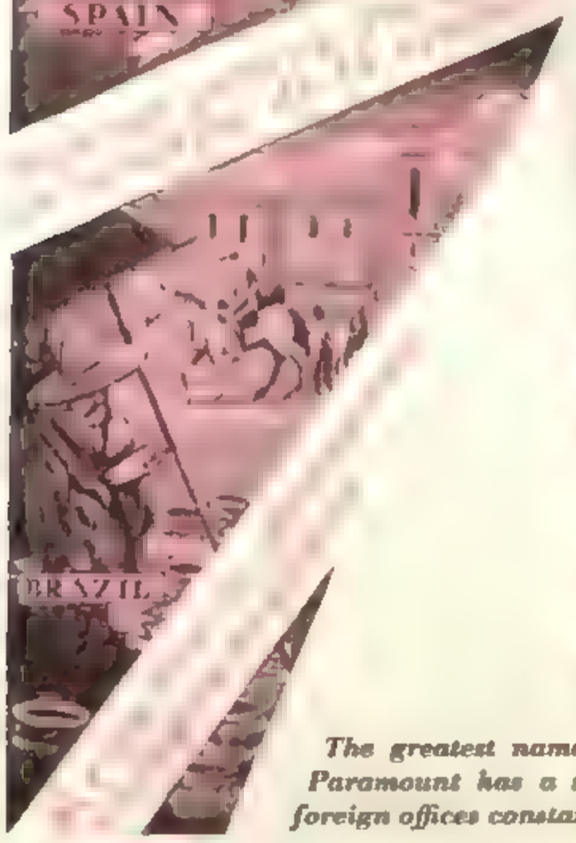
–all over the world!

To laugh a lot, to cry a little is only human and because motion pictures speak a universal language they have broken down all barriers of race, color and creed and conquered the world!

¶ Paramount speaks all languages, but most eloquently of all it speaks the language of the human heart. That is why, in 70 foreign countries, in 37 different languages, millions on millions of people know *"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"* ¶ With such an audience to sway and command Paramount has attracted to it the best acting, directorial and writing talent not only of America, but of the world. Such stars as Emil Jannings, Pola Negri; directors like Ernst Lubitsch, Josef von Sternberg, H. D. D'Arrast; writers such as Ernest Vajda, Emil Ludwig, Ferenc Molnar. To Paramount they bring an international viewpoint, a world outlook, and that knowledge of fundamental human emotions which makes motion pictures a universal art. ¶ And so, Paramount Pictures make the whole world kin!







The greatest name in entertainment reaches 'round the world. Paramount has a staff of 2,900 overseas representatives in 126 foreign offices constantly at work distributing Paramount Pictures.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 58

camp to camp. As soon as anyone hears I'm the boy, I'm detached to a remount school or a balloon school—to anything to get me out of the way. And I tell you it wasn't my fault. It was that major. Confound it, if I ever run into that bird again, I'll tell him what's what! I'll tell him! I've been with two outfits ready to sail, and then they've found who I am and I stay right behind. But I'm going to get to France in spite of it. That's what I joined up for—I'm going to get to France!"

Bill Bundy thrust out his chin and shook his fist. It was a delight to see him. He looked like a small pugilist defying fate. We gave another cheer, because we were all hard-boiled boys who had lost their finer sensibilities long ago.

"You tell 'em!" we shouted.

"Cheer up! You won't push daisies!"

"Squads right or left, boy—it doesn't matter which!"

"Just tell the colonel that! He'll be glad to know!"

Lieutenant Bundy shrugged his shoulders with a disdainful laugh. "The colonel!" he cried. "Listen, men, I'm not afraid of any colonels. They all knuckle under if you treat 'em right.

"'*Oh, the colonel got the Croix de Guerre!*
Parlez vous!
The colonel got ——'"

We had never heard the song. How incredible it seems now that we had never heard it! It explains our innocence, our verdant youth. We drew nearer, captivated by an unknown and wild lilt. Again Lieutenant Bundy laughed derisively, elevated his snub nose and gave his red head a toss.

"Haven't you heard it?" cried Bill Bundy. "Well, listen, you poor greenhorns—gather round. They all sing it where we're going:

"'*The colonel got the Croix de Guerre!*
Parlez vous ——'"

Bill Bundy's voice was rough and loud, but the tune danced electrically against the orderly room's thin walls. It expressed the spirit of an epoch. It was war itself, and olive drab and an army on the march. Without our own volition, our feet stamped on the pine planking, as we forgot our troubles and forgot the present.

"'*The colonel got the Croix de Guerre!*
Parlez vous!
The colonel got the Croix de Guerre
And the blankety-blank was never there!
Hinky-dinky—parlez vous!'"

On looking back, it is wonderful to think what little things gave us pleasure. We probably all felt the same way about it for purely private reasons. Though generally careful enough, we suddenly burst into a round of heart-felt applause, in which even the sergeant major joined, with all the regimental clerks. It only remained for the worst to happen.

It must have been Jimmy Jones among us all who had the first intimation of catastrophe. Jimmy had a perpetual look of fright whenever he was in headquarters, but suddenly his expression became absolutely frozen.

"Cheese it—I mean attention!" shrieked Jimmy Jones.

Then we perceived that, with a stealthy tread, the colonel was upon us, well inside the orderly room by then. Bill Bundy gave a faint gasp, like the wind leaving a punctured tire. As he stared at the colonel his eyes grew round and we knew that Lieutenant Bundy knew him.

We should have remembered the sort of thing that Colonel Prothero was always up to—forever walking on tiptoe. It was like him to approach the orderly room with caution and to open the door a crack. He must have known we hated him, but he never lost his contempt for us, never as long as we knew him. He stared at us all as we stood before him with an expression of faint, ironic amusement. It set well on him, because he had a handsome face—wooden at first glance, and dull, but the sort of face its owner might admire in a mirror, symmetrical, tanned, the hair a trifle gray about the temples. Although he had stepped out of the mud, he was like a soldier in a picture, a rotogravure officer with the White House in the background. His uniform fitted him almost too perfectly; he was invariably proud of his personal appearance, and you could feel the pride. It was reflected mysteriously in his Philippine-campaign stripe and his expert marksman's medal.

For a long while—at least, it seemed a long while—everything was silent before the colonel spoke; but knowing Colonel Prothero, there could be no doubt what was coming.

"Excuse me," he said, "is this the regimental orderly room of the Umteenth Field Artillery?"

There was another silence. We stood mute beneath the ponderous humor of the Regular Army. We had all felt the bite of it before.

"Yes, sir," said someone in a reedy voice.

"I'm glad to know it," said the colonel. "I thought it was a Y. M. C. A. hut."

Still smiling faintly, he looked us over and turned to Captain Shanks, who had the job of adjutant. Captain Shanks, serious and bespectacled, stood the regulation distance at the colonel's left.

"Captain," said the colonel, "call the corporal of the guard—the corporal of the guard and two men, and you, sergeant major ——" Colonel Prothero raised his riding switch. He had a weakness for such moments. "And you men at the typewriters have been told to keep your seats and continue your work unless spoken to by an officer. You're under arrest for disobedience of orders. Go outside and wait for the guard detail."

We stood stiff as pokers while wretched Sergeant Major Goldstein, followed by the pallid typists, filed out the door.

"Excuse me, colonel," said Captain Shanks, and he looked more and more as though he had troubles of his own. "Will the colonel tell me what I'm to do about the paper work? There've been a number of complaints for the division, you know, sir ——"

"The papers can wait," said Colonel Prothero. "And now what are you doing in here, gentlemen?" He turned toward us slowly. "Resting by the fire for the afternoon?"

Sam Larkin spoke at once. "The colonel told us to report here," he explained, "at three o'clock."

There was no doubt the colonel had heard the song we had been singing. Though he had not alluded to it, his face was growing red.

"Then report to your quarters," he said; "you're under arrest."

Sam Larkin spoke again. He was always the one of us who did the speaking. "But we're under arrest already, sir," he said.

Colonel Prothero looked annoyed. "Already?" he said. "What for?"

"We don't know what for, sir," Sam answered steadily. "The captain told us yesterday the colonel had placed us under arrest, confined to quarters, and we all had word to report here at three."

"Ah," said Colonel Prothero, "I remember now. You didn't salute when I went by you downtown—you absolutely neglected to salute. Have you anything to say?"

"We didn't see you, sir," said Sam. It was true. We had not seen him.

"Well, you should have," said Colonel Prothero. It was what he always said. "I passed you in a motor. Now mind you, I'm not thinking of myself. Mind you, everything I'm doing is for discipline, and I don't want you to take anything I say personally. I don't care whether you salute me, gentlemen, or not. That isn't the point. I am here to instill discipline in this command, and I don't suppose you understand why as well as I do. And I want my regiment to be a disciplined regiment, suitable for duty and not one of these national-guard units. Do you understand?"

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All American Products:
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Use no wicks; are smokeless and odorless.
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And we did understand him—or we thought we did, though perhaps it is only now that we may really understand—those of us who are left. There is a certain pathos in our erstwhile colonel now. We should have known that he was trying to do his best, as all of us were trying.

Perhaps it was true what he said—that he was not thinking of himself, but was trying to impress us with the dignity of an institution, the dignity of war, and we were willing to learn, heaven knows! Perhaps we would have learned if he had not talked like an actor, posing before us with his riding switch and turning his profile to the light.

"Don't forget, there's nothing personal in this," said Colonel Prothero. "You must be more careful with your salutes. Now what's this song? Who was singing it?"

"I was, sir." Bill Bundy spoke up like a man. Colonel Prothero looked at him, surprised.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"Lieutenant Bundy, sir" Billy extracted a folded paper from his coat—"reporting for duty."

"Take his order, captain," said the colonel. "Now—were you referring to me when you sang that song?"

Nothing personal, colonel had said, nothing personal at all!

"No, sir; I—I was just ——" Lieutenant Bundy stammered and turned red.

"Even if you weren't," said Colonel Prothero, "you ought to know, being a commissioned officer, that such a song casts a serious imputation on the service. There's one thing that I want—and I hope all of you want it—and that is to go over to France and to be decorated with the Croix de Guerre. I suppose I want it more than you do, gentlemen, because I'm a professional soldier; and I'm going over, gentlemen—don't you forget that. And when I go I'm going to be there, and I shall expect everyone else to be there with me. . . . What did you say your name was?"

Lieutenant Bundy coughed and swallowed. "Bundy, sir—William Bundy."

"Bundy?" Colonel Prothero frowned and rubbed his chin. "Were you—weren't you a candidate in the officers' training camp at ——"

"Yes, sir." Lieutenant Bundy's face turned scarlet. "I was wondering when the colonel would remember."

"Were you?" The colonel's lips curved in that supercilious smile. "May I ask what induced you to join a unit I commanded?"

"I didn't have anything to say, sir." Lieutenant Bundy's face was scarlet still. "I never knew the colonel would be in it—you were a major then, sir."

"Still the funny man, aren't you?" said Colonel Prothero.

Billy Bundy answered suddenly in a high cracked voice, and his snub nose twitched and his lips twitched as he spoke.

"No, sir, honestly, sir, I'm not trying to be funny. Can't you please forget, sir, what happened at the training camp? After all, you did recommend me for a commission, colonel—and I'm not so bad, honestly I'm not. Colonel, you were saying you wanted to get to France. Well, I want to just as much, sir—just exactly as much. That's why I'm here now, sir, because I heard—because a—a relation of mine heard you were going and —— Don't you see, sir? Suppose you were under a cloud ——"

"Under a cloud?" Colonel Prothero's cheeks grew flushed again He gave his riding switch a twirl and the eagles on his shoulders glittered. "What the devil are you talking about?"

"I was just saying supposing, sir." Billy Bundy, we could see, was thinking of nothing but a single point, and he was pathetic in his eagerness. "I just meant, supposing the feeling was everywhere that you weren't an efficient officer because of thoughtless things you'd done, and ——"

"And what?"

Colonel Prothero's face had also grown beet-red, and as though by magic, lines leaped all over it like the telephone lines on a battle front. He must have known that we hated him—officers and men, we hated him like poison; and though he hated us as much, he must have known we had our reasons.

"I'm just asking you, sir," said Billy Bundy, "so that you can see my position. You'd ask what I'm going to ask, if you were in my position. Please think of me as a new man, colonel. Please—for God's sake, sir—let me go to France and don't get me transferred!"

In the silence Colonel Prothero knew we were looking at him.

"Did anybody suggest"—anyone could see how the colonel felt, and we knew why—"did anyone tell you I wasn't an efficient officer?"

"No, of course not, sir," Bill Bundy stammered. "I was just saying what I did so that the colonel could see ——"

There was a sharp smack. The colonel had slapped his riding crop against his cordovan boot.

"I can see all I need without your telling me, thank you. . . . You're under arrest."

"But what for, sir?" Bill Bundy said. "I don't see ——"

Of course he didn't see—until it was too late.

"But you will see." Colonel Prothero took a step toward him. His voice was low, like an actor's. He was forever playing to the gallery, forever unable to get his mind far from himself. "You're under arrest for gross disrespect to a superior officer. You will go to your quarters attached to Battery F and remain there. These other officers will take you, and let this be a warning to the rest of you." He turned on us quickly, and he must have known our thoughts, though we stood as stiff as pokers. "I won't stand for any fooling here. This will be a regular regiment and not an outfit in the national guard. That's all!"

Out by the edge of the muddy road two of us picked up Bill Bundy's bedding roll. A gust of odoriferous smoke from an incinerator blew among us and made us cough. We tried not to look at Bill Bundy when he choked and rubbed his sleeve across his eyes.

"Damn that smoke!" he said. "Oh, damn!"

But his voice sounded exactly like a little boy's, and, after all, what were any of us but little boys in those days?—the oldest of us only a kid tricked out in pants and spurs, with a gold-washed bar put on his shoulders.

"But what did I do, fellows?" Poor Bill Bundy! His lip was trembling. Hastily he rubbed his sleeve again across his eyes. "Honestly—he had no right —— What did I do?"

"Do?" Sam Larkin was the one who was dry and unmoved as ever. "You said he was an inefficient officer."

"But I didn't." Bill Bundy's voice had a catch in it. "I said suppose. You fellows heard me say it."

Sam Larkin smiled sourly and glanced toward the battery streets and then cautiously at the officers' tents and lowered his voice.

"The trouble," he explained, "is that you don't have to suppose. He is a rotten officer. He's a stinker and a hazer and a bully, and conceited in the bargain. He's bad with troops. He can't fire a problem on the range. The officers and the men hate him, and so do the other colonels in the brigade—and he knows what everybody thinks."

And our own silence was a grim assent. Billy Bundy looked around at us and we could see that he was close to tears.

"I suppose I ought to have known," he said. "But I didn't think he was as bad as all that."

"That doesn't surprise me," said Sam Larkin. "He gets worse every day. He's spoiling the whole outfit. . . . Here's F Battery. Everybody's out doing punishment drill except the kitchen detail. The men had mud on their shoes."

We crowded after Bill Bundy into one of the pyramidal tents. We helped him unfold his army cot and toss his bedding roll upon it.

"'*Tis but a tent*" [sighed Lieutenant Bundy]

"*Where he takes his one night's rest,*
The officer for the Q. M. address.
The colonel sees him, and the adjutant
Strikes and prepares it for another guest."

We could see that he was trying to be funny, but the attempt was so futile that we hardly smiled. Lieutenant Bundy took off his garrison cap and ran his fingers through his reddish hair.

"I suppose it's just my luck," he said. "He'll get me transferred or reassigned of course. I knew it as soon as I saw him. I won't be going over with you, boys—that's all." There was no use replying, because of course his days were to be numbered. "I'm used to that," Lieutenant Bundy added. "But now I think of it, there's one matter which gets under my epidermis and that's this arresting business. I've never been arrested before. Why should he arrest me?"

"Don't let that worry you," we advised him heartily. "We've all been arrested lots of times. Why, a dozen officers are in quarters every day—and it doesn't mean a thing."

"Ah?" said Bill Bundy. "Well, I won't forget it just the same."

We were interrupted by the sound of a bugle and started automatically for outside.

"Officers' call," Bill Bundy said, "and I'll bet I know what it's for. You've got your sailing orders. I happen to have an uncle in Washington. He got me here. He knows the inside stuff. . . . So long, boys. I'll just stay here and write a Pilgrim's Progress in my cell."

But he was far from writing. Instead, he threw himself face downward on his army cot as the bugle blew again; and, curiously enough, Bill Bundy was exactly right. That evening we all knew—ever so confidentially—that somewhere a transport was waiting in the tide.

Though probably Bill Bundy knew there was no hope, it was nice the trouble our adjutant took to tell him. Captain Shanks was, after all, a human being—perhaps too much of a one to have held his job—and Bill Bundy told us afterward it was nice of Captain Shanks. He came to Bill's tent himself, though he had to put on rubber boots to do it. Billy was lying on his cot face upward, and Shanks was very pleasant.

"Hello," he said, "you poor black sheep that's gone astray. Come outside here for a minute." It was raining outside, and almost dark. Captain Shanks slapped Bill kindly on the shoulder. "Old-timer," he said, "you're not going over with us. The Old Man's got it in for you—you're out of luck. He's put your name down recommending further training. But wait a minute. That isn't all. I said he had it in for you. He's going to let you get aboard the transport before I give you your walking papers—and I'm telling you because I think it's a rotten trick—a small, rotten trick, and I don't want to have any part in it, though I shouldn't tell you. I know it's tough, but be tough and chew nails. . . . Good night."

And there stood Bill Bundy alone in the drizzling dark, caught in the paper work and the red tape that made our war—alone in the dark—and hot tears were in his eyes and tears were burning in his throat. A figure came striding toward him. Even in the dark Bill Bundy could detect the gentle swinging of a riding switch, and accurately and smartly he came to a salute.

"You haven't got me yet," muttered Bill Bundy beneath his breath as Colonel Prothero passed by.

III

IF WE had only been older, we might have seen. We might have had that knowledge which comes of disillusion, but then—we were only boys. Officers and enlisted men, we were only boys, undisciplined and wild, wandering always in a sort

(Continued on Page 67)

Gruen Bracelet Watch
14-kt. solid gold case and bracelet, set with 6 diamonds and 4 sapphires, $140
Other bracelet watches, $2500 to $75

Gruen Cartouche, $35
14-kt. solid gold, $40
With raised figure dials, $37 50 and $42 50

Gruen Cartouche,
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PRECISION *movement, $75*
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ARE you thinking of buying a watch? Here are two good things to remember: First, that no other single maker offers so varied a selection as the Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

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Second, that the watch which will give the greatest and most lasting satisfaction is a watch that is somehow distinctive. You must feel that your choice of a watch is not quite like every other watch you see.

What better assurance of this can you have than the Gruen name on the dial of a watch?

The modern Gruen Guild was organized, more than fifty years ago, among men whose fathers were watchmakers before them. Many of these men can trace their ancestry through an unbroken line of watchmakers to the famous guild masters of the seventeenth century.

With their inherited skill and with the most advanced of modern methods at their disposal, the modern Gruen Guildsmen are producing timekeepers that have long enjoyed an enviable prestige in America.

Any Gruen jeweler can show you the watches pictured here, as well as many other Guild creations priced from $2500 to $27.50. His store is marked by the Gruen Service Emblem shown below.

PRECISION
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This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

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TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

This emblem is displayed only by members of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Guild Watches

When a little button is a big thing

1. FACES UNPLEASANT TASK OF GETTING DRESSED IN AN UPPER. TRIES TO FIND RIGHT WAY IN TO UNDERWEAR

2. STRUGGLES IN. DISCOVERS ALL BUT TWO BUTTONS GONE. MUST HAVE COME OFF WHEN HE UNDRESSED LAST NIGHT

3. STANDS ON NECK TO GET INTO TROUSERS. HEARS A PLOP. ONE BUTTON DOWN AND ONE TO GO

4. EASES HIMSELF GINGERLY OUT ON TO LADDER. MUST PROTECT LAST BUTTON AT ALL COSTS

5. TRAIN HITS CURVE. CLUTCHES AT LADDER AND SEES LAST BUTTON HOLE OUT IN ONE

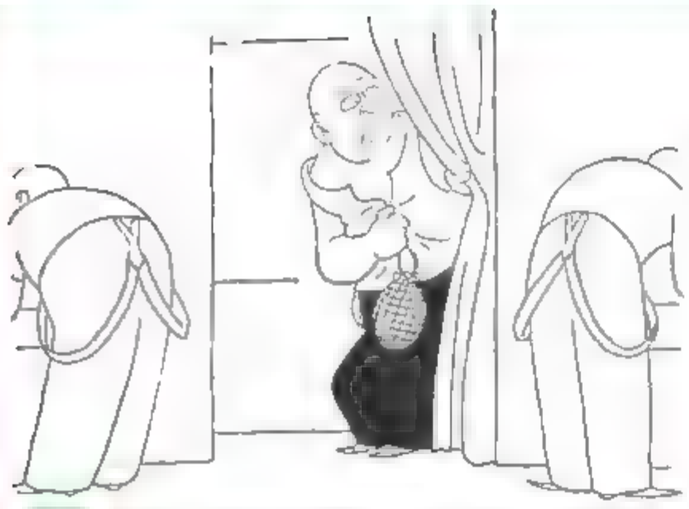
6. CLASPS FLAPPING UNDERWEAR AND SNEAKS DOWN AISLE. AISLE SEEMS ABOUT TWO MILES LONG

LIFE isn't a comic strip when a man wears Sealpax. If every man dived into Sealpax in the morning, the cartoonists would lose that favorite subject---the lost button. You can't lose a button from Sealpax. Only two of them---both anchored on with linen thread---and a new suit if one comes off. Good news---$1.50 Sealpax reduced to $1.00---quality unchanged.

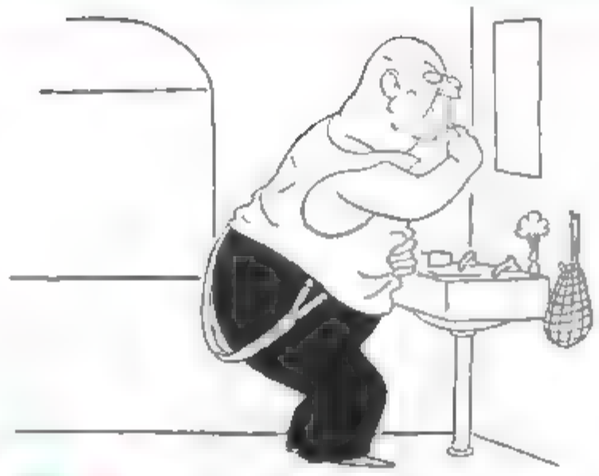
Say **Sealpax**

– and say Goodbye

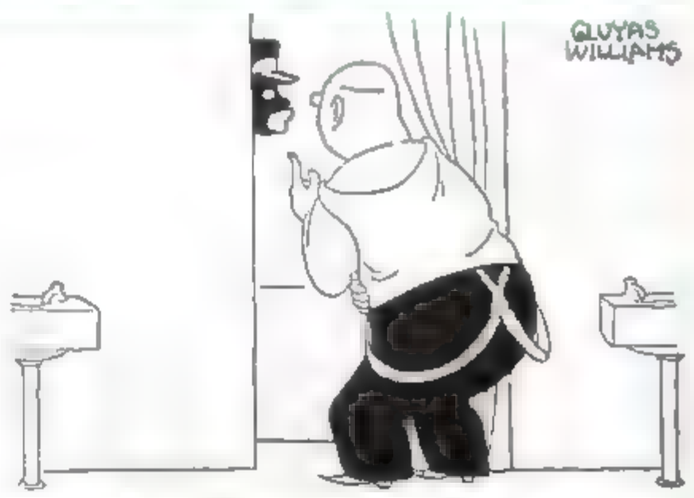
by Gluyas Williams



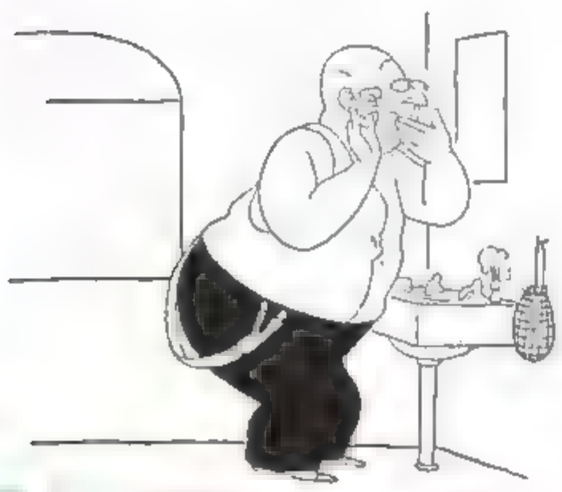
7. HOPES WASH-ROOM WILL BE DESERTED. FINDS IT IS JAMMED. WAITS, VERY SELF-CONSCIOUS



8. STARTS SHAVING AT LAST, HOLDING UNDERWEAR IN PLACE WITH ONE HAND. IMAGINES HE HEARS SNICKERS

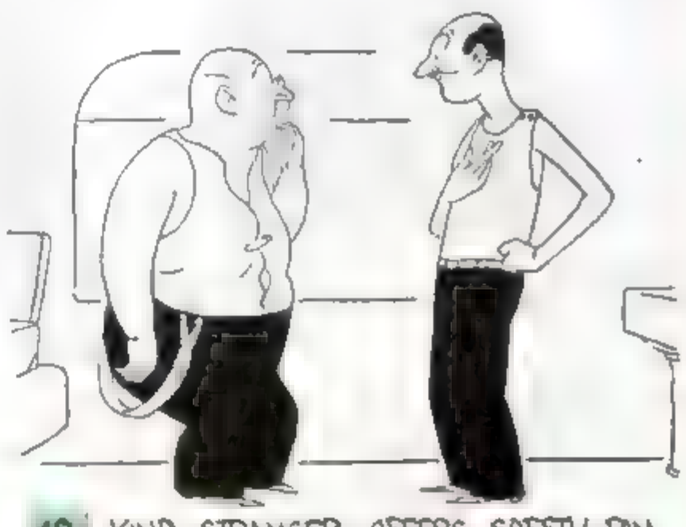


9. FINDS HE CANT SHAVE ONE-HANDED BORROWS A PIN FROM PORTER



10. PINS UNDERWEAR, AND SHAVES BLITHELY WITH TWO HANDS. FEELS HIS TROUBLES ARE OVER

11. PIN SLIPS, STICKING IN TO HIM!



12. KIND STRANGER OFFERS SAFETY-PIN AS FIRST AID, AND SUGGESTS SEALPAX, LIKE HIS, AS A PERMANENT CURE — STEP THRU, BUTTON TWO, ALL THRU!

THERE'S more to Sealpax than lightning dressing to the tune of "Step thru, button two." There's that wonderful, cool, comfortable feeling across your chest. No hard buttons down the front pressing against you on a hot day---no gapping ---no lapping down the front. Get comfortable---get modern ---get Sealpax! Boys' sizes, too. At all good stores.

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2 for Business Wear
1 for Sports Wear
1 for Formal Wear

We say 4 because that number represents the minimum for any man who is careful about his dress. Some men have six or eight. For example, the man who has two or more business suits needs at least two Belts. He knows the importance of carrying out a definite color scheme—and how much a belt of harmonizing color adds to the appearance of his suit. Each occasion—each suit—calls for an appropriate Belt Set. We show on this page correct examples for business, sports or formal wear. At your Department Store or Haberdasher's you will find many more. In choosing your 4 you can suit your individual taste. But make sure of one thing—insist on the name "HICKOK." It is your guarantee of the utmost in style and value.

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FOR BUSINESS WEAR—Belt of full grain gray calf, lizard grain, with cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Master Silver Plate. Set complete $5.00
Belt and Buckle $3.50

FOR BUSINESS WEAR—Belt of full grain cocoa brown bridle cowhide. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate. Set complete $3.00
Belt and Buckle $2.00

FOR SPORTS WEAR—Belt of full grain cowhide bridle with moire stripe. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate with bronze stripe. Belt and Buckle $2.00. Set complete $3.00

FOR FORMAL WEAR—Heavy stitched belt of hand boarded calf with full grain cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Sterling Silver. Belt and Buckle $4.00. Set complete $6.00

(Continued from Page 62)

of impossible dream that trembled on the border of a nightmare. Sometimes it makes the eyes grow dim to think how young we were, and how much more debonairly we went away than we ever will again, so splendid in our ignorance. And of course we were too ignorant to see that Colonel Prothero was trying, and that it meant as much and more to him than to the rest of us to take the road to France. We could not see that it was a crowning achievement in his life, and certainly Bill Bundy did not see.

It might have been better, we sometimes thought, if Captain Shanks had never told him that he would not sail, because he wanted so to go and knew he could not - knew it through all those interminable hours of waiting. Will someone ever tell why we always waited? There was the transport with the gangplanks down. You could see her steel sides, gray and fantastic and streaked with zigzags of colored paint, rising outside the shed of the pier. If you walked near enough the openings in the shed, you could see her rails and lifeboats, and even the clouds of steam and the smoke as it rolled from her funnels, and streams of water pouring from her hull. There she lay and there we stood beside her, rows of men with their packs, leaning against bales and barrels, and knots of tired lieutenants standing in front of every row for hour after hour.

Yet long as we stood, there was always a hazy feeling of excitement. Embarkation officers kept hurrying by with papers, puzzled and gesticulating. And Colonel Prothero was there, walking back and forth and swinging his riding switch.

Now and again, because we were very young and somewhat wild, the humming of the talk would become a cadence which changed into a song. With the eccentricity of forest fires, the singing would crop out:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into no-man's land in France,
And the shrapnel shells are bursting
And we must advance ——"

"Stop that noise there!" roared Colonel Prothero. "Arrest the next man who starts in singing." There was a sullen silence. "And you officers," said Colonel Prothero—"what do you think you'll do when we get to the other side if you can't keep a batch of men quiet? I'll tell you frankly that some of you aren't going—and there'll be a lot more if the men don't stay still. What the blazes is Shanks doing? What's the trouble now?"

"Oh, shut up!" someone murmured. "Won't he ever shut up?"

It was not in his nature to be silent. If he had only thought of the men, it might have been much better, but he never did. Again the colonel was before us.

"What are those men sitting down for? Get 'em up and keep 'em up. I told them to stand at ease, and ease doesn't mean sitting down."

Bill Bundy stood a little apart from us, and we noticed that he kept watching the colonel all the time. When Colonel Prothero paced farther down the pier, Bill Bundy would change his position in order to keep him well in sight.

We knew, of course, that Lieutenant Bundy was watching for his order. We tried to be cheerful—we slapped him on the back and said we'd see him soon.

"Where's the colonel now?" asked Bill.

"Down by those boxes, giving the major hell."

"Fellows," said Lieutenant Bundy, "I don't know what's got into me, but I just can't bear not to see the colonel. Keep an eye out, will you? Watch him all the time."

It was not difficult to watch him. Unconsciously, all our eyes were on him. And Colonel Prothero was on the job.

From somewhere in that merry outer world which we were leaving a knot of Salvation Army girls appeared with two great containers of coffee and basket after basket of doughnuts which lay in piles like heaps of gold. We saw them, and the men saw them, too, and there was a loud and enthusiastic sound, as close to cheering as we dared to make it.

"Here"—it was Colonel Protheroagain - "what's all this?"

"Doughnuts and coffee for the men, sir." A tired-faced girl was speaking, tipping up the brim of her black bonnet. "We always give them out before they go on board."

"They'll have enough after they get on board," said Colonel Prothero. "Take that stuff away."

There was a low groan and a murmur all about him which was almost articulate. Lieutenant Bundy smiled.

"Fellows," he said, "watch the colonel—watch him every minute."

"What's wrong with you?" we shouted. "Don't we always watch him?"

We never suspected that Bill Bundy was approaching a great triumphant moment. We only felt sorry for him, little knowing his vindictive powers.

When an orderly appeared at last we felt sorrier still. We knew whom the orderly wanted. The orderly was tired and pale from running all morning up and down that pier. He stopped before Lieutenant Bundy and saluted:

"The colonel's compliments, and report to him at once, sir."

Bill Bundy smiled at us, though we knew that he did not feel like smiling. It was the last glimpse we had for a long, long time of his snub nose and his reddish hair. Even when he said good-by, he could not help being mellow and sunny.

"You won't see me again, boys," he said. "Thanks, and all that sort of thing. If you should ever get in a jam, don't say squads right or left—but watch the colonel, gentlemen—just you keep on watching."

And Bill was gone, as so many others of us had a habit of going, into the blue beyond when the index cards were shuffled and the department orders flew.

IV

BILL BUNDY'S heart was beating fast and his mouth was very dry. He was angry with weeks of accumulated indignation, he always said. Yet, though the burden of his wrongs was heavier than ever, he felt a strange thrill of excitement, such as a hunter might feel when his work is nearly done. Once long afterward he said that he examined Colonel Prothero's face dispassionately, and afterward he could shut his eyes and see every line of it, probably because Colonel Prothero was the first man whom Bill had ever hated, and the first hate is always very strong and clear. Afterward Bill could invoke the picture as a magician might—the black hair growing gray at the temples, the flawless nose, the steady agate eyes, the sullen sensitive mouth of Colonel Prothero.

He was standing close beside the gangplank, swinging his riding switch, evidently just ready to go on board. When he saw Bill Bundy, he smiled in that supercilious, sneering way he had.

It is strange the little things which set the powder train alight. That smile made Bill Bundy angry as he had never been before—angry enough to kill. He saluted more from force of habit than any other reason; he was acquiring habits, as every soldier must.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Sir," said Colonel Prothero. "Please say sir, Mr. Bundy."

The pettiness, the smallness of the whole affair, was what made it worse.

"Sir!"

As Bill Bundy said the word, he said it more like a curse than a respectful epithet. The colonel was enjoying himself. He examined Bill Bundy a moment before continuing.

"If your equipment is aboard, Mr. Bundy," he said, "kindly have it taken off. You're not going over with us, Mr. Bundy. Captain Shanks"—he raised his voice—"where the devil is Captain Shanks? . . . Mr. Bundy, I've seen a lot of rotten officers —— Well, what do you want?" It was an orderly holding an envelope.

"Orders for the colonel, sir," he said, "from the port commander."

That was how it happened—as perfectly as that.

The colonel raised his eyebrows slightly and tore the envelope open, while Bill Bundy stood watching, at attention. It was as good as a play. It was the most beautiful retribution he had ever known. Colonel Prothero's eyes opened wider. Suddenly his face went gray. His hand closed over the paper, crumpling it carelessly. It was just as though someone had hit him. He stared in front of him unseeing, all his faculties withdrawn into himself. But the colonel was a soldier and he took it like a soldier.

"Shanks!" he said. Captain Shanks was back and standing at his elbow. "Give Mr. Bundy his orders. And, Shanks, will you have my baggage taken off the boat? I've got"—the colonel coughed—"orders to stay behind. Take my baggage off the boat."

Then the captain was trying to say something without knowing exactly what to say.

"Don't!" The colonel's voice vibrated with its pain. "Keep your sympathy to yourself. . . . Good-by."

Then he and Bill Bundy were standing apart on the pier, and there was that indescribable humming noise around them, made by an ocean liner's steam. It must have been something in Bill Bundy's eye which told the colonel, or some expression on his face of unholy triumph.

"Look here"—Colonel Prothero was close beside him—between white lips—"did you have anything to do with this?"

And Bill Bundy looked straight back at him, not as a soldier might look at his superior but simply as a man might look at another.

"Something," said Bill Bundy. "Not everything. How do you like it, colonel?"

There was no need to say anything more. To watch the colonel was enough. He no longer looked handsome—his face was no longer regular and wooden.

"If I was only out of uniform ——" began the colonel.

Bill Bundy looked at him and grinned. "I've often wished the same thing," Bill Bundy said.

And then the colonel said something else which Bill Bundy never heard, for suddenly the colonel's words were lost on a wave of shouting.

It must have been the orderly who told them that the colonel was not to go. At any rate the word had gone around and pandemonium had broken loose upon the pier. They were cheering because the colonel was leaving!

As Colonel Prothero started and turned, the noise grew louder, and nothing could have stopped it then. They were cheering because he was not going—everyone was cheering! They were throwing up their hats—they were throwing packs into the air!

In a moment the colonel's expression was blank, as though he did not understand, but he understood at last. He could not help but know at last why the regiment was cheering. The volume of sound was terrible because of all which it conveyed—so terrible that Bill Bundy himself could share the colonel's feelings when the colonel grasped its meaning. And he grasped it—he held up his head and his face was white. The shouting was becoming coherent. It was changing to a song, and it startled Bill Bundy, for it seemed as though his own words were coming back—the words which he had sung in the orderly room those few weeks ago were being echoed back three thousand times as strong. Captains and lieutenants were vainly blowing whistles, vainly commanding silence. The words rose like a wave above their orders in a crescendo of triumph. There was no doubt that day what the Umteenth Field Artillery thought of Colonel Prothero.

"The colonel got the Croix de Guerre, parlez vous!"

[That was what they were singing.]

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"The colonel got the Croix de Guerre,
And the blankety-blank was never there!
Hinky-dinky, parlez vous!"

And then Bill Bundy himself felt horribly ashamed. The next thing he knew he had seized Colonel Prothero's arm.

"We'd better get out of this—sir," he said. "It won't do any good to stay."

And curiously enough, arm and arm, just as though they were friends, Bill Bundy and Colonel Prothero walked off the pier. The colonel did not say a word. Bill Bundy did not care to see the colonel's face. He waved to a taxicab. He helped the colonel into it.

"Get out of here!" That's all he remembered himself saying. "Drive anywhere, but get us out of here!"

And then they were in the taxicab, he and Colonel Prothero, going anywhere at all.

If Bill Bundy felt it was strange, he knew the colonel did not, for he seemed hardly aware of where he was. He sat up perfectly straight, with his hands upon his knees, and it was terrible to see him. It was terrible, because his face looked exactly like an old man's, as though he were twenty years older. And without looking at Billy Bundy at all, without seeming aware of his presence, he kept saying it over and over.

"Why didn't somebody tell me?" he kept saying. "Why didn't somebody tell me?" Then he looked at Bill Bundy. For the first time he seemed aware of his presence. His lips moved and Bill Bundy could see that he was trying to achieve his old supercilious smile, but it was a miserable failure. "Still here?" he said. "Still here to see the show?"

"No, sir," answered Bill Bundy. And curiously enough, he was not at all surprised at what he said. "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't know they'd yell."

The worst of it was, the colonel did not look angrily at Billy Bundy any longer—perhaps because he was a soldier, after all.

"You wanted to go, too, didn't you?" he said. "You wanted to go to France?"

"Yes, sir," said Billy Bundy. "I'd have given my eyeteeth to go."

"In the same boat, aren't we?" The colonel stared straight before him. "You said you had something to do with it. Bundy, what did you do?"

Bill Bundy stammered, and of course, though there was no reason for it, Bill Bundy felt terribly ashamed. It was the way the colonel looked, with all life gone out of him, with all his pride in the dust.

"I wrote my uncle, since you want to know, sir," he began. "I've got an uncle down in Washington."

"Yes," said the colonel. "Yes, I remember now." Suddenly, with a groan, he dropped his head in his hands. "If they hadn't cheered!" he groaned. "Bundy, did you hear 'em cheer?"

And then Bill Bundy was amazed at what he said. He found himself leaning over the colonel and placing his hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry, sir," he was saying. "I had no business to do it. I didn't know it would be like this, sir. Honestly, I didn't."

"Don't worry." Again the colonel was sitting up straight, looking straight ahead of him. "You did the right thing—you did exactly right. I wasn't fit to go. Didn't you hear the men? We're both in the same boat, Bundy."

That was as close as he ever came to saying what he thought. But Bill Bundy knew what he meant. He could see it in the colonel's eyes.

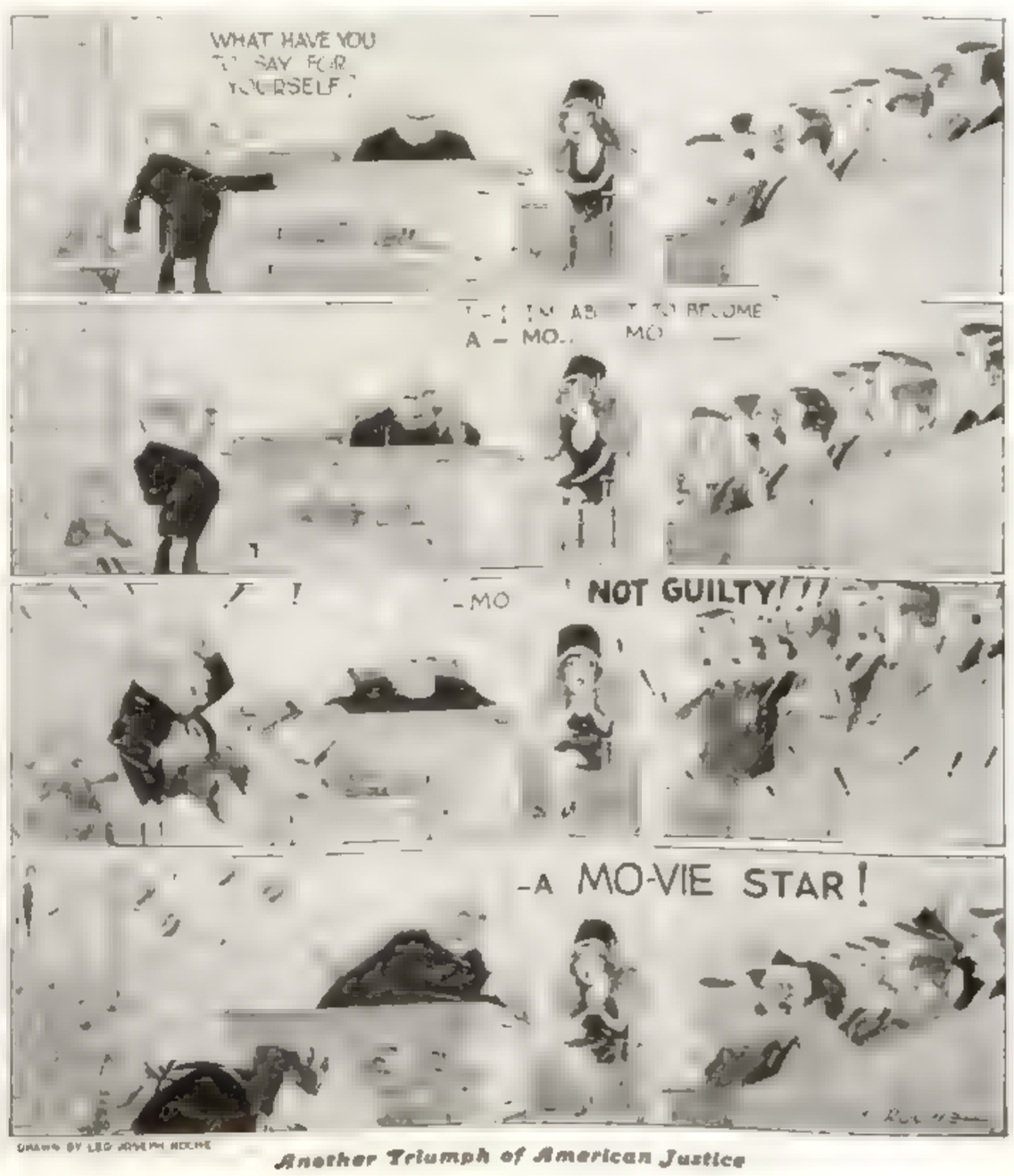
And after all, the colonel was a man. The colonel looked straight at him when he spoke.

"I got you and you got me. We're all square. Shake hands, Bundy—we'll get there yet."

"Where, sir?" asked Bill Bundy. And it seemed to him that he had never known the colonel. The colonel was different. Curiously, without knowing how it happened, he knew that he and the colonel were friends.

"Where?" said the colonel. "The only place worth going to right now—to France of course—to France."

"Don't you worry, sir." The eternal optimism that was Bill Bundy's stood him in good stead, and he never thought till afterward how strangely everything had changed. "We ought to work it between us. I'll tell you what we ought to do. I've got an uncle down in Washington ——"



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THE TAKEN CHILD

Continued from Page 23)

Harry could hardly wait for Crapsey to take him. He slid off his bike and hurried ahead past Mr. Beattie to the refuge of the Alloway Deep quarters. He did not wish to receive any congratulations, because, even yet he dared not trust his voice to speak. In the excitement on the track he had missed some of Elk Edmond's words, but now they crept out of the back of his brain where they had been stored and reverberated in his ears as if somebody were still shouting them. This wouldn't do; it was simply playing into Elk's hands to fret himself, for the race was yet to win.

At that thought he threw up his head and saw Mr. Beattie and Mr. Galloway walking toward him. They were not talking; their heads were hanging, eyes on the ground, each absorbed in his own line of speculation, which nevertheless might be one and the same. For the first time Harry realized that with Kitty Kitteredge lamed, Mr. Galloway was free to drive and that as between himself and his foster father there could be but one choice. He could feel his heart sinking down through his legs to his boots as the two men drew near.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Galloway with a nervous half chuckle, "I hear he managed to give you a tussle!"

"You're a driver," muttered Mr. Beattie, neither looking at Harry nor offering his hand. "Without a whip! No horseman who saw that finish will ever forget it."

"Soft soap to make the going smooth," thought Harry; "now for the jolt." He forced his foster father to meet his gaze. "Kitty's out of it, I suppose," he said aloud.

"Yes, she's done," said Mr. Galloway—"lame as a three-legged duck."

There was a long silence. Not for worlds would Harry have put his request into words, but his eyes were as eloquent as a beseeching dog's. They seemed to say:

"Here's your chance. Do this one thing if you want me to love the heart in you forever and go down on my knees to the man. Owner and purse be damned! Elk Edmond is my enemy and it's my race—mine!"

Without faltering, Mr. Galloway's eyes turned from Harry's and gazed away into the distance.

"Well, Mr. Beattie, you're the owner. What about it?"

"Not at all, Mr. Galloway. You're running this stable."

Again there was a long silence before Mr. Galloway spoke:

"I'm inclined to let the boy finish the job he begun."

"You're the boss," said Mr. Beattie.

"Look here," said Mr. Galloway, facing him with a glint in his eye, "have you any objections whatsoever to my son Harry driving your hoss Axton Whelp? If you have, now is the time to say it."

"No, sir, I haven't," said Mr. Beattie, and smiled. "I just didn't want to hurt your feelings, John, by preferring him over you; but now that you've shown your hand, I don't mind telling you that if you'd done the boy out of his chance you'd have looked a changed man from what I've known all these years."

"And smelled like a polecat," said Mr. Galloway with a short nod. "That's exactly what I been thinking to myself, son. Go tend to your hoss."

A few minutes later Crapsey was saying to Harry, "There's a young lady around looking for you."

Harry came out of the stall with his sleeves rolled to his elbows and his hands dripping with embrocation. He was more disappointed than angry, but his lips were set in a straight line. It must be Doris Kent, and she, of all people, should have known better.

He was on the point of asking her please to go away, when the sight of her drove the words back down his throat. She was standing in the sun, well out from the eaves of the stables, her brown eyes unusually big and shiny.

"I just wanted you to know," she said rapidly, "that I take it back. You're a driver, all right."

Before he could answer she was gone. He returned to his work a little troubled. What was all this they were giving him—Mr. Galloway, Mr. Beattie, and now Doris? He hadn't won his race; one heat to the contrary, he knew he hadn't begun to win it, and the betting backed him up. By Crapsey's last report, Black Bangor was still heading the pool at a hundred dollars a ticket to eighty for the Whelp.

In itself, that wasn't so bad, for the Whelp had actually sold with the field for the first heat, jumping to his own price at twenty-five for the second. Now, on the time and place returns, he had a right to be running even with the favorite, but he wasn't, and Harry knew why. The reason the bookmakers would stand for a hundred dollars on Bangor to eighty on the Whelp was because Elk Edmond was driving against a greenhorn by the name of Harry Galloway.

In spite of these musings, when he came out for the third heat he was cooler and his nerves were steadier than they had been for either the first or the second. Things were not in such a blur, so that he could think and actually know that he was thinking. He felt sure Edmond would have a trick up his sleeve. It might concern the judges and it might not; more conceivably, it might hang on the assistant starter, and then again it might be the absolutely honest subterfuge of an expert against an inexperienced driver; but whatever it was, he knew he must either find it out in time or surely lose the race.

Black Bangor was still breathing a bit when he jogged to the track, and his pointed ears had not quite regained their forward thrust, but Harry was not deceived. Like his driver, the horse was a tried campaigner; he had had it in him a hundred times before to go his fastest after two heats and twenty minutes' rest, and there was no reason to think he could not do it again. In contrast, the Whelp's ears were up and feeling around as though trying to catch flies. If anything, he had just enough devil left in him to suit the book of those who croaked "Once a bad actor, always a bad actor," and had backed opinion with their money.

Nor were they to be disappointed. Beginning with the first score, he started in to display his entire bag of monkey tricks, and there were old-timers present who declared the race was over, bar the shouting for Bangor. But the effect on Harry was peculiar. For a moment he could not account for his comfort, then he remembered endless struggles with Pickpacker and knew why he felt at home. He could not take things easy, but at least he felt so thoroughly comfortable that he could lay plans and speculate as to his chances even while the Whelp was engaged in pawing the air.

He fastened his thoughts on the exact degree of impatience in the clanging of the recalling gong and strove to figure out the state of mind of the judges' stand. He had been told that in every troublesome race a time comes when patience is exhausted and the next start is a go, even with a horse or two heading the wrong way of the track. Surely that fatal hour was about to strike, for they had been called back eight times, with his particular horse generally to blame.

"Get back, there, Mr. Harry Galloway!" roared the assistant starter for the twentieth time. "Can't you hear me? Get way back for your turn and give the mannered horses a chance!"

Though he had the pole by rights, Harry obeyed for once, but as he did so his premonition that this was to be the start, whether or no, bored itself into his brain with the suddenness of the sting of a bee. With the Whelp headed the wrong way, he checked him abruptly, threw him around, and at the same time gave him the lash under the belly. The horse shot off to a trot, and through a blinding surge of exultant blood to his eyes, Harry could see that the race was surely on.

The Whelp had started out of position and from far behind, but he had started hard. He was going two to the other horses' one up to the wire, and when they got the word he was already even with the bunch and the first of three to get to an opening. Ahead of him were only Black Bangor on the pole and one other horse, a chestnut, at his flank, apparently striving to beat him to the turn. By the feel of the Whelp, Harry knew he could go around them; but thinking himself clever, he drew in behind, determined to trail Edmond. He was certainly sitting pretty. Elk would have to twist his head like a parrot to talk his filth, or else shout it into the air, trusting the wind to carry it back. And this time Bangor was pulling the load.

Harry would have continued to feel happy a little longer if he had not glanced at his clock at the half. Idiot! Fool! Hadn't he known that Edmond would have a trick up his sleeve? Hadn't he sworn to himself to smell it out? They had been loafing, all three of them, barely keeping away from the field, and because of the crawling pace the chestnut was still there, hanging on Bangor's lazy flank. Harry was trapped and he knew it. Not merely jockeyed into a pocket—that was nothing—but caught already in a far more insidious snare. He was in for a whipping finish, and a whipping finish with Bangor nicely rested up, not in his stable alone but on the track itself, was all that Edmond asked.

He could almost hear the whispered sneers on the sidelines, far away, the exultant laughter of those who stood to win by his folly and the yelps of the long-shots who stood to lose. Visions of Mr. Beattie sweating blood, of Mr. Galloway groaning softly in bitter remorse, of Crapsey and the caretakers grouped at the first turn to wonder at him and to curse, swept before the mud-stained lenses of his goggles in an instantaneous procession.

Abruptly every fiber in his body tensed. It was as if those friends, collectively and in unison, had given him a master kick. He pulled the Whelp to go around; the chestnut checked also. The next move would naturally be to shoot forward for the gap, but he saw that the chestnut still had enough left to close it before he could get there. Only one avenue of escape remained and it was a heartbreaker. He fought the Whelp, forced him to fall back and back, until three of the field had passed; then using them as a shield, he carried the Whelp around and gave him his head.

The little rebel seemed to think he had won out in a long argument and ate up the stragglers and the track so fast that Harry trembled for fear he could never make the turn. Clots of mud, grains of sand and hard round pebbles hurtled through the air, raining on the drivers like a miniature barrage of stinging hail. Harry would have liked to give his goggles one cleansing swab with a gloved knuckle, but he did not dare disturb the equilibrium of the steadying reins by the weight of a dislodged hair. Even through the clouded lenses, he managed to spot the chestnut, sinking back fast on his left into the ruck, and the next thing he knew he and the Whelp were out alone on the worst of the turn, with only Bangor ahead.

The drastic strategy which had carried them wide and high now gave back with a generous hand a part of the heavy cost. With the steep bank helping, with the flying Whelp stretching his right and leaning to the left like a veteran, Harry drew a bee line for the pole at the head of the stretch, straightened out, picked up on the lines and shot his bolt. "Hoa, Whelp! Hoa!"

To the delicate ear of a Thoroughbred horse the difference between hoa and whoa is the difference between land and sea, heaven and hell, day and night, black and white. "Hoa! Whelp! Hoa!" It was a raucous thick-throated cry of passionate appeal, blood calling to blood—not man to beast, but brother to brother and heart to battling heart. The Whelp had been giving all he had, but now—eternal paradox of courage—he gave more. He took the bit, reached, and so lengthened his stride that Harry was conscious of the forward surge of the bike.

Elk Edmond, assured by his last backward glance that the distanced greenhorn could not help but swing to the outer edge of the stretch, crabbed away from the pole and began to steer a slanting course for the wire, for he was taking no chances. Already he was laying the whip, overcut and undercut, to Bangor's heaving flanks, but he had no sooner got set on the fairway with nothing in sight but home than he heard the staccato thunder of the Whelp's hoofs—not on the right, but to his left.

Too late, he strove to cut back to the pole. A nostril, red as the soul of fire, was gleaming at his shoulder and creeping—creeping inch by inch to the front. No longer did his whip arm work automatically; it rose like a flail and he lashed Bangor incessantly from rump to withers. The gallant horse answered with the last bleeding drop of speed that was in him. Neck and neck he held the Whelp; neck and neck they battled down the stretch into the bedlam of the stands.

"Hoa, Whelp! Hoa!"

Mud and grit shot into Harry's open mouth; he closed his jaws on sand, and ground it to powder between his molars. The next instant he saw Bangor's shoulder lift for a break, and again he shouted his heartening, exultant cry: "Hoa, you Whelp! Hoa! Hoa! Show Mr. Dirty Edmond the rest of you and let him kiss it good-by!"

What does it matter whether Bangor fell back before his break or whether the Whelp heaped miracle on wonder as he stepped away to shoot under the wire, winner by a length? Harry did not wait for Crapsey; he leaped from the bike, ran to undo the check with his own fingers, and then pulled down his sleeve to wipe the pouring sweat from around the rebel's hollowed eyes.

"Whelp," he whispered hoarsely, his voice an awkward caress—"Whelp, old boy——"

Mr. Beattie touched him on the shoulder. "You're a chip off the heart of the old block, Harry—taken child or no taken child. You stole that race with your head and hands. They tell me my share of the purse will be six thousand, and 20 per cent is yours."

"You don't have to do that, Mr. Beattie."

Crapsey rushed up from the betting tent, one hand full of crumpled bills.

"Oh, boy! Oh, you baby Whelp! Oil in the can! Oil in the can, Mr. Harry. There ain't never going to be no more dust on this here track, because them other ! orses has ate it all."

"One minute, please, ladies and gentlemen!" blared the megaphone. "Mr. Beattie, owner, and Mr. Harry Galloway, driver, wanted on the judges' stand for the presentation of cups."

XI

MR. GALLOWAY stood in the background, but by no means aloof. His eyes, fastened on Harry, were crinkled at the corners and he was chuckling aloud in a manner which would have seemed inane to anyone who did not know him. They walked away from the stand side by side, but neither of them felt any pressing need for words. Here was a story that would be told again and again, through autumn days and winter nights, not only to those who had missed the sight but more likely than not to fellow spectators and even to each other! Why rush at it?

(Continued on Page 74)

35¢ each
3 for $1.

Smart,

Good taste prompts modern men to clothe themselves comfortably as well as smartly—and this idea of smart comfort is nowhere better expressed than in the crisp, clean-cut Van Heusen.

Van Heusen, the product of Phillips-Jones, embodies the faultless fit and the unforced, unstarched comfort that mark the dress of fastidious men of today.

While Van Heusen embodies all the comfort of the unstarched collar—because it *is* unstarched—it never embarrasses its wearer by wilting, wrinkling or sagging even on the hottest day.

The exclusive patented features that make this unique combination of smartness and comfort possible have never been successfully duplicated.

That accounts for the overwhelming popularity of Van Heusen—"The World's Smartest Collar."

The Collar Illustrated is VAN FISK—The Newest of the Twelve Smart Van Heusen Styles.

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The World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES, U.S.A.

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The Mark of Quality

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Firestone

Gum-Dipped

Tires hold all records

Indianapolis Sweepstakes:

Every 500-mile race on this rough brick track, for the past nine years, has been won on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

Straightaway:

Ray Keech, driving the enormous and tremendously heavy 36 cylinder, 2,500 h. p. Triplex Special, set a new world's record when he averaged 207.5526 miles per hour at Daytona Beach, Florida, April 22, 1928.

Frank Lockhart did not have his car equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires—and no other cars in the speed trials at Daytona Beach were Firestone-equipped, except Ray Keech's car.

National Championship:

Dave Lewis won 200-mile race at Atlantic City, in 1927, at average speed of 130.58 miles per hour without a stop—on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires. Every National Championship Race since 1920 has been won on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

Dirt Track:

Frank Lockhart made an average of 80.826 miles per hour in a 100-mile race at Cleveland, in 1927, breaking all dirt track records, on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

On Owners' Cars:

H. A. Porter, New York City, writes he is amazed at Firestone mileage. He has driven his car 42,000 miles, on Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons, including trip from coast to coast.

G. T. Meinzer, Chicago, Ill., has driven 53,586 miles on a set of Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons and has just equipped with a new set of these wonderful tires.

Eugene A. Boether, Lodi, Calif., calls Firestone mileage "phenomenal." All four Gum-Dipped Balloons on his car have run 57,000 miles and he states they are good for 5,000 more.

Coast to Coast:

Ab Jenkins, in 1927, drove his Studebaker Commander on Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons from New York to San Francisco for a record of 77 hours and 40 minutes.

"Cannon Ball" Baker, in 1927, drove a 2-ton GMC truck, fully loaded, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—3,693 miles in 137 hours and 36 minutes. This fastest and longest truck run on record was made on Firestone Gum-Dipped Heavy Duty Pneumatics, without a tire change.

Endurance Tests:

At Atlantic City, April 23, 1928, two Studebaker Dictator Roadsters, on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, each finished 5,000 miles in less than 5,000 minutes. The first roadster finished in elapsed time of 4,751 minutes, or an average of 63.138 miles per hour; the second finished in elapsed time of 4,892 minutes, or an average of 61.312 miles per hour.

In 1927, three Studebaker Commanders (two roadsters and a sedan) on Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires made 25,000 miles in less than 25,000 minutes. The roadsters finished in elapsed time of 22,968 minutes, or an average speed of 65.31 miles per hour; sedan finished in 24,200 minutes, or 61.98 miles per hour.

Truck and Bus:

The Black Diamond Bus Line, Brownsville, Texas, report a set of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires on a 20-passenger bus, ran over 83,000 miles each.

Johnson Storage & Distributing Company, Fort Worth, Texas, received 63,000 miles continuous service on set of Firestone Heavy Duty Truck Tires.

Taxicab:

Harbor Taxi Co., Ashtabula, Ohio, report over 61,000 miles service on a set of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires.

William R. Rothwell, Detroit, Michigan, taxicab operator, drove 71,000 miles on set of Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons.

IN THE important field of daily service on the cars of hundreds of thousands of motorists everywhere and on the largest truck, motorbus and taxicab fleets, Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires are establishing new records for long, economical mileage.

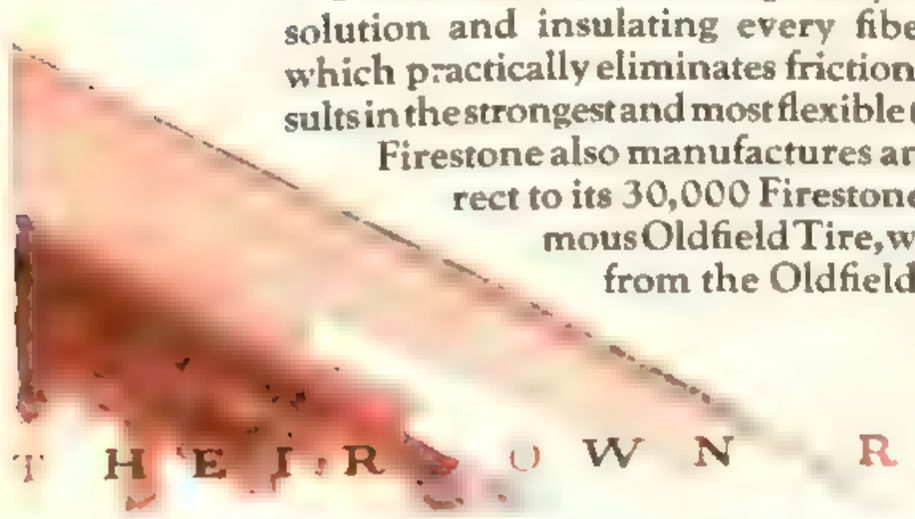
These wonderful and outstanding records in every field of motoring could not be obtained without the unusual manufacturing methods and special processes used exclusively by Firestone.

One of them is saturating every cord in a rubber solution and insulating every fiber with rubber, which practically eliminates friction and heat and results in the strongest and most flexible tire construction.

Firestone also manufactures and distributes direct to its 30,000 Firestone Dealers, the famous Oldfield Tire, which it took over from the Oldfield Tire Company, who for over four years sold it through their own distributors and dealers as the most outstanding tire on the market, securing a higher price for the Oldfield than for any other high grade standard tire. Firestone Dealers can now give you this tire at wonderfully low prices.

Firestone also manufactures and distributes direct to its dealers Courier tires and tubes—and Airway tires for smaller cars. Firestone Dealers can furnish you these tires at prices that cannot be duplicated, which places them in a dominant position to furnish their trade with tires to meet any price or condition of service.

The Firestone Dealer is trained and equipped to get out of your tires all of the mileage built in at the factory. Go and see him. He will save you money and serve you better.



THEIR OWN RUBBER .. Harvey S. Firestone

DISTINCTIVE
as well as
Protective
A fence that will improve the appearance of your property—and protect your lawn, shrubbery and flowers too. Such a fence is the Anchor.
Note its attractive design—its fine lines, graceful square terminal posts and artistic electrically-welded gate. The Anchor Fence befits the most beautiful of grounds.
Everlasting service is an Anchor feature, too. Heavily galvanized, made of chain-link steel wire and equipped with the strongest posts and gates built, the Anchor Fence is substantial and enduring throughout.
The coupon below is for your convenience. Mailing it will bring you complete information on Anchor Lawn Fences or any other type of Anchor Fence in which you may be interested.
Anchor Sales and Erecting Service is Nation-wide—local representatives in over 75 cities.
ANCHOR POST FENCE COMPANY
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Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities
ANCHOR
Fences
for Homes—Schools
Factories—Institutions
and other properties
"Buy the fence with the strongest posts"

(Continued from Page 70)

They arrived at the stables and helped make the Whelp comfortable. As soon as he had on his soft cooling blanket, Crapsey took him away to lead him up and down proudly until his blood and his breathing should have returned to normal. A small group of breeders, owners and trainers paused to do homage to the horse, but presently a man broke away from among them and came toward the Alloway Deep quarters. As he approached, Harry stepped away from the crippled Mr. Godfrey, out on crutches for the first time since his accident, and from between his foster father and Mr. Beattie. He felt dazed, as if he were in a trance, and needed some assurance that he was awake.

"You're Elk Edmond, aren't you?" he asked the man.

Elk doubted his ears, but began to smile. "Sure ——"

Harry struck him with his open hand, a slap so loud that a near-by colt on the way to the track leaped almost out of harness and shafts. It was scarcely a fight, because Elk struck only two blows, which were apparently simultaneous. One flattened Harry's left eye to a pulp and the other clipped him on the jaw so that his knees suddenly became fluid as water. He sank down on them and then fell over on his side. By the time he started to get to his feet again Elk was already far away, walking unconcernedly, with both hands in his pockets.

Nobody moved to help Harry, for which he was grateful. He walked back rather groggily and Mr. Godfrey quietly made room for him on the Whelp's traveling trunk. Mr. Beattie continued to puff at his cigar and Mr. Galloway alternately to pick his teeth with a straw and bite off the broken end.

"Reckon Elk must of talked to you on the track," he remarked casually.

"Yes, he did," said Harry; "and besides, I didn't like the way he beat up his horse." He tried to smile, but already there were certain muscles which refused to work properly. "I guess he's pretty good at beating things up."

"He is," said Mr. Beattie, withdrawing his cigar and studying the ash critically. "But don't let that part of it worry you, Harry, because I doubt if there's another man alive who ever slapped Elk Edmond. He may talk dirty to some of the rest of the drivers, but I doubt if he ever tries that particular trick on you again."

"The funny thing about Elk," said Mr. Godfrey slowly, "is that he knows why we get mad, but can't make out why we stay mad. He was coming over here to gas a bit about the Whelp and tell you how it was a great race."

Three or four of the owners and breeders, Colonel Kent among them, sauntered over to congratulate Mr. Beattie and praise Harry for his work. They all had heard the slap and seen Harry go down, but no one made any reference to the incident. Harry began to wonder if they were really aware of it and to hope that his eye did not look as bad as it felt. He found himself alone with the colonel for a moment.

"Hear you're coming up to the inn for a bite later on," said Colonel Kent, gazing thoughtfully at the Whelp, promenading in the distance. "We'll all be glad to see you."

Harry drew a quick breath; he had already begun to assume that the dinner was out of the question and had been wondering how he could get his excuses to Doris.

"Thank you, sir," he murmured.

"How's that youngster—Pickpacker Guy, wasn't it?"

"He's a lot like the Whelp. When he's not tending to business, you have to watch out for fear he'll kill himself for fun. But he's full of heart and speed, colonel."

The colonel nodded absently and walked away. Harry went to the hotel room he was sharing with Mr. Galloway and hurried to the mirror. The first sight of his eye gave him such a turn that he wished he had made the colonel his messenger and sent his excuses. Now it was too late, for more than ever he would be expected. He called for ice water, doctored the rainbow orb as best he could and made himself otherwise decidedly presentable.

The dinner was not a success. Mrs. Kent and Miss Truman were shocked at his appearance, and Doris was frankly horrified. Only the colonel's colossal calm saved the occasion from disaster. His appetite remained exactly the same whether he looked at the colorful eye or not; but as a matter of fact, he did not look at it. In spite of his varied affairs, he was too much alone with his women, and the only sensation he got from Harry's presence, however defaced, was one of inarticulate pleasure and well-being. When they were at home Mrs. Kent sat at the other end of the table; but when they traveled she took the place at his left, because Doris was always at his right.

Owing to the informality of the occasion, and his youth, Harry was placed next to Doris. As luck would have it, that brought her in the closest contact with his injured eye. On the other side was Miss Truman, and strangely enough, it was she who seized his attention above all the others and made the dinner memorable. The strangeness arose from the fact that she scarcely spoke to him. He thought her beautiful—far more beautiful than Mrs. Kent; and as for Doris, he had scarcely connected her with beauty one way or the other, as she was merely a kid like himself. But Miss Truman puzzled more than she attracted him.

He had known instinctively that she had been revolted by the condition of his eye, and yet he could feel her looking at him whenever the conversation was general or she had reason to think his interest was engaged elsewhere. He tried to catch her at it twice, but before he could turn his head her eyes had assumed an opaqueness that seemed to be gazing blankly beyond and not at him. His belligerence aroused, he took his revenge by studying her minutely.

In his immature opinion there was something exquisite about her slim appearance and her smart clothes. He thought her the most beautiful woman to whom he had ever spoken, and yet she left him cold, as though he were sitting next to a block of ice, as if she herself were cold. Ordinarily she seemed young enough, but when the nervous twitching disturbed her lips, she became momentarily old—as old as Ma Galloway almost—with tiny lines radiating from the corners of her mouth. Suddenly she met his gaze for a fleeting instant and he was amazed. He had expected a look of reproof, the firm setting in his place of an upstart, but what he saw was fright.

"Father, I can't stand it any longer," said Doris. "Do you mind very much if I change places with Harry? His eye is spoiling my dinner."

"I'll miss you," said the colonel gallantly, "but I don't object to his eye at all. Why do you look at it?"

Harry laughed as he arose to effect the change.

"I'm afraid she can't help it, sir. I ought to have known better than to come."

"Nonsense!" exploded the colonel. "It was part of the race, wasn't it?"

"Part of the race!" exclaimed Doris, puzzled but instantly mollified. "What do you mean? I didn't see anything like that happen. It couldn't have been a clot from a balled foot, because the track wasn't nearly heavy enough for that."

"No, my child; it was a clout from a balled fist all right, so why make any more bones about it? Harry was serving notice he wouldn't stand for certain practices. Elk Edmond heard him—in fact, we all did, because it was such a loud slap—but Elk had his answer ready. Now let's talk about something else."

When they got up from the table Harry had a feeling that somehow Doris had been cheated in the poor showing made by her guest and he hunted around for some way to make amends.

"What about a walk? It's a great night outside."

"I'd love it," she replied promptly.

"Put on your jersey," said her mother—"the light one."

"Oh, where is it? I'll never be able to find it. It's really quite warm, mother."

"Come along," said Mrs. Kent obligingly. "I can lay my hand on it straight off."

They were out in the big square hall. The colonel lit a cigar and strolled to the fireplace to throw away the match, leaving Harry alone with Hillie Truman. He had an idea she would make good her escape before a word was spoken, but to his surprise she held back, emphasizing their isolation.

"You're Mr. John Galloway's son, aren't you?" Miss Truman asked, without looking at him.

"Yes, I am," he answered, after an infinitesimal pause.

"Where does he live?"

"At Alloway Deep Farm, in South Jersey. It's about three miles from Salem. I guess you've heard of Salem, haven't you?"

"There are so many Salems. Salem, New Jersey?"

"Yes."

"No, I never heard of that one. Has your father lived there long?"

"All his life."

She frowned and left him just as Doris was returning, half into and half out of her jersey.

"What was Aunt Hillie bothering you about?" she asked, more amused than curious, as they left together by the front door.

"She wasn't bothering me particularly. She wanted to know the whereabouts of Alloway Deep Farm."

"Imagine her not knowing that! It's in Jersey, just across from Wilmington, Delaware, isn't it?"

"That's pretty near right. It's about fifteen miles farther south than Wilmington."

"I can't imagine Aunt Hillie taking all that trouble to be polite."

"I don't think she was trying to be polite; she sounded to me like somebody who wanted to know."

"Now you're making it worse, because you don't know her and I do. Why on earth should she care?"

He had no answer, so he said nothing. She led the way around to the back and down toward the deserted half-mile track. The lawn sloping to the edge of the circular brown strip of earth was as soft and springy under their feet as a padded carpet. Here and there were isolated elms, standing exceptionally high in the dusk and throwing endless shadows away from a rising moon. Doris prodded his arm with a finger.

"What's the matter?" he asked, looking around not at her but in search of whatever it was she wished him to see.

"Nothing. I just wanted to make sure you're real. It doesn't seem possible yet that you should have driven that kind of a race."

"What was the matter with it?"

"That's my trouble; there wasn't anything the matter with it. It was the kind of race you'd expect from an old hand and a cool one—the sort of win Elk Edmond could never pull off if he lived to be a hundred. Not only the last heat, mind you; the first and second even more than the last."

Harry stopped and faced her. In the semi-darkness his disfiguration was all but invisible and there remained an attractive square-shouldered silhouette with mussed hair, a straight nose which had grown in proportion with the rest of him. He was by no means an Adonis, but he was on the road to becoming a well-knit and exceedingly engaging young man.

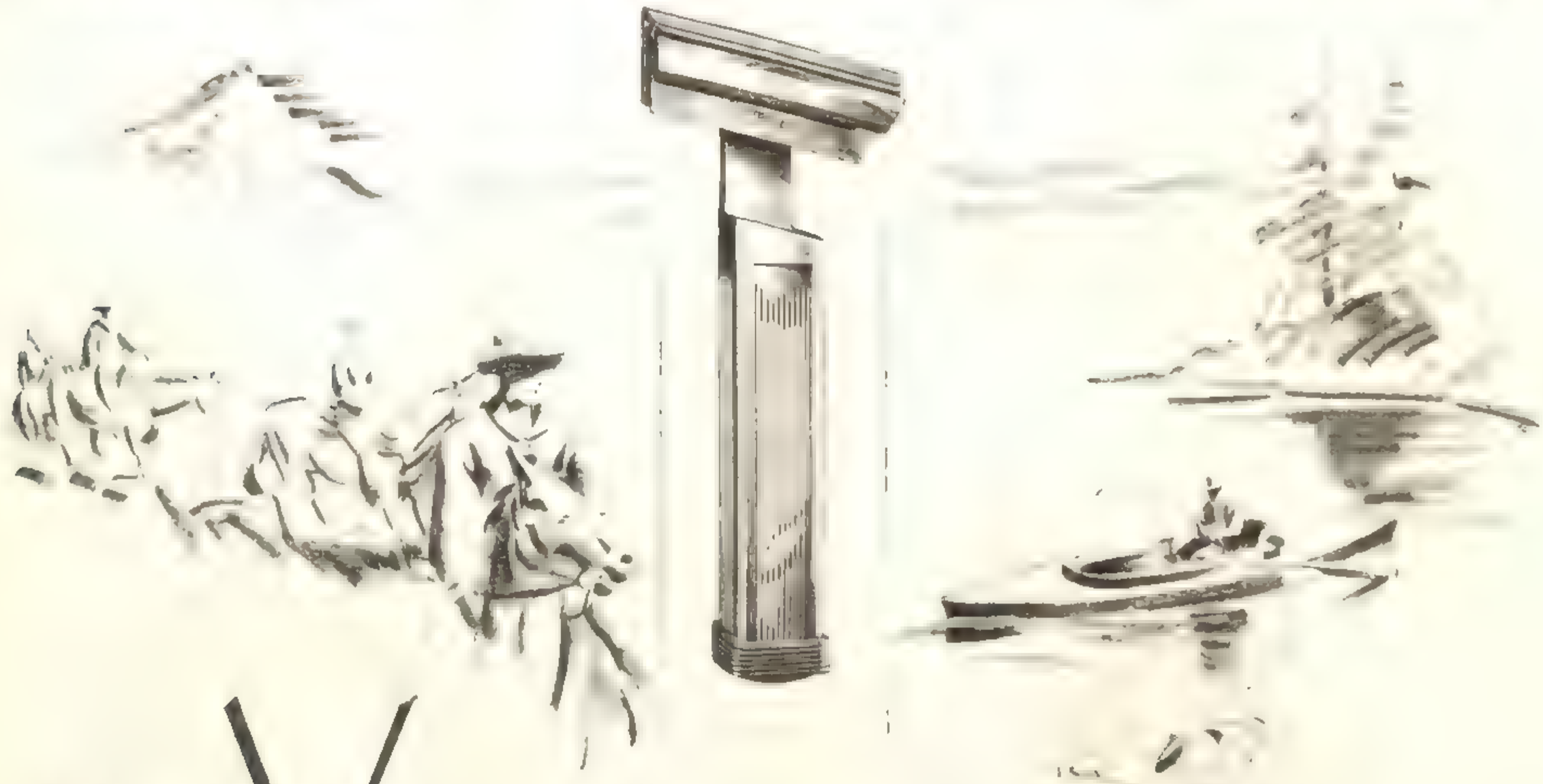
"Say, Doris, let me tell you something. Will you keep it to yourself if I tell you?"

"I promise."

"I didn't do one of the things everybody's been patting me on the back for—not a blessed one. I made a fool of myself in each of the heats except the second, and I would have then if I hadn't been shot in the back with luck."

(Continued on Page 78)

Schick Repeating Razor



This Vacation . . *save your face . . discomfort is not necessary*

Even a cold-water camp shave can be comfortable—if there's a Schick in your kit.

When a pine stump serves as your shaving stand, the little Schick is a great big joy. For there are twenty superkeen blades in Schick's handle and one blade is always in shaving position. Should you wish to change blades in the middle of a shave, just pull out the plunger, snap it back and go on shaving with a perfect new blade.

Maybe you are willing still to put up with the old hoe or battle-axe at home, but on your trip . . . don't go without a Schick. It's keen, compact, convenient. Blade containers and razor cases, strops and hones are hard enough to keep in line in your own bathroom. But away from home . . . No, don't go without a Schick.

You can get Schicks and Schick blades—20 in a clip for 75c—almost anywhere. Nearly all drug, sporting goods, hardware and men's-wear stores have them. Ask the razor clerk to show you this remarkable razor that works like a pump gun. If the store most convenient for you hasn't Schicks, send us the coupon below with $5.00 for the silver-plated model or $7.50 for the Schick in gold. With either, a clip of twenty blades is included. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City. Canadian Distributors: T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B., Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

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Please send me a Schick Razor complete with 20 blades. I enclose
☐ $5.00 for razor in silver plate. ☐ $7.50 for razor in gold plate
☐ Extra clip of 20 blades, 75c. In Canada: Silver-plated razor with 20 blades, $6.50; gold plated, $10. Extra clip of 20 blades, $1.00

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A "thank you note

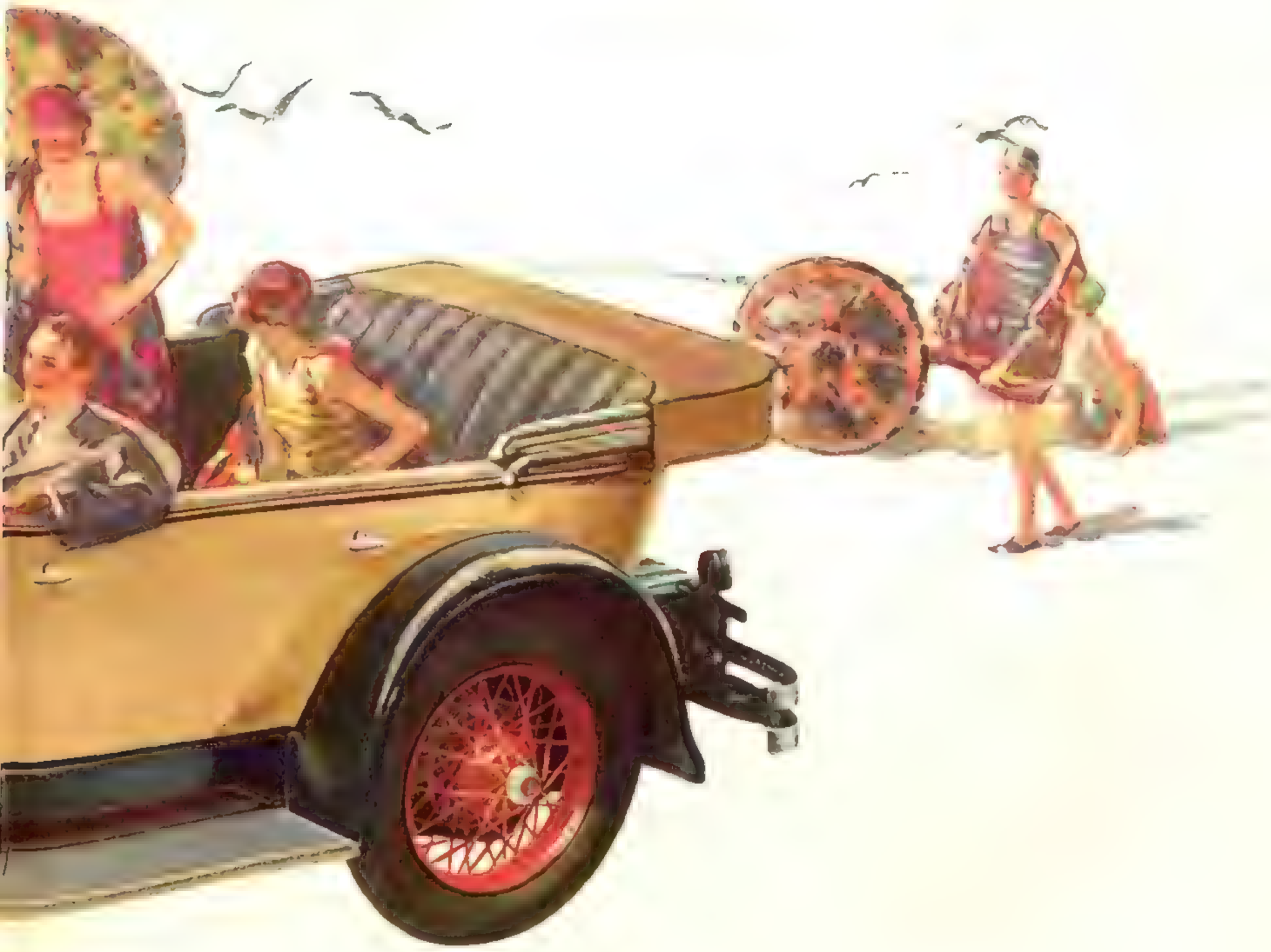
The Finest Tribute Any M

YOU—the men and women who own Buick cars—are the most enthusiastic owner group in America, according to a recent poll of owners of all makes of automobiles.

A prominent authority asked motorists in all parts of the country: "Would you buy the same make of car again?" And 87.79% of you who voted—practically nine out of every ten—made it plain that Buick would again be your choice.

You gave Buick the supreme endorsement. You awarded it the highest vote of owner-loyalty scored by any leading make of car, regardless of type or price.

This, the finest tribute ever paid any motor car, is also the most convincing, because it



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Motor Car Ever Received

is conferred by the most competent of all judges—the owners of the car themselves.

Buick thanks you; and, in return, pledges renewed adherence to the Buick creed—"When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

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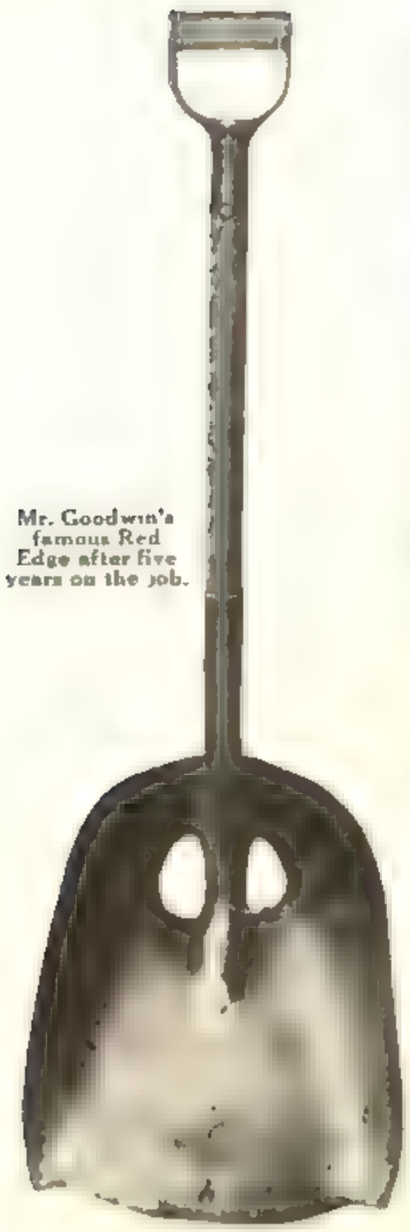

Mr. Goodwin's famous Red Edge after five years on the job.

The First 5 Years are the Hardest

Mr. Jerry E. Goodwin, a hauling contractor of Indianapolis, writes us an interesting story of a Red Edge which has been in active service for five years.

"In 1922 I bought a Red Edge of Vonnegut Hardware Co. Have used it ever since, hauling gravel, dirt and coal.

"A truck loaded with 4 tons of coal ran over it and mashed it flat and it came back to its natural shape.

"Of all the shovels I have used in my business, there is none like the Red Edge. They will cut the head off a nail and not damage the edge. They are the only shovel I will allow on my job."

Thank goodness, all our customers don't get five years' wear out of their Red Edges. That would be pretty hard on us.

But most Red Edge users seem satisfied when a Red Edge only lasts as long as two or three ordinary shovels. And as the average Red Edge does that without half trying, we have a lot of satisfied customers.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

We Spent Fifty Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel

(Continued from Page 74)

"What are you fishing for?" she asked disgustedly. "I was there; I saw the race."

"That's more than I did. Everything happened so quick I kept thinking I must plan, but there wasn't time. I'm telling you. I put the Whelp into one hole after another; all you saw was the way he dug us out when I asked him to."

"He certainly did. What was the matter with the second heat? It looked perfect from where I was sitting."

"Only because I had a great hold on the Whelp—one of those holds that lasts a long while after you take it. I'd seen what was bound to happen to Kitty, the mare, and I was still all set for trouble when Elk drew alongside and started in to talk. I wasn't crowding him, of course, but if it hadn't been for the hang-over of the hold I'd taken for something else, I would have crashed my bike into the pole."

"What did he say?"

He told her, and not even when he came to that last titbit, "Mamma! Please come! Mamma! Mamma!" did she laugh, for the young laugh freely at others, seldom at themselves. She was so angry for him that she drove her nails into the palms of her clenched hands.

"No wonder you slapped him, and then he gave you the black eye. Was that all there was to it?"

"No. He must have hit me on the jaw at the same time. When I managed to get up he was already walking away with his hands in his pockets."

There was a long moment of silence. "Of course you're planning to get ready to lick him some day," she said finally.

"Of course."

Again there came a pause, and she laid her hand on his arm as naturally as if she were leaning on a post.

"Harry, I've always said you were a funny boy since the first minute I saw you."

"Funny? I'm not funny. You must be thinking of Banco."

"No, no. When I say funny I don't mean funny at all. I mean something else—something that isn't funny at all."

"What do you say it for then?"

"Because I don't know how to say it any other way." She frowned. "You're not like Elk Edmond, for instance."

"No, I'm not like him."

"What I mean is you couldn't make yourself like him if you tried."

"I don't want to."

"That's it!" she declared triumphantly. "If you ever got stronger, practiced up, really learned to fight, and gave him what he gave you, you'd be exactly like him to me, I mean. You wouldn't be nice and funny any more; you'd be just one more Dirty Edmond."

Harry went through the process of staring at her. "You mean you don't want me to lick him?" he asked wonderingly.

"Not that way. I'd like to see you beat him in one race after another, but never at his own game. Can't you see the difference? If you can't, you'll never know what I mean when I say you're funny."

"Then I guess I'll never know, because the way I see it, I've got to knock him down when I'm ready."

She came close to him, both her hands against his shoulders. It annoyed him vaguely to have her touch him and he wished she would not do it; then he saw her quite clearly in spite of his closed eye and the dusk, and somehow he wished she would. It was very confusing, not wanting a thing one minute and then wanting it the next. The only explanation he could give himself was that at night and near by she looked different, not to say transformed. Doris by day was somebody you could run a race or even wrestle with, but it appeared that Doris by night, in a slip of a dress under a flimsy jersey, was somebody you had never met in your life, here or elsewhere.

"Please, Harry, promise," she begged, making him feel her entire nearness through her hands alone.

It was his first encounter with the oldest force in the world.

"Promise what?" he asked.

"Promise me you'll hit Elk Edmond with your brain every chance you get, but never with your fist."

"Shucks, I'm not afraid of him."

She pushed him from her with all her strength.

"Oh! I suppose you think I'm worried for fear you'd get hurt!" She laughed shortly and it was not a particularly pleasant sound. "What nerve! What conceit! You think I'd weep if he broke every bone in your body!"

"I don't think anything," protested Harry. "I don't know what you're making all the fuss about. All I say is I'm not afraid of him, and some day I'll have to give him back what he gave me."

"Afraid of him? Who would be? Some crippled stable boy, perhaps, but not any self-respecting swipe. You talk exactly like a stable boy—that's just what a stable boy would say. 'I'm not afraid of him; some day I'll be so fine and mighty I can pay him back in his own dirt.'"

"Say ——" began Harry.

"You're not funny any more. You're just like everybody else in the world except father. You're worse. I loathe you."

He caught her wrist and began to twist her arm playfully.

"Take it back."

"I won't!"

He gave the arm a further turn. "Come on now, take it back."

"Never!" she gasped.

He twisted again, ever so slightly as it seemed to him. Her knees gave way as his knees had melted from beneath him when Elk had hit him on the jaw. He gazed at her crumpled body unbelievingly; it looked so small, so like a faked disappearing act against the vast back drop of the lawn. But there it was and there it stayed until he stooped over and lifted her. Her teeth were chattering in her effort to keep from crying.

"Doris, did I hurt you? I didn't mean to—honestly I didn't. I wouldn't hurt anybody for anything. I'm sorry, Doris."

She started to answer, but when she tried to speak, sobs tumbled out with the words: "You did hurt me. You hurt me terribly."

He could scarcely distinguish what she said. He put his arms around her and felt her crying against his shoulder. He had never known that women cried all over, but he knew it now. It was not only her throat—her whole body sobbed. Not knowing what else to do, he stood there holding her tightly, as though he were afraid she might slip down again. They were so absorbed that neither of them saw or heard the approach of the colonel, out for his evening stroll.

"Why are you crying, Doris?"

She raised her head at the first sound of her father's voice, but did not draw away as abruptly as might have been expected; nor was Harry sudden in his release of her, partly because he was stunned, partly because he was genuinely innocent and partly because he felt she might fall again. "What's the matter here?" continued the colonel.

"Nothing," said Doris.

"I hurt her, sir. I was fooling—twisting her arm ——"

"Twisting my girl's arm?" interrupted the colonel with a frown.

"Not very hard—at least, I didn't think it was at all hard until she went down like a tripped horse."

The colonel caught a glimpse of his daughter's face when the moonlight struck it as she turned.

"Filly, you mean," he interrupted again, his brow clearing. "Filly—not horse."

"Yes, sir—filly. I should have said filly."

"Take a tip from me," continued the colonel. "Never tear them apart limb from limb. If you've got to do that sort of thing, go straight for the throat, where the noise comes from. Do you think you can remember that?"

"Yes, sir. I'll—I'll try."

He was gone as silently as he had come. Doris stood close to Harry, looking after her father.

"He's the darlingest man in the world, Harry. It isn't because I'm his daughter I love him—I just love him anyway."

"I think he's funny," said Harry, coming out of his trance. "Why didn't he beat me up? He could have done it and I wouldn't have raised a finger to stop him."

"He could have done it anyway," said Doris. "He could lick Elk Edmond as easily as Elk licked you, but he wouldn't. I suppose that's what you meant when you said funny; anyhow, it's what I mean." She held out her hand. "Good night. I've got to go find him."

Harry took her hand and used it to detain her.

"I'm awfully sorry about hurting you. I guess I'm stronger than I thought."

"Perhaps you are," she said doubtfully. "Will you promise now?"

"What?"

"About Elk."

There was a pause.

"No—I ——"

She did not wait for him to finish. Before he knew it she had snatched her fingers from his and was running in the direction her father had taken. She caught him back of the empty stables of the half-mile track.

"Wait for me, dad!"

He stopped and turned. "What did you do with him?"

"He's horrid. I sent him home."

"That's the way," said the colonel, permitting her to hang on his arm and shifting his stick to the other side. "The minute I find a boy I don't mind having around, you and Hillie take a dislike to him."

"Aunt Hillie?" said Doris quickly.

"Says she can't stand the sight of him."

"Why should she have it in for him? What has he done to her?"

"Queer things boys do nowadays," mused the colonel. "Anyway, he didn't twist her arm off. How does it feel?"

"My arm's all right, but it really did hurt. It hurt enough so I knew it would hurt a lot more if I didn't stop him. What about Aunt Hillie, daddy?"

"I don't know," said the colonel, pausing as he so often did when he was puzzled, and staring at the ground. "When she was your age she was a madcap—the gayest high stepper in three counties. Wherever men were swarming, all you had to do to find her was to bust up the bunch."

"Aunt Hillie?" questioned Doris.

"Yes—Hildreth Truman. She cut a wide swath from Atlanta to Louisville, from Louisville to Hot Springs and back again. Then your brother Harry was killed by a horse. Your mother got over it; what I mean is she was saddened, but she didn't change. She was the same sweet woman all through it and after, but not Hillie. I've thought it over a lot, Doris, but I've never talked about it before."

"Why ——" began Doris, and stopped.

"Exactly. Why? Hillie was by another father than your mother and came late. We were more like mother and father to her when he died than brother and sister, but even that doesn't help to explain about Harry. When he went she checked and never got started again, but she wasn't broken. Then came the war. Well, the other boys had to go too. Billy isn't dead, of course, but that had to happen—and when it did, you know what came over Hillie. Something turned inside of her; she soured like wine too long in the bottle. I used to like Hillie."

"So did I," whispered Doris.

"Come, come, now; you mustn't go taking after me," said the colonel sadly. "I'm the last one should start trouble between my women."

"You aren't starting it, daddy; Aunt Hillie started it herself. I don't like her because she doesn't like me. She used to, but she doesn't any more."

"Hush, now! You and I need a walk—a long walk."

XII

BEING a stranger in the place, Harry thought the best way to find his hotel was to go back to the inn and return by the

(Continued on Page 82)

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(Continued from Page 78)

route he had come. He walked along with his head down, thinking about Doris. She was a queer kid; in daylight she was all right, but at night she was queer. He could not get over her father, either—how cool he had been. He had probably learned it driving, for in spite of his bulk and age, the colonel was known far and wide as one of the best gentleman drivers who ever straddled a trotter's tail

Cool and a sure hand. If he had got excited at seeing John Galloway's taken child holding his sobbing daughter in his arms there would have been an awful mix-up and perhaps a spill. But there had been no crash, not even a jar. The brain work that doesn't ask for time had thought the whole thing out, just as it really was, and given Doris and Harry himself the run of the pasture as though by the right of colts—exactly as if the old man were handling colts.

As he rounded the corner of the inn he was surprised to see Miss Truman strolling up and down the walk in front. He could have cut across at an angle and avoided her, but he had come by that walk, had intended to return along it and would not yield to an impulse of escape. After all, he need not stop. When he was about to pass her he murmured, "Good night," and being bareheaded pulled at a lock of his hair in lieu of touching a cap. She half stepped in front of him.

"It's Mr. Galloway, isn't it?"

He was not accustomed to the mature form of address, and hesitated; then he recovered himself, but only to stammer awkwardly, "Yes—yes, Miss Truman, I'm Harry Galloway."

"It's such a lovely night I couldn't stay indoors. Where are you off to?"

"I'm going to the hotel. I came this way and I'm following back on my trail so I won't get lost."

"Then you've never been here before?"

"No. This is the first time I've been to any race meeting."

"Do you mind if I walk a little way with you?"

"Not at all." He swallowed and added solemnly in an almost inaudible murmur, "It would be a pleasure."

The long straight walk was shadowed on one side by an avenue of towering trees and bordered on the other by darkened houses. It was like a narrow tunnel and, looking down its vista, it appeared interminable. The brick pavement was old, settled and rather uneven. Though they were walking slowly, Miss Truman managed to stumble, threw out her hand and caught his arm.

"Better hold on to me," said Harry. "It's sort of rough here, and dark."

Her body moved rhythmically, close to his own; but even so, it lacked the nearness and warmth of Doris' throbbing person. It was surprising that women could be so different, but then perhaps it was because Doris wasn't really a woman—not yet anyway. Almost though. Pretty soon she would be a woman at night and a kid in the daytime; then, of course, she would have to grow up altogether; but in the meantime he would be doing the same thing, so you couldn't really tell how it would be.

"What on earth are you thinking about?" asked Hillie.

"Nothing—nothing much."

"You don't like me particularly, do you?" she teased.

"No'm, not particularly."

She laughed, but sobered almost immediately. "Nobody does. I'm not a particularly likable person."

It was a statement that called for no answer—almost an impersonal observation. He felt a surge of resentment, not at her but at the position in which he was placed. What could he say? What did she wish him to do? The impulse was there to help her—the bare impulse without a sympathetic urge.

"I guess you must be wrong about that, Miss Truman."

"What do you do while you're at home?" she asked, speaking more lightly. He told her. He described Alloway Deep and all its surroundings with more feeling than he knew. When he had finished she murmured, "It must be fine to have a home like that—to have been born and to have grown up in such a lovely place."

He was silent for a moment, shaken by doubt. Why should he tell her the truth? What business was it of hers anyway? She was just talking to be polite—perhaps not even that—to kill time. You didn't have to tell everybody you met all about yourself, did you? Not if you didn't want to—not if it was none of their business Then the impulse to help returned, pushing him gently forward. If she would only say something more—something else—but she didn't. After all, what difference did it make if she should know what all the world already knew?

"I wasn't born there. I'm a taken child."

"A taken child!" she exclaimed, puzzled and stopping abruptly. "What's that? What does it mean?"

"I was taken from the Children's Society. Mr. Galloway and Ma Galloway took me and then they adopted me."

Her hand closed tightly on his arm. "The Children's Society? Where—tell me where?"

He felt a dull resentment, but he answered, "At Trenton."

"Trenton? But that's in New Jersey—the capital of New Jersey."

"Yes," he answered, "that's where it is."

Two people were coming toward them, and for the second time that night Colonel Kent surprised John Galloway's taken child in close proximity to one of his womenfolk. Doris was too bewildered to speak, but the colonel did not seem at all fussed.

"Remember what I told you, my boy," he said as they passed. "Don't wait to tear them limb from limb; go for the throat."

Fortunately, Hillie had released her hold on Harry's arm.

"Good night, Miss Truman," he said quickly. "Good night, everybody."

He left the path, struck across the street and made straight for the lights of the town. When he got beyond them he recognized the corner where he should turn for the hotel, but just as he reached it he came face to face with two men who had stepped out from the wall—Captain Bill, with Jimmy in tow. There were warm greetings on both sides and lurid congratulations on the winrace they had both witnessed.

"We were waiting for you," said the Captain, with a nod toward an open door back of him which led to a dark stairway.

"Why here?" asked Harry. "Is this the drivers' club or something?"

"No; but Crapsey is on the rampage tonight and we thought when you heard about it you might drop around."

"Rampage? Where is he? Up here?"

"I wouldn't go up if I was you, son. Elk Edmond's in there and it's no use your seeming to look for him yet."

"That's no reason to stay out of a place," said Harry, coloring, and led the way up the stairs. At the top Cap pushed to the front and gained them admittance through a narrow hall into a large square room at the back, where the smoke was so thick it became an acrid bank against which they advanced with held breath and conscious effort. When their smarting eyes grew accustomed to the fog, they could make out a throng of men crowding around a circular table, covered with worn green billiard cloth and rimmed all around the edge.

Never was there a more varied assemblage of masculinity in so restricted a space. There were showmen and their minions, white, black and yellow; trainers, drivers, caretakers, touts, bookmakers and riffraff. On one side stood a group of sightseers made up of one or two breeders, several owners and the sprinkling of their guests. The center of attraction, however, was no plutocrat, but the once humble stable swipe, Crapsey, enthroned in an armchair set close to the verdant board. Amused and delighted, Harry pressed forward to get a better view. A man in front of him gave way good-naturedly and half turned. It was Edmond.

"Hello! Want to play?"

"No," said Harry, amazed that Elk could speak so naturally and that he himself could answer at all. "I couldn't see anything from where I was."

"It's your own fault you got only one eye to look with, kid," murmured Elk for Harry's ear alone. "If you ever learn to punch like you can slap, write me and I'll keep out of your road."

That was all; he ended as casually as he had begun and turned as an owner created a diversion. The man was a newcomer to his money and the racing world. Stakes being called, he stepped forward, dropped a note on the table and said a shade too pompously, "I shoot fifty."

"Me," cried Crapsey in a high falsetto, "I shoots three!"

A roar of laughter went up as he dropped three crumpled hundred-dollar notes beside the lonely fifty, and the flashy owner drew back in some confusion. Other bets were laid, for Crapsey held the dice and Crapsey was going strong. As soon as the money was covered he held up his closed fist as if commanding silence and roared in his natural voice:

"Roll 'em far and roll 'em wide! Oh, baby! Oh, baby boy! Seben-cum-eleben!"

A rattle, a patter, the dice shot across the table, struck and bounced back. There was a universal gasp, a sigh. A three-spot and an ace gleamed from the cloth side by side, the lowest possible point and the hardest to repeat.

Somebody murmured, "Just missed the box car!"

"If it ain't Little Joe!" whispered Crapsey, as he gathered up the cubes.

Then began a crooning so soft and entreaty so heart-rending that tears, whether of sympathy or of mirth, rose to Harry's eyes, for interlarded with dovelike beguilement came hoarse shouts of disparagement directed at all other numbers.

"Come, Little Joe! Doan' you be afraid, Little Joe! Back away, Big Dick! Back yo'sef all the way back! Little Joe! Little Joe, come, Little Joe, do yo' rollin' now! Git 'way, Five, git away from de do'! Mr. Five, he opened de do', Little Joe. Come on in, Little Joe! Come home to Crapsey, come on home to yo' honin' niggah pappy! Yow! Oh, boy, and oh, boy!"

The sight of the easy money passing hands, together with the presence of Cap and Jimmy, swept Harry back so that all of life since he had left them seemed but a dream.

He could scarcely believe he was grown up and not in the thick of some concessions midway with the grifters working strong. He leaned over to whisper to Captain Bill.

"Say, Cap, is Crapsey a booster?"

"Booster?" repeated Cap, puzzled momentarily; then he saw the light. "Not on your life, punk. That money's his own for about one minute. Keep your eye on the house and on yourself if he wins the next main, for the lights will sure go out."

The owner of the fifty started to reach for his doubled money, but drew back his hand as Crapsey's falsetto rose again to mock him.

"No, folks, I ain't afraid; really I ain't. I got the bones and I'm letting her ride. Dis heah po' niggah can't affo'd to snatch fo' jes' six hundred dollahs."

Harry had pushed his way around the table; his hand descended heavily on Crapsey's shoulder.

"They've been looking for you all over the town. Do you know what's happened to the Whelp?"

"The Whelp?" mumbled Crapsey, as one half awakened from a trance. He dropped the dice, gathered his money into a moist ball and looked around with a pitiful dying light in his eyes. "You go along away from here, Mr. Harry. You leave Crapsey alone."

"What's the matter there?" rumbled the house threateningly.

(Continued on Page 86)

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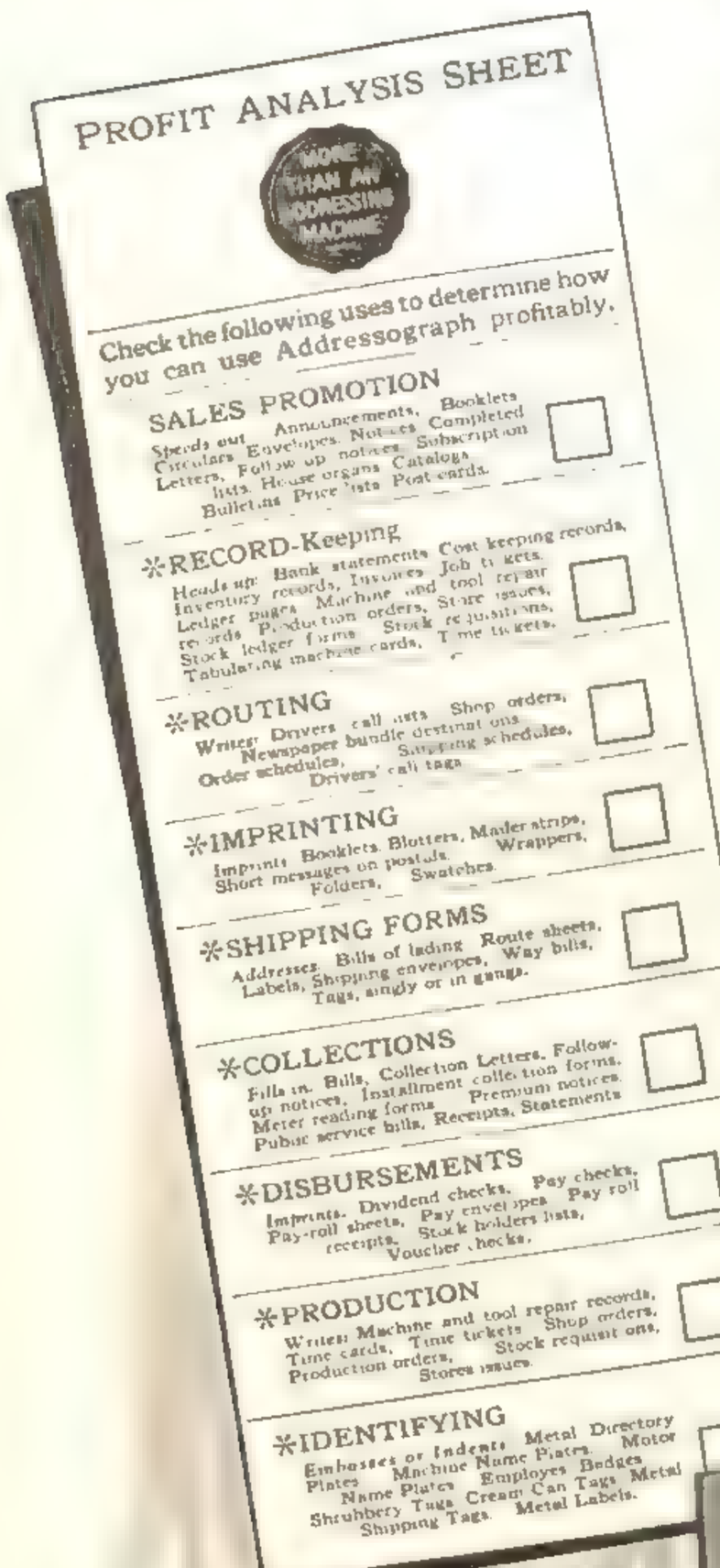
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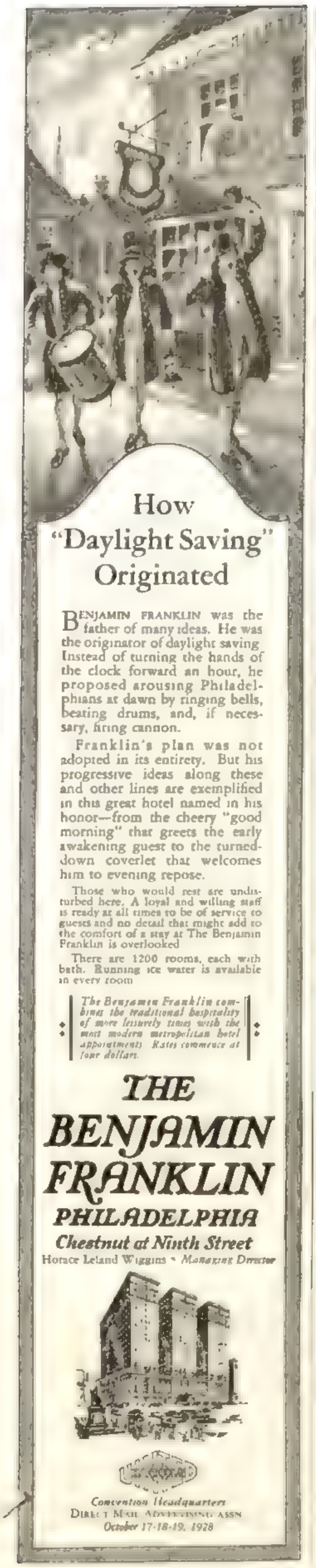
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(Continued from Page 82)

"Better come along quick, Crapsey, or it will be too late."

"What's happened to that there hoss?" inquired Crapsey plaintively.

"Never you mind. I can tell you one thing—whatever's happened to him is exactly what's going to happen to you."

"What the hell!" shouted the house. "Who are you, anyway? Who let you out and in?"

"Leave him alone, Buck," murmured Elk Edmond. "I know who he is."

There was dead silence as Crapsey, with Harry's arm across his shoulders, shuffled out and down the stairs. They passed through a corner of the town and down a long lane, Crapsey slouching along a step ahead. Except for a few unenlightening monosyllables, nothing was said until they had entered the fairgrounds and were approaching the Galloway quarters. Crapsey saw no extra lights, none of that silent commotion which in five minutes can transform a racing stable into the semblance of a hospital ward. He hurried forward, ducked under the huge fly which sheltered the caretakers' cots against dew or rain, and opened the Whelp's door.

"What's the matter with this here hoss?" he shouted, waking the sleepers. "What's this I heah has happened to the Whelp?"

"I'll tell you now," said Harry. "He's bedded down and gone to sleep, and that's exactly what you're going to do if I have to turn in beside you."

"What fo' you bring me away from my luck?" wailed Crapsey. "Youse a robber, Mr. Harry—jes the same as a robber—and you can take the rest."

He hurled the wadded six hundred on the ground and followed it with stray bills from his other pockets, and even with a handful of loose change. Then he took off his coat, kicked off his shoes and rolled, groaning and moaning, into bed. Harry did not bother to pick up the silver, but he gathered all the notes, arranged them in the order of their denominations and counted them aloud in the sight of several sleepy but interested spectators.

"Seven hundred and thirty, seven thirty-five, forty, forty-five—seven hundred and forty-seven dollars. I'll keep it for you till tomorrow."

"Seben fo'ty-seben!" gasped Crapsey, half rising in the cot and staring wide-eyed into the night. "Seben and fo' is eleben. Fo' and seben is eleben. Any way yo' take it, seben come eleben would of been ma throw. Oh, Mr. Harry—oh, Mr. Harry!"

"Shut up," said Harry. "What are you kicking about? You got your start on the Whelp, didn't you? If you'd won another main the lights were fixed to go out on you and you'd have been lucky to get out with your clothes."

"Seben fo'ty-seben!" moaned Crapsey for his only answer, broke down and sobbed himself to sleep.

In the morning Mr. Galloway arose quietly, intending not to disturb his stable mate, but Harry was awake. He outlined the events of the previous evening, giving a detailed account of the culminating incident, drew Crapsey's money from under the pillow and handed it over.

"You take it. Perhaps you can persuade him I did him a good turn."

"You're mighty young," said Mr. Galloway, as he counted the bills. "Anybody as old as me would never have had the nerve to try nor the luck to get away with it. If Buck had shot you in the back I wouldn't of blamed him much—nobody would."

"How's my eye?" asked Harry.

Mr. Galloway examined it critically. "It's about the ugliest eye I ever seen. You'd better go on home, like I was expecting you to anyway, and let ma tend to it. She ain't had any doctoring to speak of for a long spell and it will do her a world of good. Here's something Mr. Beattie left for you. Twenty per cent come a little under the twelve hundred, but he made it even money, because he said if ever anybody stole a purse it was you, and I reckon he was about right."

Harry took the check and stared at it for a long time. Twelve hundred dollars was a good deal of money—such a lot that it overstepped the bounds of the immediately conceivable. Strange as it may appear, a hundred dollars of his very own would have given him a greater thrill than this far larger sum which was no less his own. He turned the bit of paper over and over as he watched his foster father pulling on his clothes. He knew that the old man was head over ears in debt.

"Father, if you'd driven the Whelp, this would have come straight to you."

"Sho, now! It wouldn't no such thing! I mightn't have got the breaks; and even if I had, Mr. Beattie has never give me more than 10 per cent. That money is yourn like as if you was a miner and had dug it out of the ground."

"Take it, anyway," said Harry. "I don't need it the way you do."

"Listen, son," said Mr. Galloway, his cheek bones turning red, "there may come a time when ma and you and Banco and me ain't got enough to eat. If it does, you can draw on your money and welcome, but it ain't here yit!"

Back at the farm, Harry reentered a period of bliss. He had more money in the bank than any boy of his acquaintance—enough in his naïve estimation to last him for half his life. Then there was ma to fuss over his eye and cook the things she had learned by observation alone he liked best: Banco and fine cool weather, endless soft roads, the glory of the autumn woods—and Pickpacker, raring to go!

Once they had fought out a serious lapse in manners occasioned by his master's absence, the colt settled down to a long streak of unusually good behavior. Hitched to a cart, with room for Banco in the seat when he grew tired, Pickpacker would jog by the hour, over the billowing rises and into the shallow vales, his ears pricked forward at every curve or reaching back, one at a time, as if to catch what the others were saying.

The rhythm of his body was superb. Every muscle under his glistening hide seemed individually alive, coördinated only by a uniform desire to get along at the fastest pace the reins allowed. Once in a while he was bound to try an experiment, to strive to catch his master napping, but so high were his spirits he could never learn not to raise his flowing tail from the dashboard. At the first flirt of the banner would come the velvet hand and the steadying voice, "Whoa, Pick! Easy now, Packer!"

There were moments, lengthening sometimes into hours, when Harry could dream of the race he had won with the Whelp, of all the friends he had seen and the things he had done. Cap and Jimmy, come to life; the wisdom and kindliness of the great Colonel Kent; the weird mixture that was Elk Edmond, knocking him down and possibly saving him from a broken head or worse on the same day. Then there was Miss Truman, with her strange thin ways—the thinness of her body and lips, and manner of speaking, digging into you like an ice pick. Cold—he didn't care if he never saw her again. And of course there was Doris.

Doris was a good egg, even if she had cried. He would have liked it if she could have been here now, riding in the cart beside him. They wouldn't have to talk, because she was all right, she could see how it was with Pickpacker. She knew what there was to know about Banco except some of his tricks, but he could show her Pickpacker and the Barrens and Alloway Creek—and Pickpacker, and the old brick house and Pickpacker—because you naturally couldn't see Pickpacker all at once. Perhaps she knew how to swim, but if she didn't he could teach her. Anyway, she was different from most girls; she had sense and she knew horses.

He might dream by day, but never at night. Night, when you couldn't read any longer, was for sleep, and he used it for nothing else. Consequently what it amounted to was that there were no nights and the days flew by on high-soaring wings. When he had gone away it had still been summer, but already it was fall, and soon the campaigners would be back from Windsor, where they had gone for the Overcoat Meeting, the very last of the Northern season.

Winter would follow them home, but there would be no school for him. All he would have to do would be to keep on schooling Pickpacker, harden him early and work him in the spring until Mr. Galloway should pronounce him ready, either for the half-mile tracks or the big line. You couldn't tell. Many a colt that as a two-year-old had labored to do his mile in 2.20 had stepped out in his three-year-old form to confound the world and himself by trotting in 2.10 or better.

All too soon the horses were back, and as soon as the work of letting them down was over there were long sessions in the stables or around Jake's forge where every victory of the year was recited again and again and every defeat explained. On the whole, the drivers were content with the season's laurels, but Crapsey was morose. In his opinion, voiced on every appropriate and inappropriate occasion, Harry owed him the sum of seven hundred and forty-seven dollars.

Mr. Galloway also had something on his mind besides horses, but he was slow to air his troubles. In the evening he would look up from the Standard and Jerseyman, push his glasses back on his forehead, gaze questioningly at Harry and from Harry to ma and back again.

Where did the boy think he was going and where would he land? It was plain enough what he wanted to do today, but what might he want to do tomorrow when it was too late?

"Harry, did Colonel Kent say anything to you?"

"What about?" asked Harry nervously, remembering only the colonel's advice in regard to women.

"He didn't feel around none as to if you was calculating to be a trainer?"

"No. Why?"

"He did with me. Never called you by name, but he said there was always a job as second man open at Kent Acres for a likely youngster that was looking to be a trainer. Then he asked me in that stare-off way of hisn if there wasn't somebody I wanted to recommend."

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Galloway sharply.

"I said that, personally, I wasn't hankering to recommend anybody I knew very well, but it was up to them to say whether or no they wanted to be recommended. That's why I'm telling you, Harry."

"I wouldn't go away from Alloway Deep for any trainer's job," said Harry promptly. "I wouldn't want to."

Ma resumed her work with an air of glowing satisfaction and relief, but Mr. Galloway continued to frown.

"That's fine for now. Nobody wants you should ever go away from home unless you're a mind to, but what do you want to do? Be like me?"

Harry could not help but stare at the earnestness with which his foster father posed that humble question.

"What's the matter with being like you?" he demanded.

Mr. Galloway gulped and sudden moisture rose to his blue eyes; even ma looked up to gaze at Harry with mingled consternation and devoted approval. It was as though she were grateful for the unsolicited confirmation of her belief that in spite of his shortcomings John Galloway was an upright and lovable man, in touch with a constricted world, but honored where honor was scarce, within the periphery of every mile track in the country, perennially trusted most where he owed the most.

For the moment Mr. Galloway had no answer; he shifted nervously in his chair.

"There was a lady, too, come to see you after you left."

"I know," said Harry hastily, flushing under ma's interested glance. "Doris Kent. She isn't a lady, really; she's just a kid."

(Continued on Page 89)

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PEERLESS

(Continued from Page 86)

"It wasn't her," said Mr. Galloway, evidently regretful that he had opened the subject in the presence of ma. "I'm acquainted with Miss Kent."

"Who was it then?" asked Harry.

"She didn't name herself, but I seen her many a time in the colonel's box along with Mrs. Kent."

"Oh!" said Harry, and paused. "What did she want?"

"First, she wanted to see you; then she come after me. She wanted to know what your name was before you was taken."

Ma abandoned her work definitely and fastened devouring eyes on Harry's face as he spoke.

"She did, eh? What did you tell her?"

"Well, it was funny, kind of, because I couldn't have told her nothing if I'd wanted, and if I could, I wouldn't. I said any information along that line she'd have to get from you and I give her your address."

"What did you think of her?"

"How you mean, son—think of her?"

"How would you name her points?" translated Harry.

"Oh," said Mr. Galloway understandingly. "I would say she was well out of the filly class and considerable overfined as to condition, good breeding, no staying power to speak on, and uncertain manners."

"Mouth bad?"

"Yes, sir. Her mouth has been unkindly treated."

"You didn't think perhaps she was crazy, did you?"

"No, sir. I didn't think she was crazy, because I wouldn't let myself think no lady was crazy."

"But if she were a horse?" persisted Harry.

Mr. Galloway swayed his kindly head from side to side in dumb protest.

"If she was a hoss that somebody was set on and obliged to keep, perhaps a pasture would be the best—a pasture with a strong fence."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DELILAH

(Continued from Page 17)

With the coming of Mrs. Protheroe, the Sunday afternoon walks abruptly ceased. There was a tea room on Clarke Street, kept by a maiden lady who had set free the mild repressions of a lifetime in an unlimited indulgence in chintz, rattan, brass kettles and blue-and-white tiles. There was always a copper jar filled with leaves on the little pay desk, or a blue pottery vase with a branch of dried Chinese lanterns, or a procession of little porcelain animals in deliberately playful shapes.

"Don't you love my Adolphus?" the proprietress would say, indicating a fantastically mournful penguin, as she smilingly made change. In this setting of dilute spinsterish brightness I discovered Mrs. Protheroe with Ronald Dietch, a day or two after the opening reception. She was sitting at one of the little tables with her chin in her hand and bold enchantment in her eyes, and he was leaning back with his hands in his pockets, smiling, quite obviously charmed and not too obviously moved by her. Out of his hard young experience he had developed a certain manner of discretion with women. They must have been aware of us—there were three of us who had come in together—but they didn't glance our way, though we lingered there for almost half an hour watching them and diluting our tea over and over again with water from the little brass kettles.

The truth was that she could no more resist the flattery of men's glances than they could resist the gayety of hers. I watched her one day on the street car when a big sooty workingman from the iron-implement factory got on and sat down opposite her. Ragged, exhausted, streaked with dirt, filling the car with the odor of stale smoke and old iron pipes gone cold, he sat there humped together, with his hands falling between his knees.

And then he caught sight of Mrs. Protheroe and a little spark came into his eyes, curious and disturbing, like a light flickering suddenly in the window of an untenanted house. She dropped her eyes and instantly raised them again in a little acknowledging smile, just beyond his shoulder. That was all, but it brought the image of lead to life. I suppose I was imaginative through too much reading of the English classics, but I remember how deeply that curious alchemy impressed me.

I tried to describe it afterward to Jo Elder, and she gasped and cried:

"Isn't she simply awful? Imagine flirting with a dirty workman in a street car!"

She was on the patroness list of every dance that winter—someone saw to that—and she was always to be found where the dress suits gathered thickest, while the other patronesses danced, smilingly patient, with each other's husbands, or yawned over euchre in the next room; and Neil Protheroe stood over by the wall and watched her and pretended not to watch her, and waited for the evening to be over.

Everybody watched her, especially the engaged girls and less firmly domesticated faculty wives. As for the younger women students, they studied her as industriously as though she had been a textbook prescribed by the department, and went out to reinterpret her in a manner that missed all the shading of hers and carried out rather disastrously all its implications. There had never been in Lesage such dalliance in the corridors, such dark departures from decorum in remote sitting-out places. Nothing was said for a time, but Ellen Beale, whose sister was married to a member of the Board of Governors, told us that the authorities had almost decided something would have to be done. And finally Mrs. Brownlee got us all together under the decoy of tea and resolutely talked the matter over with us.

She was the president of the alumnæ association, a slender gentle woman with a Rossetti-like graciousness of line and a little pale face almost hidden under an enormous black hat. She talked for a long time, very frankly and persuasively, while we sat with our eyes in our crumb-strewn laps, uneasily conscious of no names being named, of a faint but explicit innuendo.

"There are influences at work," she said, rising and delicately buttoning her pale kid gloves, "which I feel we must resist. I am an old Lesage girl myself and I have always felt that Lesage stood for something—something rather fine." And she concluded, very gravely and impressively: "I haven't lost my faith in Lesage girls."

Just at bedtime, Ellen Beale, who had the room next to mine, came in to borrow my Hakluyt.

I gave it to her at once from the shelf over my study table. But she still lingered, brightly uneasy. And I was quite prepared to hear her say, with a sudden accession of seriousness:

"You know, Mrs. Brownlee was perfectly right."

"Of course, she was perfectly right," I said. I felt very ironical and mature, superbly detached from the small disquietudes of Lesage. "Character's the greatest thing in the world. And as Mrs. Protheroe doesn't seem to value hers, or at any rate, doesn't take it out and gloat over it fondly at tea, she doesn't deserve to have one, so we'll just take it away from her."

Ellen's eyes and cheeks grew bright with anger.

"You don't understand," she said. "When a woman goes about with her skirts split right to her knee, and—and actually paws every man she meets—you don't

(Continued on Page 91)

Pavements for Modern Traffic

Colorado Street, connecting with the Arroyo Seco Bridge entering Pasadena, Cal., was paved with concrete 50 feet wide in 1926

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(Continued from Page 89)

understand what a terrible effect that sort of woman has on men."

No, I didn't understand; though perhaps I understood as well as she. We had both caught no more than the reflected image of life. And if mine was the more complex and fantastically colored, so that beauty had the power to enchant as well as to disquiet me, it was probably no more distorted from reality than hers. I was appalled by her, as though I had discovered in her something of the horrible matter-of-factness of people who scribble obscenities on public walls. Ellen Beale, at any rate, wasn't troubled by any sense of the symbolic.

"You can keep the Hakluyt as long as you like. I've finished with it," I said, turning and snapping on the light over my desk. At the moment I was prepared to part with Hakluyt forever, if it would prevent her from coming back to my room.

There was a junior professor named Uppsher in the French department. A Canadian by birth, he, too, had gone to Oxford and there had compromised fatally with the Oxford manner. He had a very light, high voice which, combined with a habit of cultivated volatility, made him a person whom most of us found it difficult to take seriously. He wrote, too, in the faculty magazine—enigmatic parodies on the daily press reports of public events and sections of neurotic prose extravagantly set forth as verse. It was Lesage's introduction to *vers libre*. In due course, and to a wildly unprecedented degree, Professor Uppsher fell in love with Mrs. Protheroe.

Mrs. Uppsher was a tall, very plain, passionately sentimental woman, half a dozen years her husand's senior. She adored Uppsher and took, I remember, a curiously touching pride in the fact that he always referred to her as Slats. She was wholly convinced that fate had sent into her life rather late, and as though resolved in the end to do the thing handsomely—a man of genius. Well, perhaps he was closer to genius than the rest of us realized. For in the depth, the extravagance and the oblivlousness of his passion for Neil Protheroe's wife he achieved something, at least, of the quality of greatness.

I think he really tried at first to keep his feelings to himself. But he was far too small a vessel to contain for long so dangerously charged an emotion. Inevitably the cork blew out. One day there appeared in the faculty magazine a poem entitled Embers, and signed Wu. It was in meter—he had had to go back to Shelley in the end—and it was spun out of a mood at once so wild, fantastic and forlorn that no one, with the very kindliest exercise of sympathy, could possibly have attributed the inspiration to poor Slats.

After that, his heart was fairly on his sleeve. Everyone in Lesage was made aware that Professor Uppsher was in love with Mrs. Protheroe. I have seen him come into a French class so shaken from meeting her in the corridor that he could scarcely go on with the lecture. At dances he went about bewildered and ecstatic like a shepherd in a pastoral. He was always the first to reach her, and seizing her program he would scribble on it until, laughing and protesting, she would pull it away. And over by the wall Mrs. Uppsher watched them and pretended to chat with the other faculty wives and fell into distracted silences or contrived a haggard sort of insouciance. "Poor Wallie! He always takes everything so badly. His mother told me he almost died of measles!"

I think Mrs. Protheroe would have sent him away if it had been possible. "No, no!" she would say, and she would take the program from him and put it behind her back, her eyes half shut with laughter. And then she would dance away from him—in one of those astonishing gowns of hers that always seemed to have been put on directly over her skin—and never cast him another look; until she danced back to find him waiting for her in the same place.

"You here!" she would exclaim with astonished mockery. But there was seduction even in her mockery. And in the very tone in which she sent a man away there was beguiling tenderness to bring him back.

The senior class reception was the last dance of the year. It was held that year in the Cosmopolitan Assembly Hall, which was decorated in blue and green—the senior colors—with all the lights shaded in blue and green tissue paper, so that we moved about in a sort of opalescent twilight, like people dancing at the bottom of a lake. I was standing by Neil Protheroe, and his wife was dancing with Ronald Dietch, and I saw the look that went between them. With her eyes still on his, she dropped her head to Ronald Dietch's dark shoulder.

Mrs. Uppsher stood over by the doorway. She had on a new dress of bright rose silk cut, rather inexpertly, very low. And she had had her hair dressed –waved and puffed and elaborately pyramided. I think she had some fantastic and purely literary idea of appearing suddenly in a new and competent guise and sweeping away the triumphs of her rival. Only it hadn't worked out. She stood all alone, and her face—she had stopped short of rouge—was livid and hollow under the painful lighting.

"Do we have to stay in here?" I said to Neil. "It makes us all look like people in a photographer's studio."

He followed me into the hall and we found a sitting-out place near the doorway. He looked dispirited and drained, like a man who has been quarreling, bitterly and futilely, through a whole night.

"Here! You ought to be dancing," he said, and began getting to his feet.

I almost caught at him. I felt that I couldn't bear to go back in there and look at Mrs. Uppsher. It was like facing some pitiful mutilation.

"No, really, I don't want to dance," I said, "and you don't have to. I don't even want to talk, if you don't mind."

He smiled at me dimly through his troubled distraction.

"No, I don't mind. We'll be dull together." He was silent for a long time. Then he came back to me with the suddenness almost of impact, as though we had been wandering separately through a fog and had unexpectedly run into each other about some familiar corner.

"You'll be through Lesage this year, won't you?" he said. "What are you thinking of doing?"

"I don't know," I said vaguely. "I'd like to get back into university work."

"Heavens!" he said sharply. "Keep away from universities."

He was like a man coming out of a dream; or rather like a man who, still in a dream, is teased by some aspect of the actual. Before I could answer him we became aware together of something taking place in the next room.

There was the thin persuasive music of the orchestra and the rhythmic slurring of feet following after and, underneath, a thick, indistinguishable, persistent voice.

Then we heard Ronald Dietch say sharply, "You'd better get out. You're tight."

We got up without looking at each other and went into the next room. Dietch and Mrs. Protheroe were still dancing and Dietch was talking over his shoulder to Uppsher. The little French instructor was very drunk. His eyes were shining and wet, and his thin fair hair rose in a wild crest above his narrow forehead.

He ignored Dietch and put his hand on Mrs. Protheroe's arm. His look was tremendous with significance.

"Listen, Leila; this is important. Listen. Delilah dancing before Herod—Pilate." His intensity was lost for a moment in a faint confusion. "No, got it wrong: start again. Listen, Delilah ——"

Dietch took him by the arm. "All right, old chap," he said. "How about getting a little fresh air?"

With his eyes still on Mrs. Protheroe, Uppsher tried to shake off the hand, but

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the hand persisted. And then, without the slightest warning, he turned on Ronald Dietch. It happened so quickly that the two of them, before we realized it, were rolling on the floor. It was appalling and it was indescribably ludicrous, like an ignominious scrabble on the tiles.

The crowd had stopped dancing and was gathered in a fascinated semicircle about the group in the doorway. I turned to find Neil Protheroe beside me with his hand on his wife's arm.

"We're going home," he said. "Would you mind going to the cloakroom with my wife?"

Her face still held its bright mockery. "Home!" she said lightly. "Is home any better than this?"

His hand tightened on her arm and they turned and began making their way through the crowd to the opposite doorway. I followed them because I didn't know what else to do.

Mrs. Uppsher was sitting, with two or three women about her, on the long bench that ran underneath the coat rack. She was crying distractedly, sitting huddled and shapeless like a wax figure that had run together under the heat. Of all her evening bravado, nothing was left except the beautiful coiffure, which remained miraculously undisheveled—not a hair out of place, looking exactly like a wig.

She raised her twisted face as we came by and Mrs. Protheroe stopped short. There was a faint softening in her face, but no failure of pride.

"Please don't. You mustn't feel so badly about it," she said. "There isn't really any reason ——"

Mrs. Uppsher said nothing; only put her swollen face swiftly back in her hands.

And one of the women near her—it was Mrs. Brownlee—said gently: "I think perhaps you'd better not talk to her, Mrs. Protheroe. You're only distressing her."

We went on then to the back of the cloakroom and I helped her with her overshoes and wrap. . . . They were right, of course. You can't go about upsetting things that way, twitching life out of its sober pattern, reducing people who have never done you any harm to attitudes of imbecile despair. And yet, there she was, and that bright magic of hers, like some wayward part of nature that has nothing to do with the people it touches nor with the troubling record it leaves on their lives.

"It isn't your fault," I said. "They're only making themselves ridiculous."

She gave me a quick, veiled smile. And then Neil Protheroe appeared for an instant in the doorway and vanished.

The women around Mrs. Uppsher were standing about now, murmuring among themselves, their backs carefully turned to us. Mrs. Protheroe walked past them to the doorway. She stood there for a moment looking at them. I remember her dark hair tumbled a little on her forehead and her parted lips half smiling and her eyes shadowed by some unfathomable feeling.

I didn't see her again for almost seven years. A day or two later she ran away from Lesage with Ronald Dietch.

I finished college that year and took my master's degree the next. Then London University for two more years. And after that I came back to Lesage as assistant professor in English literature.

I occupied Neil Protheroe's office for the first year and a half—he was in France with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. He came back in November of 1918; strolled into the office in his civilian clothes, with so much the air of having been temporarily occupied in the next room that I found myself simply sitting there, not even getting up to greet him, saying rather idiotically:

"Oh, is the war over?"

He smiled his quick, completely acknowledging smile. "Well, practically. Safe to leave, at any rate."

He picked up a couple of textbooks from the desk—Nineteenth Century Lyrists and the Literature of the Reformation.

"Don't take it too seriously," he said. "You have to remember that two years from now all any of them will remember will be that Shelley wrote the Ode to a Skylark and Martin Luther shied inkpots at the devil."

I moved that afternoon into the little office next to his. We were associates now. And in a short time we became very good neighbors of the friendly sort, who borrow from each other, gossip, run in on each other at odd moments, depend on each other in small emergencies, and never cross the threshold of each other's lives.

His marriage and the divorce that followed it had passed by this time into the college legend, losing, year by year, the color of romantic interest. The Neil Protheroe the students knew was a rather fantastic, youngish man, with a hobby for collecting colored glass bottles and a trick of witty acerbity that sometimes cost him their affection but kept him their wry respect.

And there was another Neil Protheroe who was, I sometimes suspected, merely an idea out of the romantic period of my adolescence. It may have been the wrong idea, but there it was, like a familiar possession which one no longer thinks of analyzing or estimating. There it was, and there had never been another to take its place in my life.

I had a small apartment about half a dozen blocks from the university—kitchen, bathroom and bed-sitting-room. Neil used to like to come over in the winter evenings and stretch his legs in front of my little fireplace and smoke and read and carry on lazy fragmentary discussions about nothing in particular.

Sometimes, as though to give the scene its final ironical touch of mild domesticity, he used actually to fall asleep, his pipe in his hand, while I went on adding term marks or correcting English essays under the reading lamp on the table.

He dropped in one evening on his way home from the station—he had been out of town on a lecture engagement—to relate, with malicious enjoyment, the events of the afternoon before.

The lecture had been before a women's arts and letters club. He had arrived a little late, and something in the devout expectancy of his audience had touched off the treacherous spring of levity in him. Between the reading of the minutes and the chairwoman's introductory remarks he had changed the subject of his lecture from King Lear to Edward Lear, and given them a long description of the imponderable truth of the Dong with the Luminous Nose; sending them away, at the end of an hour and a half, persuaded that the afternoon had been well and improvingly spent.

"Pious pilgrims of culture," he said gayly, "a day's march nearer home."

Watching him as he sat there, I thought how Leila Protheroe and the war between them had contrived to empty him of substance, had turned him into a changeling, wayward, trivial and perversely charming. Well, he had had to learn his lesson in his own way. Treat life lightly, give it a wide berth; to grasp it like a man of mettle may be, after all, simply an act of pretentious folly.

I got up presently and went into the little kitchen to make coffee. And presently I came back to get the teacups out of the top of the bookcase.

He was sitting staring into an old college snapshot album at a picture of his former wife. It was one I had taken on a bright fall afternoon when about a dozen of us were out for a long walk in the country. I had called to her, and when she turned I had the camera ready. It hadn't been properly developed; it was faded and stained with acid, but it had kept some fragment of her laughter and swift vividness of motion. It hadn't been looked at for half a dozen years.

And after half a dozen years, there it was to remind him, or perhaps only to let him

(Continued on Page 95)

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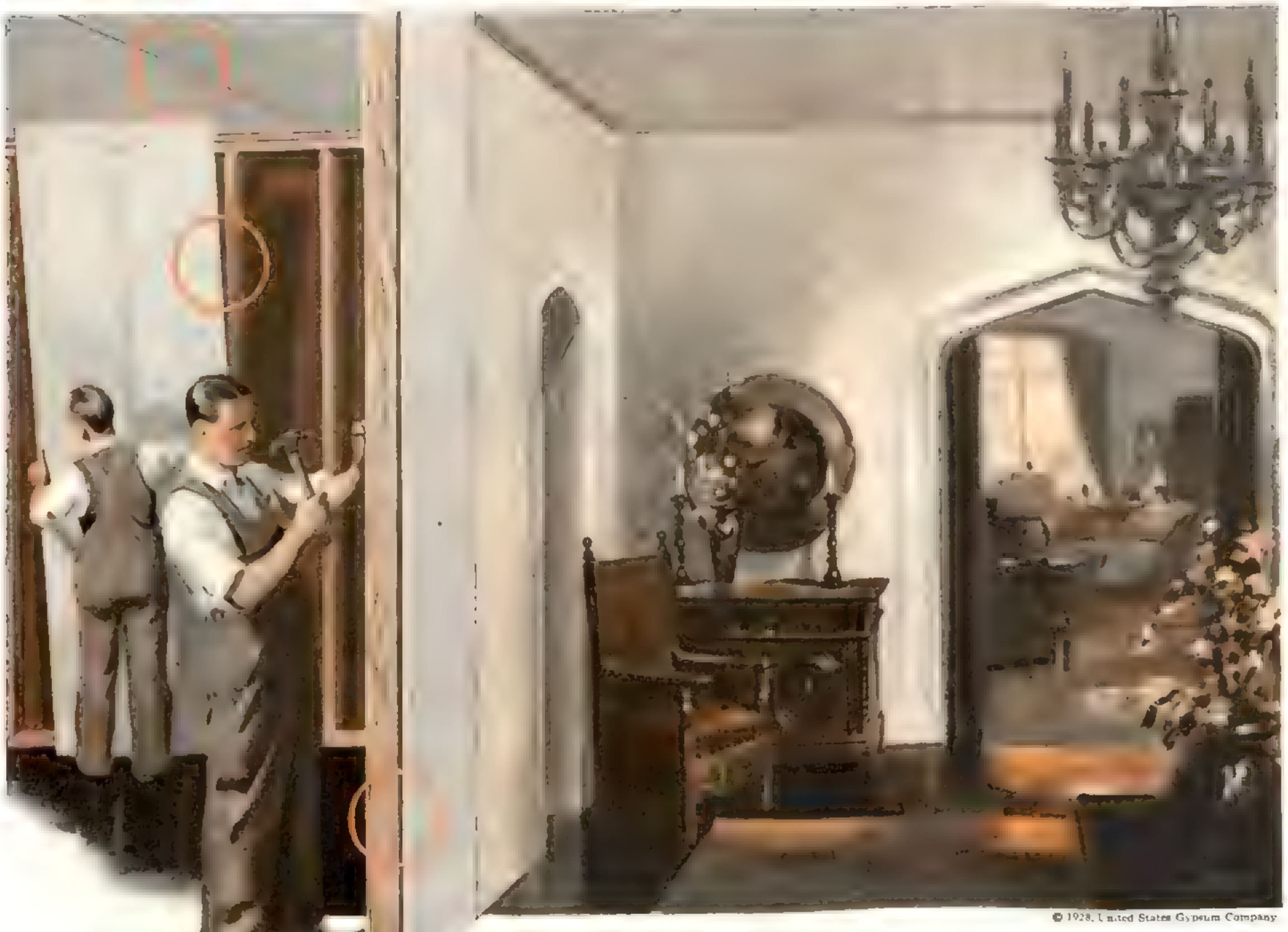

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FIREPROOF . . . INSULATING

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know how, tragically, he needed no reminding. He sat there with the shabby album spread across his knees. And the past and present and all that lay between were stamped on his face, like a lonely epitaph on stone, summing up the remembered bitterness of a man's life.

There was an evening about a year later when we sat there again. Neil had been invited out of town on a rather elaborate interuniversity program and had called in to ask me to take his upper-year classes while he was away.

"Now, if it's going to be any trouble ——" he said, getting up and investigating the match box on the mantelpiece. "However, I don't suppose you'd tell me if it were, you're so preposterously unselfish."

I laughed. "Sheer doglike cockney devotion."

He drew the match head between the tiles of the fireplace.

"What I deserve, of course," he said, "is to have some hulking brute of a college president come along and cast a lush eye on you ——"

"Dear Cornelius," I said, "if you will look in the upper right-hand drawer of my desk under the term examination book, you will find that a hulking brute of a college president most urgently has."

He stood staring at me. The match in his hand burned slowly up toward his fingers.

"What college president?"

"President Martineau, of Eastern University," I said. "He hasn't exactly cast a lush eye, but he is willing to do right by me to the extent of five hundred more a year."

He threw the match in the fireplace and put his fingers youthfully in his mouth.

"But you're not going to —— What are you going to do?"

"I've been here quite a long time," I said. "It might be a good idea to transfer my preposterous selflessness to some other quarter for a while."

He put his hand as though he were going to rest it on my head, and drew it back.

"But, Lucy, what would I —— Lucy going away!"

He turned suddenly and stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece. I couldn't help smiling at the tragedy of his attitude—Neil who scorned all attitudes. I said presently, with my eyes on the thread of smoke rising from the toe of his shoe where it rested on the fender: "I wouldn't have told you if I had thought you were going to throw yourself into the fire. Really, you ought to have a nurse."

"But this is serious." He turned and looked at me fixedly, almost sternly, as though determined to compel in me a disquietude to match his own. He felt the heat of the fire through his shoe and drew it away and immediately put it back.

"You mustn't go away, Lucy," he said. He was silent for quite a long time. Then he said suddenly, "I ought to wait a decent interval after this, but I can't risk losing you. Lucy, it sounds like the devil, but will you stay and marry me?"

Our eyes met across the flushed space of firelight in a look that stated, with a sort of wry tenderness, the situation that lay between us. I thought, but only for a moment, of his face over the old college album. After all, what chance had the poor ghost of youth to trouble the ironical acceptances of our older knowledge?

"I intended to stay, Neil," I said, "and if it's all the same to you, I think perhaps I'll stay and marry you."

It was on an afternoon in late February that Leila Protheroe came back to Lesage.

One of the first afternoons of spring, when by no more than a quick relenting in the air the season had changed as swiftly as if a trick of scene shifting had sent winter rolling into the wings and spread April before us. In the library where the faculty was giving a tea to the undergraduates a window was open to the bright mild air, and in the center of the table was a great bowl of spring flowers—narcissuses and pale irises and jonquils, erect, delicate and chill.

I sat behind the tea urn, filling cup after cup; half listening to the light, high chatter going on about me and half absorbed in my own thoughts. I raised my eyes and there she was standing in the doorway; standing alone, looking about her with a curious, bright interest. She was all in black, with a dark crescent of veil shadowing her eyes. When she saw me she came straight across the room to me.

"I was hoping you would be here," she said, and held out her hand.

"But it's almost seven years," I heard myself saying. "You can't have changed as little as this!"

"Oh, I've changed." Her eyes smiled at me from under the dark loop of veil with their old sweet, inscrutable candor.

I said, with the bright composure of a stage hostess in a parlor drama, "Won't you have tea?"

"Please." She began slowly to strip off her gloves. "Did you wonder—do you think it unforgivable of me to come back?"

I felt myself suddenly impotently furious at this childlikeness of hers, which seemed to me now a matter of mature and deliberate intention. But I only said politely, filling her cup, adding sugar and cream: "Why shouldn't you come back, if you want to?"

She went on eagerly, half timidly, as though she were feeling for some hidden spring of friendliness in me: "I couldn't make up my mind about it. I kept thinking, if this thing happens or if that thing happens, I'll go. In the end it was the taxi driver having four buttons on the front of his coat." She added: "You see, I had four hours at the station. My train leaves at 8:15."

I thought, with a quick leap of the heart: "And Neil doesn't get back till tomorrow morning." I said, "I've almost finished here. Would you care to come back to my rooms till traintime."

"I'd like to," she said eagerly, and she added: "I was feeling rather desolate, to tell the truth, till I saw you."

She stood beside the table while I went on filling cups, suddenly aware, as though I had come out of a walled place of silence, of the high clamor going on about us.

Finally she set her cup back on the table.

"And is Neil—where is Neil now?" she asked.

"He's down-east," I said. "He won't be back —— I'm not sure when he'll be back."

It was over at last. I went into the cloakroom and put on my wraps. And we stepped out into the February twilight against which the street lamps were just beginning to show their pale brightness.

She walked along beside me, erect and light, and once when I turned I caught the old curve of gayety on her lips. We were approaching the jubilee status of Queen Victoria, august, empire-scanning, facing up the avenue, and she indicated it with a little forward nod of her head.

"Whenever I think of Lesage I always think of that awful monument," she said—"all stone petticoats and virtue twice as large as life." She added curiously, after a moment: "After I left they must have imagined all manner of things."

"I think they always pictured you passing from one pair of arms to another—each pair more distinguished than the last."

She laughed.

"Living perpetually in a *robe d'intime* of the most abandoned sort," she said, "and driving nice young men to suicide in the very best Paris hotels." We had reached my door by this time, and she stood aside while I bent over the lock with my latchkey. "The only thing left for me to do now is to stumble out of the final scene in a velveteen tam with my arm across my eyes," she said gayly.

My guest and I sat opposite each other across my little supper table. She had taken off her hat, and her dark hair, parted

(Continued on Page 97)

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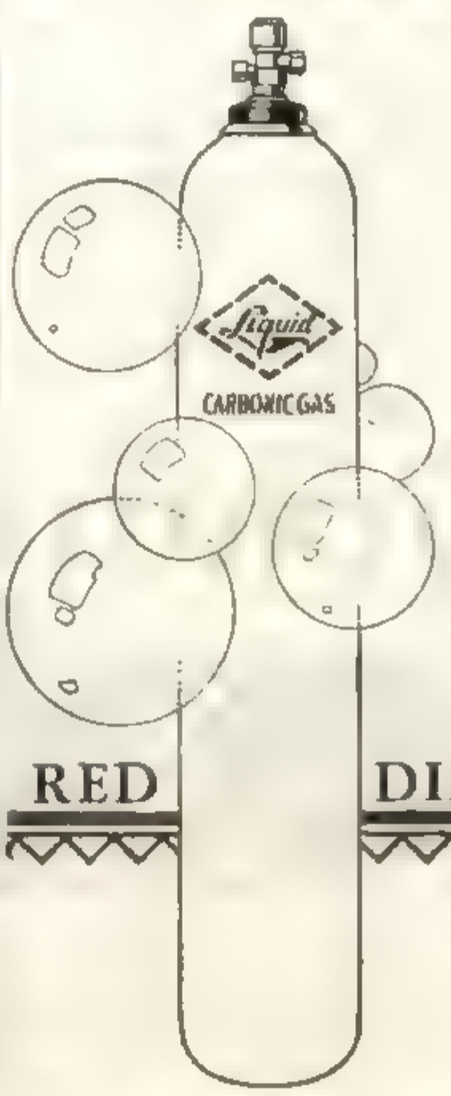

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on one side, was taken back smoothly from her forehead. And I thought how the candor of her white forehead would keep for her that look of childlike innocence till the last day of her life.

She said suddenly, "Lucy, won't you tell me?"

"Tell you?"

"Tell me why you didn't want to see me? Why you are simply waiting for me to go?"

Her eyes, across the table, were half smiling, half pleading. It was as though she wanted me to feel I think for the moment she actually felt it herself—that nothing else counted, that not even Neil mattered, that she had come back to Lesage in the end, risked its hostility and suspicion, gambled the obloquy of the past against the taxi driver's having four buttons on the front of his coat, merely for the sake of our old, unstated, queerly cherished friendship.

"I knew the others hated me for what I did," she said, "but you were never like the rest."

I said inexorably, "But why did you do it?"

"My dear, what else was there for me to do?"

"You could have stayed," I said stubbornly.

She shook her head.

"You don't know what a fury of little hatreds I had contrived to stir up," she said. "No, there wasn't any staying." Her eyes met mine above the shadowing lamp; smiling, unreproachful for my hardness, lightly exonerating in the end. "And I can perfectly understand how, from the point of view of Lesage, there wasn't any coming back," she said.

My eyes went past hers to the little traveling clock on my desk. Twenty-five minutes to eight. And then I heard the elevator door clash to in the corridor, and footsteps and a ring at the apartment bell.

I got up and went to the door, and it was Neil.

"I saw your light as I came by," he said. "I took the day coach home just to get back to you sooner."

He was already in the hall with one arm out of his overcoat sleeve.

"Is it all right?" he said. "Are you alone?"

I took his coat and hat and laid them on the hall chair.

"No, I'm not alone," I said, "but it doesn't matter." And I led him into the little living room.

I think I had some hope that she would go to him with outstretched hands and a quick thrill in her voice: "Neil, I've come back"—betray herself, by some dramatic miscalculation, before his aloof and instant irony. I should have known her better than that. She had risen and stood facing him, with a little smile that took account of everything and left him to make of the situation what he could.

I couldn't see his face. He was silent for a long time, and then he said, in a voice that came with a curious effect of physical effort: "I don't understand why you should have come back."

She kept her smiling, undisconcerted look.

"My dear, why not? As long as one pays one's way and doesn't too much inconvenience the public, isn't one free to come and go?"

He said with indescribable bitterness, "Oh, you've always made the utmost possible use of your freedom."

"But I've always been fair about it," she brightly countered. "If I have distressed people by coming, I have at any rate relieved them very shortly by going away."

It was their old quarrel on the instant renewed; all gay vindictiveness on her part and goaded unavailing bitterness on his. But this time something in the hard wretchedness of his face must have moved her, for she went over to him suddenly and put her hand on his arm with her old lovely, meaningless tenderness.

"I'm going away, Neil," she said gently, "and I promise you faithfully—faithfully you and Lucy—that this time I won't come back any more."

"Going away—when?" he said stonily.

"Right away," she encouraged him. "Don't you believe me? Do you want to come as far as the station with me, just to make sure?"

He didn't answer her, and she took her hand away and went into my alcove bedroom and put on her hat and coat. When she came out into the hall he was waiting for her with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand.

It was almost an hour later when he came back. He came in without ringing, left his overcoat and hat in the hall, and walked into the little kitchen where I was just beginning to gather together the scattered dishes.

It was the face of a stranger that he showed me; the familiar stranger that I had known for the past half dozen years.

"It wasn't very late," he said, "and I wanted to see you."

"I'm glad," I said, "I was afraid you mightn't come back."

"Tonight?"

"Ever."

He took my chin in his hand and turned my face gently about.

"That's an extraordinary thing to imagine," he said.

"But it's just such extraordinary things as that ——"

"Not to us, my dear," he said, smiling his old disclaiming smile. "Never to you and me. We're university people," said Neil. "We're intelligent and sane, and we'll always know exactly what's going to happen week after next. We'll never make each other unhappy, Lucy."

It was true, it was even comforting; and it filled me with strange tormenting pain. We would have our contentment, but it would be contentment at a price. For Neil and me the magic casements would always remain closed on the foam of perilous seas.

Neil picked up a tumbler from the tray and held it to the light.

"I wonder how they make that crackle glass," he said thoughtfully.

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TIMES AND TRENDS

(Continued from Page 13

and buggy and could strum a guitar had the chief qualifications of a village sheik. Most every house had a fence around it and the streets were lined with hitching posts and trees.

No home was complete without tidies, gaudy mottoes on the walls, coffee cups having mustache guards, and at least one squeaky chair that rocked on stationary runners. Church bells rang on Sunday and the lady of fashion preserved her modesty by mounting stepping-stones at the curb to get into her victoria.

The first speed law was passed by the town council of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and it imposed punishment by fine upon anyone who galloped his horse on Main Street. A factory owner in Massachusetts posted some rules, among which were the following:

The mill will be put in operation ten minutes before sunrise at all seasons of the year, and the gate will be shut thirty minutes past eight each evening.

Anyone damaging machinery or impeding the progress of work must pay for the losses incurred.

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Anyone who quits without giving a month's notice forfeits four weeks' wages.

From September till March, twenty-five minutes will be allowed for breakfast, thirty minutes for dinner, and twenty-five minutes for supper, and no more.

During the summer months all employes must have their breakfast before going to work.

Public opinion of that day was largely opposed to baby carriages, because they made it possible for mothers to wander too far from home. The first talk about women's rights, female doctors, and coeducation brought forth tirades about "the shrieking sisterhood," "unsexed" women, and "he girls." Exposed ankles were considered highly immoral, and ladies of good repute were not expected to walk alone on the streets or go to the theater unescorted. There was much excitement over the first lady acrobats, and Harper's Bazar was severely criticized in the late 60's for exhibiting women's faces in public prints.

Months Into Minutes

Up until 1883 we did not even have an accurate time-keeping method. Trains operating between large cities started on one time system and arrived at their destination on another. Train dispatching was in its infancy. Hours were reckoned from sunrise to sunset and many people set their watches by the noon shadow on the sundial. Few complained if a train was no more than an hour late. New York, Boston, Montreal, Hartford and Albany, all differed in time, and yet no one of these cities was willing to yield a single minute to any other.

This condition brought no end of chaos. One railroad system published a time-table listing eighty-seven cities, in each of which the time differed from that of Washington and of all other communities. The confusion continued until the Government devised an hour-zone system establishing four continental time standards—Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific.

It is only when we glance backward in this way that we become fully conscious of the magnitude of America's changes. Thirty years ago we were merely a copy of Europe. To us a foreign label was a stamp of class. The idea of the United States attaining world preëminence in industry and finance was never seriously entertained by people overseas. The transference of the chief responsibilities of civilization from the shoulders of financiers and politicians to those of engineers and chemists was not foreseen.

The brokers who bought seats on the Stock Exchange in 1876 for $10,000 each never dreamed that these same seats would sell for thirty-seven times that amount. The big business men of 1890 would have laughed at the idea of a single organization spending $30,000,000 a year for advertising. Daily newspapers containing sixty-four pages were not visualized, and the directors of the first big chain system of stores, in looking ahead, reached the conclusion that the peak of their growth in sales would be a total of $60,000,000—just one-fifth of the figure reported by this same company last year.

What a change has taken place! The other day the president of the Netherlands Chamber of Commerce in New York City lifted the receiver of his telephone from the hook and was in instant communication with the chairman of the Holland Chamber of Commerce in Amsterdam. When Henry Hudson sailed away from Amsterdam more than 300 years ago, seeking a new route to India, he sailed west for six months before dropping anchor in what is now the harbor of New York. Truly, science has transformed months into minutes so far as communication is concerned.

A Sight for Old-World Eyes

The leading exponent of machine production in the United States clearly expressed our national spirit when he said, "There is too much tradition in all human activity, too much respect for mere precedent. If it stands in the way of real progress, it must be broken down." It is this thought that has taken hold of the entire United States. Instead of adopting one form of architecture, we played with them all. Roman, Greek, Gothic, Georgian, Spanish and Colonial—what a conglomeration of ideas and styles, and what a background for a new art in building to symbolize the individuality of a new people in a new world.

Recognizing the importance of the elevator, we shot upward on preferred sites, increasing the value of land materially. Through the operation of countless mechanical devices, the American metropolis has developed a sky line that has cast its spell on the builders of other lands. We have achieved the sculpturing of solid masses without overlooking the interests of safety and the preservation of light. The architectural apparition created in New York is so different in character that its magnificence of surpassing stature startles the visitor even more than do the spires and vaults of the Old World.

Better still, and contrary to common opinion, America is building more for the ages than was ever done in the past. The granite in our greatest cathedral was so carefully selected that if the elements should remove one inch in 5000 years the loss would hardly be visible to the eye, even on the carvings adorning the structure. The piers of this wonderful church are made of cut-stone blocks weighing up to four tons apiece and set in cement mortar, giving them the strength of a single monolithic shaft.

How different from yesterday, when the piers of great buildings consisted of an exterior shell of squared stone filled with a core of broken rock set in lime mortar. It is no wonder that the famous structures of the past are preserved today only through emergency measures. Recently it was found necessary to inject liquid cement under high pressure into the columns that carry the dome of the greatest cathedral in Europe.

As evidence of our material advancement one need only point to the fact that new wealth is being created in America at the rate of $15,000,000,000 a year. That this figure is extremely conservative is shown by the reported rise in national income from $62,000,000,000 six years ago to more than $90,000,000,000 at present. National wealth is generally computed to be five times the national income. The income of

Continued on Page 101

The *best* gasolines become *better* when ETHYL is added

RACING car drivers *can't* take a chance with their engines.

Before a race they test their cars with the best gasoline obtainable. Then they add ETHYL fluid —the anti-knock compound—to develop the last ounce of power for speed and safety.

Similarly, leading oil companies are adding ETHYL fluid to the gasoline produced for the general motoring public, so that your car, too, may increase its performance under all driving conditions.

This fuel is called ETHYL Gasoline and is sold at pumps which display the emblem shown below.

Read the facts about ETHYL Gasoline given below. Remember that even the best gasolines become better when ETHYL fluid is added.

Then give ETHYL a trial. Its price is merely the price of good motor gasoline plus the few extra pennies the ETHYL ingredient costs. But what a difference it makes in your car!

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City 56 Church St., Toronto, Canada

What Ethyl Gasoline Does

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding ETHYL brand of anti-knock compound (ETHYL fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

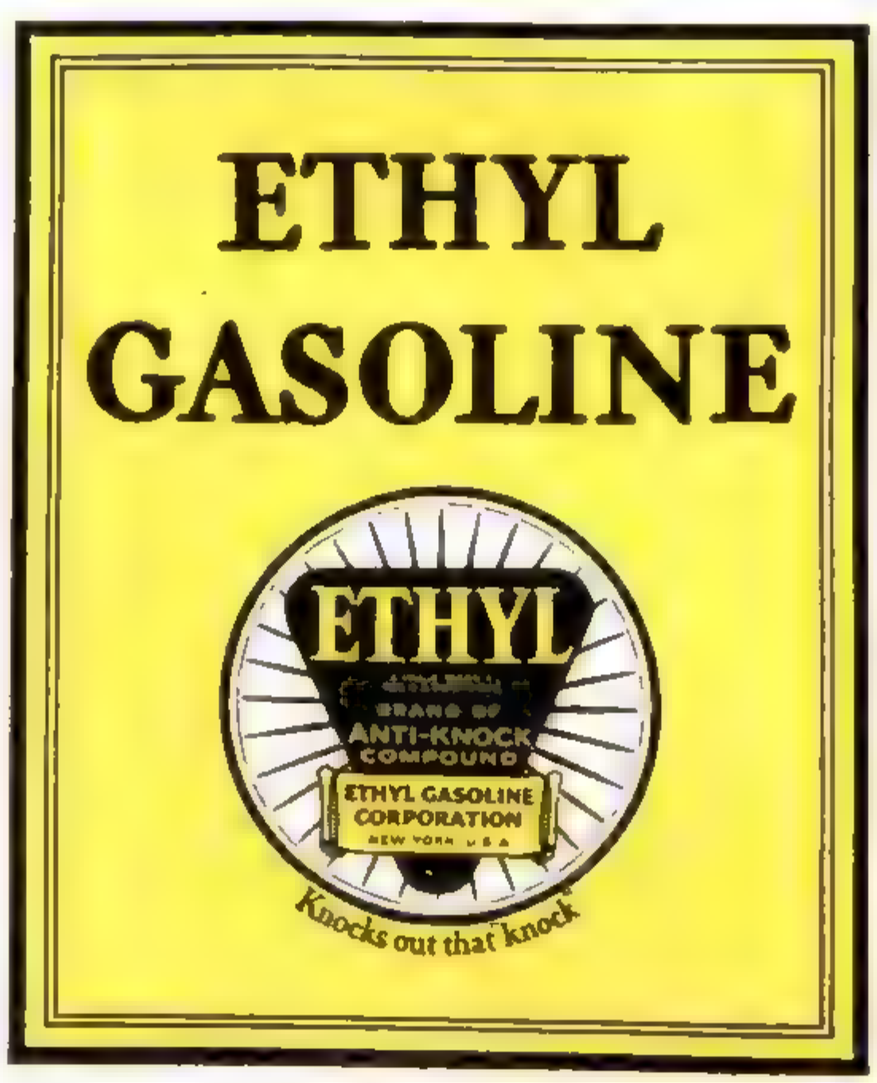
ETHYL fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetraethyl lead, which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix ETHYL fluid with their gasoline. The amount of ETHYL fluid must be sufficient to meet a standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance.

Ethyl Gasoline is sold only at pumps which display the ETHYL trademark.

Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.



What Ethyl Gasoline Does

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

Eliminate "that knock" and power loss.

Make carbon deposits a source of extra power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is the high compression fuel.

Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.

Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.

Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

In short, Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

Another Weyerhaeuser achievement-*Wasteless Lumber!*

trimmed square at both ends·· packaged···· ready to use ····

The Mark of 4 SQUARE Lumber

4 SQUARE

Packaged *and* Guaranteed

These items can now be purchased under the 4-Square label. Each carefully manufactured for the particular purpose for which it is intended.

SQUARE EDGE FINISHING LUMBER
BEVEL SIDING
COLONIAL SIDING · DROP SIDING
SOFTWOOD FLOORING
END MATCHED SOFTWOOD FLOORING
CEILING AND PARTITION
SHELVING · STEPPING
CASING · BASE · MOULDINGS

The saving in labor buys better quality lumber

NOW builders can use better lumber and save enough in labor to more than balance its slightly higher price.

4-Square Lumber is ready to use just as taken from the 4-Square package. No time is wasted in squaring the ends. For the ends are squared at the Weyerhaeuser mills.

Furthermore, 4-Square Lumber is *thoroughly seasoned* and manufactured more carefully throughout. All pieces are dressed smooth and cut to exact lengths. The species and grade are printed on the label and guaranteed by Weyerhaeuser. You get exactly what you pay for when you buy 4-Square Lumber from a 4-Square Dealer.

The use of 4-Square Lumber is also assurance of better construction—finer workmanship throughout.

Your local lumber dealer has 4-Square Lumber or can get it for you. Ask him about it.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS · SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA
General Sales Offices: WEYERHAEUSER SALES COMPANY, Spokane, Washington
District Sales Offices:
MINNEAPOLIS · KANSAS CITY · CHICAGO · TOLEDO · PITTSBURGH · PHILADELPHIA · NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 98)

the average family in the United States has reached the record total of $3066 annually.

It is amazing to foreigners how any nation as young as the United States could have gained such enormous wealth so quickly. But the answer is written on every side. For instance, suppose an investor purchased one share of stock in each Standard Oil Company on January 2, 1912. His total investment of $10,400 would now be worth approximately $93,000, if he held all new stock given to him and made all of the required subscriptions. Even more interesting is the fact that this same investor last year would have received $4338.79 in dividends, or nearly 42 per cent on his original investment. Cases of this kind might be cited by the score.

Business last year on the whole was considered a bit disappointing when viewed in the light of new standards, and yet the average real wage of the American workman was 35 per cent higher than the year before, if allowance is made for changes that took place in the buying power of money.

Ninety-six of our corporations at the end of this twelvemonth period of slackened activity closed their books with a total of cash and investment holdings amounting to nearly $2,000,000,000, all of which represented a surplus not actually required in the conduct of their affairs. Many of these companies seven years ago were borrowing money at rates ranging from 6 to 7 per cent.

Here we have examples of the new and strange distinction between economic prosperity and industrial prosperity. It discloses how the trend of the price of capital can supplant the everyday money market as a controlling factor in our security markets. The forward surges of values are merely a part of the process of adjusting our great financial structure to the declining price of capital.

It is no wonder the layman is puzzled. Great leaders are equally uncertain respecting the early outcome of current developments. We recognize that dozens of indices have become practically worthless. Even the security markets appear to have lost their forecasting power. We remember how a few years ago facts were presented by many to prove that America soon would be overwhelmed by competition in all foreign markets. Six years have passed since then and our overseas sales have increased by more than $1,000,000,000.

Air and Water

We have not forgotten the expressed opinions of architectural authorities who were sure that the Pulitzer Building on Park Row in New York marked the limit of height to which such structures might go. Now this early skyscraper seems small indeed when one looks down upon it from the upper floors of the great buildings that stand near by. And we are still amused by the story of the old gentleman who resigned from the Patent Office half a century ago because, as he said, "everything had been invented that could be invented."

How few years have passed since the automobile was regarded as a rich man's toy with a limited market. When the United States Steel Corporation was organized Carnegie said that the preferred stock was water, and the common, air. He actually believed that he would get his mills back eventually through defalcation of interest on bonds which he took in exchange. Carnegie was a great business leader, but he lacked the vision of Morgan, who foresaw a day of mighty corporations when values would be created where there were none before.

The curtain now goes up on a new act in the drama of our nation's progress. We have reached that point in our development when the results of thought and effort are more apparent than ever before. First comes the conception of a problem, then its study, and finally the practical application of the solution. We are now in one of these third-stage periods when people are cashing in on the work and plans of yesterday.

Ideas and doctrines, as well as practices, have been revolutionized. Modern management has abandoned time-worn encumbrances such as the idea of excessive business secrecy. It has discarded its suspicion of statistics and favors an association of effort. It seeks to discover the meaning of trade experiences and recognizes that a business can be busy without being prosperous. The dynamic boss of today demands real evidence to convince him that a batch of machinery ten years old has not passed the border line of industrial senility.

Each new idea now spreads so rapidly that thousands of clever minds are quickly set to work on the job of capitalizing the thought. A fresh discovery instantly becomes the possession of tens of millions of people in almost every land. Hardly do we reach a saturation point in one line before the crowd is rushing madly in some other direction. We set up tin gods in the afternoon and knock them over in the morning. We go to bed feeling that we have caught up with civilization and wake up confronted by new problems even more bewildering. We meet bunk and deception at every turn, and yet the worthy accomplishments of each passing day so overbalance the waste from human folly that the procession continues onward and upward.

The X Ray Put to Work

What is it that so completely counteracts the effects of the evils that surround us? Why does the trend continue so strongly toward a higher plane of living? Suppose we look for the answer in the field of scientific achievements.

Here is a fellow who has produced a synthetic sun, shining for only the fraction of a second, but having a temperature greater than that of the hottest star. Over there is a chap who is giving new wood an antique finish—creating an appearance of age almost instantly by painting the wood with a mixture of hydrogen peroxide and hydrochloric acid.

In Pittsburgh an engineer has demonstrated a method to regulate street lights by radio waves, turning the lights on and off at will. At Princeton recently, while struggling with the problem of getting nitrogen from air, they stumbled on a method of controlling a supply of atoms, and this may effect large economies in the chemistry of many industries. Mr. Edison and his organization are getting ahead with their task of producing rubber from the lowly milkweed, so it is possible that before long our farmers will be sowing and harvesting a variety of milkweed that will be sent to factories where the rubber content will be extracted by machine methods.

Our record wealth has come largely as a result of the multiplicity of uses to which we have applied each disclosure of new knowledge. When the X ray was first observed it seemed to have only a limited field of usefulness. Certainly no one expected a few years ago that by means of the X ray we would be able to breed a new kind of cotton which would grow so fast that the boll weevil would not have much of a chance to damage it, and yet the experiments of Doctor Muller of the University of Texas appear to make this feasible.

Though medicine and surgery first profited from Röntgen's achievement in revealing the existence of the X ray, some of the principal benefits of this discovery are now accruing to the manufacturers of a multitude of products. Through their power to penetrate the innermost secrets of matter, these rays now tell us if the castings of a great gun or a piece of machinery contain hidden flaws; if the cores of golf balls are symmetrical; if automobile tires are perfect; if a variety of coal runs high in ash; and if hidden knots or resin pockets are present in the center of a large piece of airplane timber.

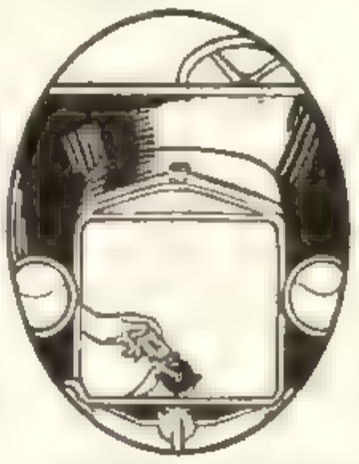
Invisible rays of all kinds are being employed for numberless purposes. Alterations in the writing contained in documents

An Old Friend in a New Role

Starter, generator horn, windshield wiper and all squeak sources need 3-in-One. Use regularly and liberally

Have you ever tried 3-in-One for cleaning and polishing your automobile?

Then try it today. You'll be surprised how quickly it removes that lusterless scum that won't wash off. And how it does polish! Duco and other lacquers, enamel, paint—all take on a hard, dry, greaseless luster that lasts and doesn't hold onto dust.



Model T Ford Timers last longer and don't gum up when oiled with 3-in-One. Keeps points clean, spark plugs firing right.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

For best results 3-in-One must be used *right*—the way that thousands of clever housekeepers used it for cleaning and polishing fine furniture. Here's the way. Read carefully!

Wring out a cloth in water. Apply 3-in-One *to the cloth.* Rub a small space at a time. Polish with dry cloth. Rinse the cleaning cloth and re-oil frequently.

Sounds odd, doesn't it? Oil and water! Who ever heard of such a thing! But just you wait until you've tried it. Then you'll know there *is* something new under the sun.

Rub nickeled parts, lamps, bumpers, radiator shell, with cloth saturated with 3-in-One to prevent rust and tarnish. Then polish with dry cheese cloth. Won't spot with water—stays bright long. Oil all latches—doors close easier—no broken glass.

3-in-One is sold by auto accessory, hardware, grocery, drug and general stores in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and three sizes of bottles.

FREE: *Novel sample and illustrated Rotogravure leaflet covering all automobile uses. Request both on a postal card.*

Manufactured since 1894

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY

130 William St., New York, N. Y.

"Reduces Jars in Auto Cars"

Two Weeks

Vacation time! Two glorious weeks in the open . . . clear, fresh air, blue sky and warm sunshine . . . boating, swimming, fishing. Two weeks to be planned far in advance and remembered far into the future.

And those two weeks may be the most important of the year to you, for in them you will store up health and energy and reserve power enough to last you the remaining fifty. Health enough—if you live in the crowded cities—to last you through the drab days of late fall, when all the earth seems dying, and the long, gray months of winter.

There is a land, however, where the earth does not die for half the year. Where the changing seasons bring only new beauty and new charm, not the sharp desolation of bare ground and bleak sky. It is Florida—"land of flowers"—known even three and a half centuries ago as the land of perpetual youth.

Here you can enjoy the sports of the open the calendar around. Here you can find the vigorous, all-year health that sunshine gives. And here—in Jacksonville, thriving metropolis of this land of full living—you will find opportunity.

For Jacksonville is the accredited commercial and financial capital of the *new* Southeast. (Bank clearings, over a two-year period, average $102,392,783 a month.) It is the distributing center for a vast and prosperous region only now beginning to be developed. (Five hundred manufacturers have factories or branch offices here.) It is a busy shipping point. (Nine railroad lines converge here.) It is a great ocean port. (Forty-two steamship services operate from Jacksonville to the seven seas of the world.) It is a city of solid growth. (Population 1900, 28,429; 1910, 35,301; 1920, 91,558, 1928, 166,003.)

Have you a business which needs an outlet in a new and rich territory? Have you special talents which would be of value in the building of a city? Then come to Jacksonville and investigate the possibilities first-hand. It may well point the way to your greatest opportunity. For further information address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in

Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING. AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE."

can be detected instantly by ultra-violet light. This same type of vibration will reveal if pearls are artificial, diamonds false or a letter has been opened and later resealed by some postal thief.

Photographs produced by means of violet rays not only disclose the character of a rare stone but stamp the individuality of the jewel very much as a finger print marks the identity of a person. Under ordinary white light the photographs of diamonds lack definite distinction, but when made with violet rays the pictures render it possible not only to grade the gems with exactness but to identify them even if stolen and recut.

A growing use for invisible, or what some call "black light," is in the production of spectacular displays. Recently the sunken garden of a hotel park was flood-lighted with lamps giving off ultra-violet rays. The surrounding flowers and shrubbery had been sprayed with luminescent paints containing chemicals having the property to absorb short rays and send them forth in longer waves that were visible.

This produced a beautiful effect, for every leaf and flower glowed in various colors in the surrounding darkness. The water of the fountain in the center of the grounds was treated with similar chemicals so that it sparkled in the beams of ultra-violet light. Hundreds of people walked through this amazing garden with teeth and eyeballs rendered fluorescent by the strange rays. Even clothes that had been colored with aniline dyes glowed under the stimulation of the invisible vibrations.

Two scientists at the University of Iowa have found a way to measure the sound waves created by messages which travel over the network of nerves in the human body. Recently this sound of a nerve current was magnified 800 times and broadcast from a radio station. Experiments have indicated that there is a correlation between the speed of the nerve impulse and the intelligence of the individual.

In the field of wireless the new high-speed beam system of communication is tending to render obsolete the dot-and-dash signals of the Morse code. Beam wireless throws its message only to the receiving station for which it is intended. The speed of transmission under this system will soon be at the rate of 250 words a minute, and this will insure secrecy because it is too fast for the human ear to record. Messages sent in this way could only be caught by a receiving apparatus placed in the narrow path of the beam. No longer will it be necessary to broadcast to the wide world a strictly private communication.

Exploding Sawmill Waste

Wherever there is annoyance or waste clever minds are accepting the challenge and going after remedies. The worst noise to which the urban dweller is subjected is that from riveting. One man with an electric welder can now do what four men are able to accomplish with rivets. Steel buildings already completed by electric welding appear to be fully as strong as those that were riveted. The trend is to methods that make building noiseless.

William H. Mason, once a pupil of Thomas A. Edison, has perfected an interesting process that employs high-pressure steam to explode ordinary sawmill waste from guns in such a way that the worthless chips are transformed into a mass of separated fiber that needs only the application of pressure to convert it into artificial boards suitable for use in automobile doors, card tables, desks and radio cabinets. Having no grain, this synthetic product is many times stronger than is wood across the grain. Here we have a material with possibilities running all the way from pressed brick for the builder to a new source of wood pulp for the paper maker.

If the dreams of scientists are realized wood will gradually pass out of the picture as far as its wide use as a structural material is concerned. Quarried stone will give way to rustless alloys incased in cement or some other artificial plastic substance that can be poured. Furniture will be made largely of synthetic materials, and rubber will come from various bases, such as petroleum, potato starch, calcium carbide and coal-tar derivatives, instead of being made from the milk of millions of hevea trees.

A big automobile company transformed the wood and metal of 200 wartime ships into motor cars, tractors and various kinds of machinery. A forging concern has made a business of buying up the axles from discarded railroad cars and converting this waste steel into anchors for ships.

A Chemical Revolution

A new German fabric is made of hemp fibers instead of flax, with the result that the material is cheaper, does not soil so readily as cotton or wrinkle so easily as linen. The fabric can be spun on a regular cotton machine and mixed with cotton, if so desired. Old automobile-tire casings are sold to companies in Greece, and there converted into crude but durable footwear for the peasants. One old casing will yield three pairs of shoes.

Marine leather is now being manufactured on a considerable scale. The skin of the shark, when treated and tanned, produces a material not only of beautiful hue but that is so strong it is almost indestructible. Leather produced from large fishes entails no expense for pasturage or superintendence. The hide from a shark of medium size is about one-half as large as that from a grown steer. The by-products obtained in this process include oil, glue, insulin, walking sticks and various kinds of trophies. One company may capture as many as 300 sharks in a single night.

A few years ago hardly more than a dozen articles were made from the mineral known as asbestos. Now this strange rock with its myriad fibers is being transformed into composition floors, electrical appliances, phonograph records, switchboards, tapestries, rugs, ladders, mail bags, shingles, theater curtains, brake linings, pipe coverings and fireproof clothes.

The wide effort to effect economies and create new values has brought forth an amazing number of methods and schemes that are most ingenious. The manufacture of glycerin from sugar has been successful in large-scale experiments. In this process a ton of sugar has been made to yield 400 pounds of glycerin, 550 pounds of alcohol and 100 pounds of mixed aldehydes.

There is no doubt that the present chemical revolution will produce results of greater importance to life and industry than did the steam revolution which started more than a century ago. Only two or three dozen alloys were available in 1900. Now we have about 1700, with more coming almost daily.

Heavy metals are giving way to new varieties that are strong, tough and light. We may look forward to the time when an able-bodied man will find it possible to carry a 100-horse-power engine on his shoulder. Typewriters and other common machines will weigh only a fraction of what they do at present. Knowing the construction of atoms and the molecular arrangement of crystals, the chemical engineer will produce the precise alloy he desires by drawing up plans on paper in quite the same way as sketches for a house or a bridge are prepared.

The fact is that we have only just entered an age of metallurgical miracles. By means of a method called "selective flotation," the modern metallurgist now uses an oily, fluffy froth, much resembling the suds of the washerwoman, to transform millions of tons of what was generally considered unworkable mineral rock into such valuable products as zinc, lead, copper and silver.

Many people have tried the experiment of greasing a needle and placing it on water, where it will float. This is the idea back of the new process that is commencing to reclaim millions of dollars' worth of metals which until recently were thrown away on slag dumps. With the use of oil the heavier

particles of ore are made to float in the suds while the lighter ones sink. This plan of practically reversing the law of gravity was discovered decades ago, but no one did much about it until just a few years back, when the metal-producing fraternity at last became conscious of the tremendous savings that would result from the wide application of this extremely novel flotation method.

It is commonly believed that the process of hardening copper is an art of the ancients that was lost to the present generation. The truth is that the modern metallurgist not only understands how copper was hardened by metal workers centuries ago but he has so improved upon their methods that copper and bronze can now be made much harder than they ever were in the past. The old way was either to hand-hammer the metal while it was cold, or to heat the copper implement in an open fire, causing the formation of considerable oxide which alloyed with the pure copper and hardened it.

At present the demand for hardened copper is very limited, because steel articles possess all the qualifications needed. In some places, as in a powder plant, hardened bronze knives are essential because steel instruments might produce sparks. For special uses of this kind, copper can be given all the strength and hardness necessary by alloying it with such elements as cadmium and silicon.

Current accomplishments in the field of metals are too numerous to mention. In England they have produced a steel of excellent quality and unusual flexibility by adding a certain percentage of titanium-bearing sand to the mixture. The employment of nickel as an alloy with cast iron may regain for this once popular metal some of its lost prestige. The application of automatically controlled gas heat in the manufacture of steel bars and plates is making our prisons far more safe against convict escapes.

A Federal research worker interested in the problem of printing found that a layer of chromium only two ten-thousandths of an inch thick deposited upon the nickel surface of an electrolytic printing plate increases its useful life to four times what it is with a plain nickel surface and twice what it is with a case-hardened steel surface.

Rubber Heels for Horses

Chromium is more resistant to the scratch of a diamond than any other metal and, though having a high luster, will not tarnish easily or submit to atmospheric corrosion. That is why it is rapidly coming into use in the manufacture of dies, cams, gears, gauges, golf clubs, plumbing fixtures, automobile radiator shells, bumper bars and exposed reflectors.

Recent flights of Colonel Lindbergh and others have indicated the necessity for perfecting an alloy that is impervious to corrosion from salt air. The United States Bureau of Standards tackled the problem and brought out the fact that duralumin coated with aluminum by the metal-spray process can be exposed to salt air without deterioration. This represents an advance of much importance in aircraft construction.

Because of its presence in the earth in enormous quantities, aluminum produced from common clay may be the metal in widest use in coming years. The Germans are already dissolving aluminum from clay by means of powerful acids. Strange as it may seem, our newest metal, halnium, which was revealed a short time ago by studies of atomic light, is more plentiful in Nature than either tin or lead and 2,000,000 times more abundant than gold. Halnium is another metal that may play a part in remaking civilization.

The tremendous advances taking place in the field of metals is being duplicated in dozens of other branches of industry. On all sides are new schemes designed to effect economies and improve conditions. Terra-cotta blocks having a rubber facing and laid cemented together in quite the same way as are other varieties of paving blocks, represent an English experiment to reduce dust, noise and the danger of skidding. Rubber automobile tires have proved their worth, so it would not be surprising to see entire streets of rubber.

Rubber shoes for horses and mules are gaining in favor, because of the protection they provide to the animals against the shock of contact with hard pavements. Another advantage is the nonskid quality of such shoes.

Dynamite is being used to tame rivers and save cities. Every second, somewhere in the United States, twenty pounds of explosives are fired. Whalers use a killing lance with a small explosive in its tip. Many of the sharks that supply us with leather are baited with raw meat and then brought to the surface with dynamite. Mosquito-infested sections are made livable by providing miles of ditches that are dug with this same powerful agent. Explosives are used to loosen nuts and bolts, kill prairie dogs, quench fires, furnish smoke screens and supply the rock salt that helps freeze our ice cream.

Mining Wood Alcohol

Galileo was only nineteen years old when he went to attend a cathedral service in Pisa, Italy, back in the sixteenth century. That was an eventful day for science, for it was on this occasion that the young man became attracted by the swinging of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of the church. This started him on a line of investigation that gave the world the laws controlling the movements of pendulums.

Although nearly four centuries have passed, new uses for pendulums are still being developed. One of the latest is in the testing of dials that are now placed on our automatic telephones. The instrument in question employs the swing of a pendulum as its unit of measure. The repair man at the faulty telephone calls up the central office and is connected immediately to the dial tester. The apparatus indicates at once whether the dial is working too fast, too slow or at normal speed. The moment the proper correction is made, the instrument disconnects itself and is ready for another repair man's use.

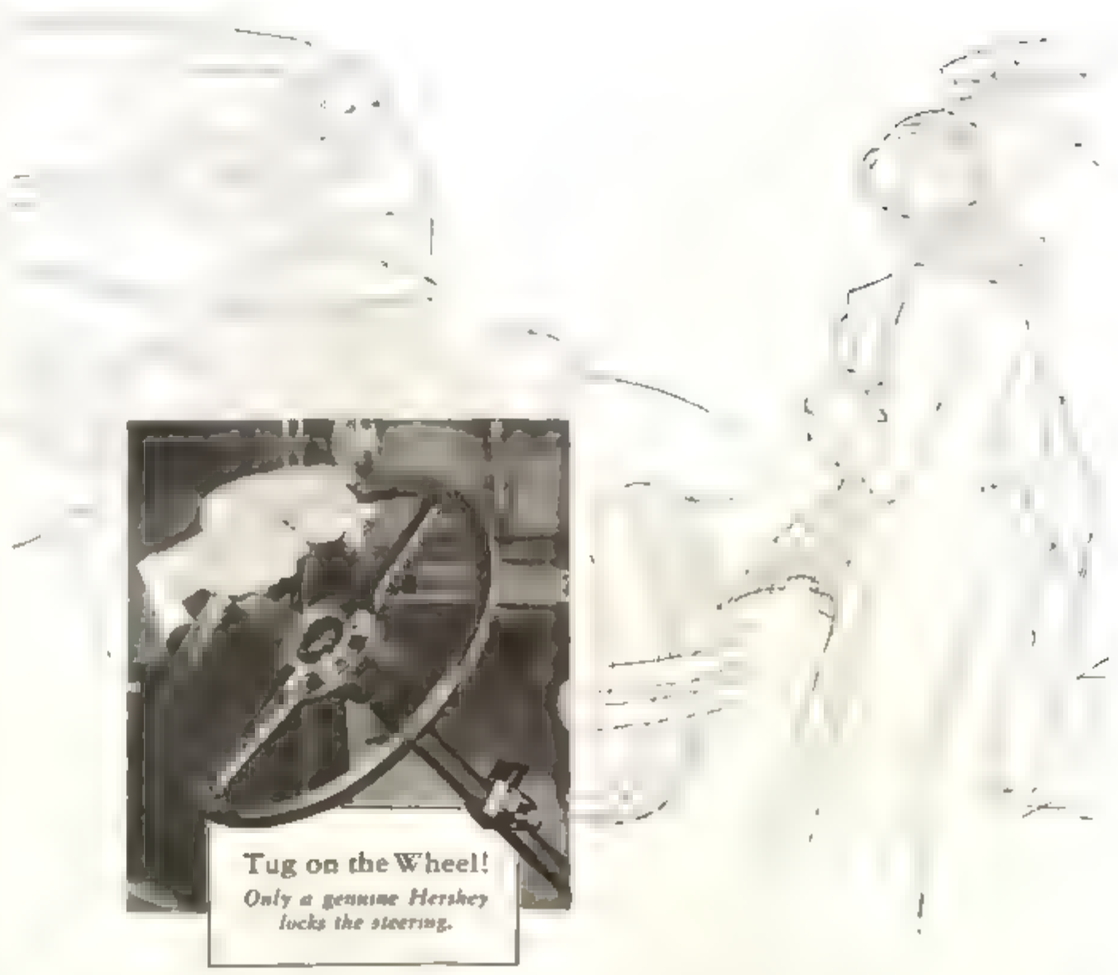
Over in Germany they have started on a project to supply the larger part of that country with manufactured gas produced from one enormous generating station located directly in the coal fields near Essen, the steel-making center. This plan, when consummated, will relegate to the scrap heap many of the local gas plants. The Germans are convinced that the transportation of gas through high-pressure pipes is cheaper than rail transportation of the original coal.

In America we also find astonishing developments in the field of fuel. One outstanding effort is in West Virginia, where large interests are expecting to supply from one plant the entire demand of our people each year for wood alcohol manufactured from coal gases with catalysts.

With methanol—wood alcohol—being produced in this way from coal at a low price, we may expect to see a great increase not only in the production of ammonia for fertilizers but in the products that recently have been displacing rubber. Certainly we shall see the products of coal manufactured into common articles like furniture and tiling. Dr. Franz Fischer of Germany recently exhibited true gasoline, lubricating oil and solid paraffin made from coal.

Huge storage tanks filled with a million or more barrels of oil are safeguarded against lightning by a system that actually prevents the lightning from happening. The ordinary lightning rod or tower that has been in common use operates on the theory of attracting the lightning discharges which would have struck the oil or other objects in the immediate vicinity. The new system operates by gathering unto itself practically all of the ground charges and then returning them to the threatening

(Continued on Page 106)



YOUR NEW CAR *Needs this Protection*

THE man who thinks about automobile thieves *before* he chooses a new car never has to worry about thieves later . . . . for any man who chooses his car with theft protection in mind will choose only a car with a Hershey Lock!

The Hershey Lock is more than a gesture to discourage car thievery—it is tangible, physical protection that *prevents* theft. It is much more than a mere ignition lock . . . . for it locks the steering *too* with a hardened steel bolt.

Ask about locks when you choose your next car. Car dealers will be glad to demonstrate the security a genuine Hershey Lock provides. You will then understand why car thieves have learned to avoid Hershey protected cars and why Hershey Locks have been standard factory equipment on more than half of all cars built for the past two years.

HERSHEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4644-4660 West Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois

HERSHEY *COINCIDENTAL* LOCKS

Write for this interesting booklet—especially if you are about to buy a new car. No obligation—and it can save you hundreds of dollars, time, trouble, and worry.

Name.....

Address.....

This Special Showing of

THE BERKEY

SMARTLY DESIGNED for the modern home, following the fashionable tradition of Jacobean England. Created in beautiful, deep-toned woods, exquisite in color and grain figuration, with carved decorative details cut by hand. Antiqued brass hardware and rich, colorful Ca-Vel velour upholstery. A subtly glowing, hand-rubbed wax finish. Sideboard silver tray, partitioned and plush lined, and dust-proof, solid mahogany drawers. A suite magnificently worthy to perpetuate the name of Julius Berkey, founder, 75 years ago, of the Berkey & Gay Furniture Company.

FURNITURE'S PROUDEST COAT-OF-ARMS

Look for this Shop Mark inset in every Berkey & Gay suite. Also on Berkey & Gay dealers' windows. It is your protection when buying, and your pride ever after.

BERKEY & GAY

BERKEY AND GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN; FOUNDED 1853

NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM, 115 W. 40th STREET

ALABAMA

Birmingham — Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
[illegible] — Hood McPherson Furniture Co
[illegible] — Mason Furniture Co
Mobile — Weatherby Furniture Co.
Montgomery — Frank Tennille Furniture Co

ARIZONA

Phoenix — Barrows Furniture Co., Inc.
Tucson — Groves Bryant, Inc
Albert Steinfeld & Co.

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith — Ende Bros. Furniture Co.
Jonesboro — Johnson Berger & Co., Inc
Little Rock — Arkansas Carpet & Furniture Co
The Gus Blass Co
Pine Bluff — Knox-Walker Furniture Co
Texarkana — Rodgers Furniture Co.

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield — Munger's
El Centro — Imperial Valley Hardware Co
Fresno — Large & McKenzie Furniture Co., Inc
Los Angeles — Barker Bros., Inc
Modesto — Ward Furniture Co
Oakland — John Breuner Co
Pomona — The Home Furniture Co
Sacramento — John Breuner Co
San Bernardino — Pooshee Furniture Co
San Diego — The Bierlage Co
San Francisco — Lachman Bros
W. & J. Sloane
San Jose — [illegible]
Santa Ana — Chandler's
Santa Barbara — Henry Levy
Stockton — John Breuner Co

COLORADO

Colorado Springs — The C. W. Daniels Home Furnishing Co
Denver — American Furniture Co
The Denver Dry Goods Co
Greeley — The J. T. Clough Furniture Co
Pueblo — The Calkins-White Bros. Furniture Co

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport — Geo. F. [illegible]
[illegible] — [illegible]
Danbury — [illegible]
Hartford — [illegible]
New Haven — [illegible]
The [illegible]
New London — The [illegible]
Norwich — The [illegible]
Stamford — [illegible]
Waterbury — [illegible]
Hampson Mintie & Abbott, Inc.

DELAWARE

Wilmington — Wilmington Furniture Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington — Mayer & Co.

FLORIDA

Daytona Beach — Chadwick Furniture Co.
Jacksonville — Chadwick Furniture Co
John A. Cunningham
St. Augustine — St. Augustine Music & Furniture Co.

GEORGIA

Atlanta — Akins Furniture Co
Chamberlain, Johnson, DuBose Co.
DuBose-Freeman Furniture Co
Stephen Philbrosian, Inc
M. Rich & Bros. Co
Augusta — Maxwell Brothers

IDAHO

Boise — Standard Furniture Co
Coeur d'Alene — Lakeside Furniture Co
Pocatello — Petersen Furniture Co
Twin Falls — Hoosier Furniture Co

ILLINOIS

Alton — C. J. Jacoby & Co
Aurora — Adam L. Beyer
Belvidere — Witbeck & Johnson
Bloomington — G. A. Eisenberger & Sons
Chicago — The Davis Co
Alexander H. Revell & Co.
John M. Smyth Co.
Danville — Penry Furniture Co., Inc
Decatur — [illegible]
The Wellepp & Stuckey Furniture Co
Elgin — A. Leath & Co
Jacksonville — Andre & Andre
Joliet — The Eagle
Kankakee — Oberlin Furniture Co.
Mattoon — Gus Schlicher
Moline — The Hadley Co
Mt. Carmel — The Cowling Co
Mt. Vernon — J. N. Johnson Co., Inc
Ottawa — The Leader Furniture and Rug Co
Peoria — Cohen Furniture Co
Peoria — Lowenstein & Main, Inc
Quincy — Roy Bennett, Inc
Rock Island — Hill Furniture Co
Springfield — Johnston Hatcher Co
Sterling — Trouth & Son
Waukegan — J. Blumberg, Inc
Schwartz Furniture Co

INDIANA

East Chicago — Seifer's
Elkhart — Curtis
Fort Wayne — Jacob Tepper Co., Inc
Gary — Radigan Bros.
Hammond — Seifer's
Indianapolis — Banner Furniture Co
Kokomo — Smith & Jacobs
Lafayette — Reifer's
La Porte — Kessler's
Marion — Johnston Furniture Co
Michigan City — The Fawley Abbott Co
Mishawaka — Berger Furniture Co.
Muncie — Banner Furniture Co.
New Albany — White House Furnishing Co.
Newcastle — Johnston Furniture Co.
Peru — The Murphy Furniture Co.
Richmond — The Romey Furniture Co.
Valparaiso — John D. Stoner Furniture Co
Vincennes — Seifer's

IOWA

Algona — D. S. Hunneston
Burlington — White Furniture Co.
[illegible] — Tucker Furniture & Carpet Co.
Cedar Rapids — Continental Keller Co.
Clinton — W. S. Holbrook Co.
Des Moines — Ginsberg's
Dubuque — Roshek Brothers Co
Fort Dodge — [illegible]
H. Boettcher & Sons Furniture Co.
Independence — J. C. Bradshaw Furniture Co
Iowa City — McNamara Furniture Co.
Marshalltown — [illegible]
Ryder Furniture & Carpet Co.

Mason City — Meer Wolf and Sons
Newton — Iowa Mercantile Co
Oskaloosa — W. H. Cooper & Sons
Sioux City — Anderson Furniture Co
The Pelletier Co
Tama — H. Boettcher & Sons Furniture Co
Vinton — [illegible]
H. Boettcher & Sons Furniture Co
Waterloo — Davidson's

KANSAS

Arkansas City — The Newman Dry Goods Co
Coffeyville — The Coffeyville Furn. [illegible]
Emporia — J. C. Dumm Furniture Co
Hutchinson — J. C. Dumm Furniture Co
Manhattan — Coffman's Furniture Store
Topeka — The Crosby Bros. Co
Wichita — The Geo. Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland — Lockhart Bros
Lexington — C. F. Brower & Co
Louisville — Central Furniture Co
Fred W. Keisker & Son
The Stewart Dry Goods Co
Madisonville — The M. Loeb Store
Maysville — Rhodes-Burford Co
Owensboro — Shrout, Piper & Shrout
Paducah — Rhodes-Burford Co

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge — Globe Furniture Co
Monroe — Monroe Furniture Co., Ltd
New Orleans — Mrs. H. B. Bradford
Maison Blanche Co
Shreveport — South Furniture and Carpet Co
Johnson Furniture Co

MAINE

Bangor — Eastern Furniture Co
Lewiston — Atherton's
B. Peck Co.
Portland — Walter Corey Co.

MARYLAND

Annapolis — Globe Furniture Co
Baltimore — Hecht Bros.
Boonsboro — William P. Bast & Son
Cambridge — Moore Bros
Cumberland — L. Bernstein Furniture Co
Hagerstown — Garver Furniture Co
Pocomoke City — J. F. Hargis Department Store

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston — Paine Furniture Co
Fall River — Modern Furniture Co
New Bedford — The Charles F. Wing Co
Pittsfield — The Berkshire Furniture Co.
Springfield — Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.
Worcester — Barnard, Sumner and Putnam Co
[illegible]
Hadley Furniture Co
Chas. E. Mattson & Co

MICHIGAN

Adrian — Walper Furniture Co
Albion — Bishop-Porter Co
Ann Arbor — Handcraft Furniture Co
Battle Creek — The Jury-Rowe Co
Turner Furniture Co
Bay City — E. Rosenbury & Sons
Benton Harbor — W. G. [illegible] & Son
Big Rapids — L. C. Sanford [illegible]
Cadillac — W. H. Gunsell
Detroit — Pringle Furniture Co
Dowagiac — Kyper Furniture Co
Flint — Pringle Furniture Co
Grand Rapids — Bishop Furniture Co
Herpolsheimer Co
Klingman Furniture Co
Van Den Berg Bros
Young & Chaffee Furniture Co
Holland — Van Den Berg Bros. & Ter Beek Bros
Howell — [illegible]
Iron Mountain — The Home Furnishing Co
Jackson — [illegible]
Kalamazoo — The Home Furnishing Co
Lake Linden — The Pearce Hardware & Furniture Co.
Ludington — [illegible]
Lansing — Jarvis-Estes Co
[illegible] — The Jury-Rowe Co.
Marquette — Tonella & Rupp
Mt. Clemens — The Schutt Furniture Store
Muskegon — Bishop Furniture Co
Newaygo — J. C. Ballard & Co
Owosso — The Arthur Ward Co
Pontiac — Wolverine Manufacturing Co
Saginaw — [illegible]
St. Clair — [illegible]
Ste. Ste. Marie — Cowan & Hunt, Inc
Sparta — J. C. Ballard & Co

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea — Skinner, Chamberlain & Co
[illegible] — [illegible]
Duluth — [illegible]
Ely — [illegible]
Fergus Falls — Johnson Furniture
Mankato — Landkamer Bros
Minneapolis — [illegible]
The New England Furniture & Carpet Co.
New Ulm — Dieruer [illegible] Co., Inc
Red Wing — A. Swanson & Sons
Rochester — Luger-Baur Furniture Co
F. J. Paine Co
St. Paul — The Golden Rule
St. Paul House Furnishing Co
Schunemans & Mannheimers
Stillwater — Simonet Furniture & Carpet Co
Winona — The Geo. Hollyer Furniture Co

MISSISSIPPI

Greenville — C. E. Jordan & Co
Greenwood — [illegible]
Meridian — E. A. Hulett & Son
Natchez — Sharp Furniture Co., Inc

MISSOURI

Joplin — Newman's Furniture Division
Kansas City — Duff & Repp Furniture Co.

Maryville — The Price Furniture Co.
St. Joseph — The Townsend Wyatt & Wall Dry Goods Co.
St. Louis — The Lammert Furniture Co
Springfield — Hawkins Bros. Furniture Co.

MONTANA

Billings — Billings Hardware Co
Butte — Baxter Furniture Co
Hennessy Co
[illegible] — Stiner Furniture Co
Great Falls — Standard Furniture Co
Helena — Wright Furniture Co
Miles City — J. E. Graves
Missoula — Missoula Mercantile Co.

NEBRASKA

Auburn — Chapman Furniture Co
Beatrice — A. P. [illegible]
Broken Bow — Johnson Hardware Co
Columbus — Henry Gass & Co
Fairbury — W. G. Freeman
Fremont — J. R. Bader Furniture Co
Hastings — Stein Bros. Co
Kearney — F. C. Scott & Son
Lincoln — Hardy [illegible]
Norfolk — Rudge & Guenzel Co.
Omaha — A. Ballantyne
Orchard — Orchard & Wilhelm Co
Seward — F. W. Gochner

NEVADA

Reno — Downels & Steinmetz, Inc.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord — Geo. L. Lincoln Furniture Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park — [illegible]
Bayonne — Meyer L. Shapiro
Camden — J. B. Van Sciver Co.
Carteret — Bernard Kahn
Englewood — Franklin Parlors
Millville — R. B. Corson
Newark — L. Bamberger & Co
Passaic — The Berdan Furniture Co
Paterson — M. Stark
The Rafner Furniture Co
The Broadway Furniture Co
Perth Amboy — Albert Leon & Son
Plainfield — Tepper Bros
Summit — Joseph Zeigner, Inc
Westwood — Westwood Furniture Co.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque — H. Livingston & Co
Santa Fe — H. Livingston & Co

NEW YORK

Albany — John B. Haul, Inc
C. C. Reardon, Inc
[illegible]
W. M. Whitney & Co.
Amsterdam — [illegible]
Andover — [illegible]

the 75th Anniversary Suite

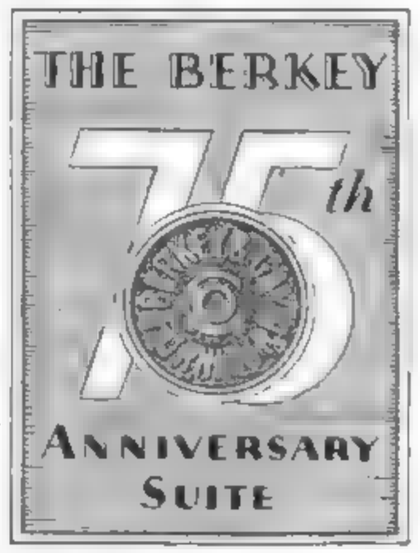
DURING THE WEEK OF JUNE 13th TO 20th
THESE LEADING STORES WILL PRESENT

THE BERKEY

A BEAUTIFUL NEW MODERATELY PRICED
DINING ROOM SUITE, COMMEMORATING

Berkey & Gay's 75th Year

WATCH FOR THE WINDOW DISPLAYS AND NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING
OF THESE STORES. THEY WILL ALSO DISPLAY THIS EMBLEM →



FURNITURE

GRAND RAPIDS UPHOLSTERING COMPANY
LIVING ROOM FURNITURE, CREATED BY BERKEY AND GAY DESIGNERS

Binghamton — Sanitary Bedding & Furniture Co.
Brooklyn — Abraham & Straus, Inc; Brooklyn Furniture Co; Wm. Bros.; Lee Nathan Store; John A. Schwarz Inc.
Buffalo — The Wm. Hengerer Co.; [illegible]
[illegible] — Geo. H. Graf & Company, Inc.
[illegible] — Fitzgerald's
[illegible] — J. C. Dodge & Son
Hempstead — Fish & Kmoenberg, Inc.
Herkimer — H. G. Munger & Co.
Hornell — A. Davidson & Bro.; Rothschild Bros.
Ithaca — Good Furniture Shops, Inc.
Jamestown — Sook & Carlson Inc.
Lockport — Prudden-Weaver Co.
Long Island City — Joseph Rose & Sons
Newburgh — Burger's
New York — Blumingdale Bros., Inc.; G. Cardarelli & Co.; [illegible]; Kroger Brothers; James McCreery & Co.
Niagara Falls — H. J. Stone Furniture Co., Inc.
Norwich — Lawrence & Devine
Olean — Bradner's
Oneida — Markson Bros.
Patchogue — Sweezy & Newins, Inc.
Port Chester — Joseph Tunick
Poughkeepsie — Luckey, Platt & Co.
[illegible] — H. R. [illegible] Inc.; Hoose & Rogers Co.
Scotia — The Wayside Furniture Co.
[illegible] — Wm. H. Frear & Co., Inc.
Troy — Union Furniture Co.
[illegible] — Robert Fraser, Inc.; Santen Co.
Walden — T. L. Millspaugh Furniture House
White Plains — Frost & Lockwood, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville — Sterchi Bros., Inc.
Charlotte — Efird's Department Store
Goldsboro — The Rovall & Borden Co., Inc.
Winston Salem — Huntley Hill-Stockton Co.

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck — Bowman Furniture Co.
[illegible] — [illegible]
Jamestown — [illegible]
Mandan — Kennelly Furniture Co.
Minot — Minot Furniture Co.
Valley City — Anderson-DeCosse Furniture Co.

OHIO

Akron — The C. H. Yeager Co.
Alliance — T. W. Cope & Sons, Inc.
Amherst — The Amherst Furniture Co.
Archbold — Rupp's Furniture & Undertaking Co.
Athens — The Swanson Furniture Co.
Bellefontaine — Armstrong & Allen
Camden — Eikenberry's
Canton — The Betty [illegible] Co.; The Livingston [illegible] Co.
Chillicothe — M. N. Billings Co.; Fleenback & Son
Cincinnati — Lee G. Henshaw & Sons Co.; The Kreimer & Brother Co.
Cleveland — The Sterling & Welch Co.
Columbus — The F. & R. Lazarus & Co.; The McAllister Mohler Co.
Conneaut — The Simonds & Bennett Co., Inc.
Coshocton — The Fountain Co.
Dayton — The Cappel Furniture Co.; The P. M. Harman Co.; The Wayne Furniture Co.
Delaware — The Blair Kelley Co.
Dennison — The Hicks Co.
Dover — The Boyd Furniture Co.
East Palestine — S. J. Lowry
Eaton — The Eikenberry-McFall Co.
Elyria — [illegible]
Fremont — The Farm and Home Co.; [illegible]
Hamilton — George Kiefer Sons
Ironton — Goldcamp Furniture Co.
Kenton — Huber Furniture Co.
Lima — R. T. Gregg & Co.; The Hoover Road Co.
Madison — The Behm Furniture Co., Inc.
Mansfield — Chas. Schroer Co.
Marion — Schaffner's
Massillon — Bloomfield Furniture Co.; The Miller Furniture Co.
Middletown — The F. Cappel Furniture Co.
Mt. Vernon — The Dowde-Rudin Co.
Newark — The Carlile Furniture and Rug Co.
New Philadelphia — G. M. Earle
Niles — H. Pasnell Furniture Co.
Norwalk — De Witt Furniture Co.
Norwood — G. T. Sedgeman
Orrville — The Eikenbery-McFall Co.
Piqua — The Cappel Wayne Furniture Co.
Pomeroy — The Jacob Elberfeld Sons Co.
Portsmouth — The Sam'l Horchow Co.
Salem — W. S. Arbaugh Furniture Co.
Sandusky — The Dilgart-Sprau Co.
Sidney — Fred Salm's Sons
Springfield — The Cappel House Furnishing Co.
Steubenville — The Hub
Strasburg — The Garver Bros. Co.
Struthers — The Penner Furniture Co.
Tiffin — Joseph N. Ewald
Toledo — The La Salle & Koch Co.; The Nugent Furniture Co.; The Howard R. T. Radcliffe Co.
Toronto — C. E. & Lawrence Hughes
Troy — The Cappel-Wayne Furniture Co.
Uhrichsville — P. A. Maturie & Son
Van Wert — Balyeat Furniture Co.
Warren — The Cross-Leslie Co.
Washington — E. E. Watters
Wellsville — Dales Furniture Co.
Whitehouse — Henry Schmid & Son
Wilmington — G. M. Rice
Wooster — The Dunford Co.
Youngstown — The Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
Zanesville — The Henneberg Furniture Co.

OKLAHOMA

Ardmore — Sneed Furniture Co.
Bartlesville — Bartlesville Furniture Co.
Bristow — Grimes & Co.
Chickasha — [illegible]
Enid — [illegible]
Miami — Milner & Fridley
Muskogee — Harbour's; Street-Eicholtz Furniture Co., Inc.
Oklahoma City — Harbour Longmire Co.
Okmulgee — Okmulgee Furniture Co.
Ponca City — Jay G. Paris
Tulsa — F. H. Bull Furniture Co.; Gerret's; Mayo's

OREGON

Portland — Meier & Frank Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown — C. A. Dorney Furniture Co.
Altoona — The William F. Gable Co.
Ambridge — The Martsolf Furniture Co.
Beaver — J. T. Anderson
Beaver Falls — The Martsolf Furniture Co.
Braddock — Home Furniture Co.
Brookville — Reitz Furniture Co.
Butler — Eagle Furniture Co.
Chester — Frank Tolin, Inc.
Connellsville — Aaron's
Donora — Faller's
Easton — Werner Co.
Ellwood City — Ellwood City Furniture Co.
Erie — Epp Furniture Co.; Erie Dry Goods Co.; Klock Furniture Co., Inc.
Franklin — Masterson & [illegible]
Greensburg — [illegible]'s
Greenville — The [illegible] Furniture Co.
Grove City — J. M. [illegible] & Sons
Harrisburg — Joseph Goldsmith & Son; Hoover Furniture Co.
Hazleton — Mrs. F. Reinhart's Sons
Homestead — Hall Brothers
Lewistown — Buchbelt Brothers
Jeannette — S. J. Leader; Power & Co. Inc.
Johnstown — The Geis Store; John Thomas & Sons
Lancaster — Keystone Furniture Co.
Lewistown — Miller & Beggs Inc.
Lewistown — George A. Schwartz
Lititz — Beck Brothers
Lock Haven — Maxwell Furniture Co. Inc.
Mechanicsburg — J. H. Nunn
Monessen — Reliable Furniture Co.
New Castle — Haney Furniture Co.; Robins Furniture Co.
New Kensington — Leon S. Klein
Norristown — B. E. Block & Bros.
Oil City — George J. Veach
Pittsburgh — Boggs & Buhl; Kaufmann's; Select Furniture [illegible]
Pottsville — L. Hummel's Sons
Reading — Berks Furniture Co.; Hard Furniture Co.
Scottdale — Mentzer & Son
Scranton — Select Furniture [illegible]
Sharon — J. M. Wilson & Sons
Shamokin — Murray Furniture Co.
Shenandoah — Wm. H. Dankenbrink
Somerset — Ed. J. Jennings
Tarentum — Mercer Furniture Co.
Titusville — Rapp Shreve Furniture Co.
Turtle Creek — [illegible]
Uniontown — Peoples Furniture Co.
Washington — Washington Furniture Co.
Waynesburg — F. Hayes Harmon
West Chester — William J. Kauffman
Wilkes Barre — Select Furniture Corporation
Wilkinsburg — [illegible]
Williamsport — A. H. Heilman & Co.
Wilmerding — Faller's
Woodlawn — Plodiner Furniture Co.
York — Gehley's Carpet House, Inc.
Zelienople — The Zehner Co.

RHODE ISLAND

Providence — Joseph Marrus & Co.; The Shepard Stores
Westerly — Westerly Furniture Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston — Kerrison's
Columbia — Kimbrell Furniture Co.
Greenville — Craig-Rush Furniture Co.
Spartanburg — Kimbrell-Clement Furniture Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen — The Home Furniture Co.
Huron — Axelrad Brothers
Mitchell — J. W. Broadbent Furniture Co.
Sioux Falls — The Home Furniture Co.
Watertown — The Home Furniture Co.

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga — Clemons Bros.; Gottschalk & Co.
Jackson — Rose Furniture Co.
Knoxville — Anderson Dulm Varnell Co.; Henry Trent Furniture Co.
Memphis — [illegible]; J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.; Lowenstein's; National Furniture Stores
Nashville — The Cain Sloan Co.

TEXAS

Abilene — G. W. Waldrop & Co.
Amarillo — Palo Duro Furniture Co.
Austin — [illegible]; Swann Schulle Furniture Co.
Beaumont — Phoenix Furniture Co.
Dallas — Fakes Furniture and Carpet Co.
El Paso — Hoyt Furniture Co.
Fort Worth — Ellison Furniture and Carpet Co.; Fakes & Co.
Galveston — Kaufman Meyer & Co.
Houston — [illegible]; Wallace Homefurnishing Co.
Lubbock — Baker Furniture Co.
Paris — Rodgers Wade Furniture Co.
Port Arthur — [illegible]
San Angelo — San Angelo Furniture Co.
San Antonio — [illegible]; [illegible]
Sherman — [illegible]
Taylor — The Eastwood Co.
Temple — Best Furniture Co.
Waco — R. T. Dennis & Co., Inc.
Wichita Falls — North Texas Furniture Co.

UTAH

Ogden — Boyle Furniture Co.
Salt Lake City — Auerbach Co.; Standard Furniture Co., Inc.; Sterling Furniture Co., Inc.

VERMONT

Rutland — Cahee House Furnishing Co.

VIRGINIA

Bristol — Bogge-Rice Co.
[illegible] — Schewel Furniture Co., Inc.
Richmond — Class G. Jurgens Son; Miller & Rhoads, Inc.; Sydnor & Hundley, Inc.
Roanoke — Thurman & Boone Co.

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen — Kaufman Leonard Co.
Pullman — B. B. Furniture Co., Inc.
Seattle — Frederick & Nelson
Spokane — The Crescent
Tacoma — Tull & Gibbs, Inc.; Wm. L. Davis Sons Co.
Walla Walla — Whitehouse Drumheller Co.
Wenatchee — Kaufman-Leonard Co.
Yakima — Coffin Rundstrom Furniture Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield — Bluefield Furniture Co.
Charleston — The Woodrum Home Outfitting Co.
Clarksburg — The Home Furnishing Co.; Palace Furniture Co.
Huntington — Dingman's
Morgantown — Living Furniture Co.
New Martinsville — [illegible] & Wayman
Parkersburg — Patton & Neal Co., Inc.; Roth Furniture Co.
Wheeling — Cooey Bentz Co.

WISCONSIN

Antigo — McCandless & Zobel Co.
Appleton — Breitschneider Furniture Co.
Eau Claire — Aug. Hansen Furniture Co.
Fond du Lac — Kremer Bros.
Green Bay — F. S. Kelly Furniture Co.
Kenosha — Bode Bros. Co.; Mies Furniture Co.
La Crosse — The Wollaeger Furniture Co.
Madison — [illegible]
Manitowoc — The Urbanek Furniture Co.
Marinette — [illegible]
Milwaukee — [illegible]; Hartman's; Kunzelmann Furniture Co.; [illegible]
Neenah — Wm. Krueger
Racine — Geo. J. [illegible]
Port Washington — Boerner's
Rhinelander — Porter Furniture Co.
Richland Center — Hildebrand Furniture & Undertaking Co.
Sheboygan — M. Kroos & Son; H. C. Prange Co.
Stevens Point — Boston Furniture & Undertaking Co.
Waukesha — J. K. Randle & Son
Wausau — E. J. Radandt Furniture Co.
Wisconsin Rapids — Johnson & Hill Co.

WYOMING

Cheyenne — Percy Smith Mercantile Co.

CANADA

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ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

(Continued from Page 103)

thundercloud by ionic discharge in such a way that no destructive lightning can take place over the protected area. The electrical discharge in the heavens is changed from an impulsive flash to merely an electrical leakage of almost imperceptible intensity.

Airplanes are now being used to carry life lines to ships in distress. A new apparatus employing wireless waves to provide audible control will stop factory machinery instantly in answer to a cry of "Help." The microphone that forms a part of this equipment is so selective that it will disregard ordinary conversation and react only to the key words that have been chosen. This points to a time when doors will open and trains stop in quick response to a specific command.

A number of manufacturing establishments have succeeded in capturing waste odors and converting them into dollars. One chemical concern traps the smells going up the chimney, mixes them with water, and then, by a process of distillation, recovers as much as 80 per cent of the solvents used in the chemical formula employed.

Even our conservative railroads have commenced to go in for innovations. It was the roller bearing that did as much as anything to make the automobile possible. Now our great rail-transportation systems have discovered that it requires only one-seventh the tractive effort to start a roller-bearing train that it does to start one equipped with friction bearings. One company that operates ball-bearing trains has found already that a locomotive can start thirty such cars with as little effort as it can a twelve-car train of the ordinary type. The new system eliminates jolt and jar in starting and stopping, and does away almost entirely with the pitching and rolling that heretofore developed when trains traveled at high speed. So easy of operation are the new roller-bearing cars that a heavy steel Pullman of this type can be pushed by two men along a level track.

A New Note in Train Whistles

Several test trips of freight trains have shown the entire feasibility of employing radio to keep the engineer and the conductor in oral communication with each other at will, though separated by more than a mile of intervening freight cars. This plan will speed up railway operations and allow the trainmen to be in constant touch with the signal towers along the line. The mere pushing of a button in the caboose sounds a whistle over the engineer's head. All that is then necessary to establish communication is for the man operating the locomotive to pick up a hand telephone and start to talk.

There could be no better example to indicate the necessity of scrutinizing all current practices, regardless of their seeming importance, than the matter of the arrangement of engine-whistle toots on railroads. Originally the signal was two long blasts followed by two short ones as the locomotive approached a crossing. Someone questioned the practice of making the most noise when the engine was farthest away. The result in several places has been a new signal in which the short toots are sounded first, while the longest and loudest warning is given just before the locomotive reaches the crossing. The first railroad that made this change had twenty-eight fewer accidents at crossings last year, which reduction was attributed largely to the new arrangement of blasts.

Farming is rapidly being transformed from a trade into a profession. It is becoming more a business of head than of muscle. The modern Reuben is not the hayseed of yesterday. He walks and dresses in the metropolitan manner, rides to town in his own machine and attends conventions where they all discuss economics and the principles of cooperative marketing. Already there are 2,500,000 farmers who belong to the cooperatives.

While politicians go on talking of farm relief in the form of congressional enactment, the problem is being handled effectively from quite another angle. The green leaf of the plant that once seemed so common is now regarded by science as the world's most wonderful chemical factory and power house. So far as evidence now shows, the vitamins are made mainly, and probably exclusively, by plants. The calories contained in vegetable matter are put there by a process of Nature called photosynthesis. Of all the solar energy that falls on green plants, only 1 per cent is now utilized.

How greatly humanity would benefit if a way could be found to increase the efficiency of Nature's method of utilizing sunlight even a fraction of a per cent. Already we know that plant growth can be accelerated by increasing the carbon-dioxide supply, light intensity and the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere.

Getting Rid of Surplus

The outcome of the application of new knowledge of this kind will be the more rapid growth of trees and vegetables, the conversion of far more sun energy into mechanical power, and lower costs for producing foodstuffs. Regions of abandoned farms, such as exist in New England, will again buzz with the activity of an agriculture reborn.

Electrification of agriculture is bringing radical changes in methods and markets. In one dairy district in Virginia where the milk supply is not constant, the output of cream in the spring and fall seasons is far in excess of the requirements for ice cream. In handling this problem several farmers have adopted the plan of churning the surplus cream into butter and then placing the butter in cold storage. Later, when the supply of cream falls off, the butter is reconverted into cream, which is immediately frozen into ice cream and marketed.

Well may we wonder what tomorrow will disclose. Mass production that revolutionized American manufactures is now being made to serve the farmer with equal satisfaction. Invention has been shouldered with the job of producing a machine or device for every need. Tractors, disk plows, mechanical planters, combines, power stackers, incubators, brooders, cotton pickers, milkers, cement floors, endless belts, force pumps and dozens of other things have all played a part in converting our farms into factories and in making agriculture a year-round business.

The chief threat to farming has been the impossibility of finding a practical way to restrict output. Science says that the remedy is to convert surplus production into useful commodities. A ton of ordinary straw mixture on distillation has been made to yield 1600 pounds of chemical products worth $250. One of these is furfural, used as a flavorer of tobacco, a solvent for dyes, a germicide and fungicide, and an important ingredient in the manufacture of leather dressings, nitrocellulose and lacquer. A few years ago furfural sold for ten dollars or more a pound. Now it is in large supply for fifteen cents a pound. Developments of this kind are making the farmer a factor in a number of chemical businesses, even including the production of perfume.

Progress in these directions means a great deal to everyone in the United States. When the farmer can get an income from producing raw materials for industry, aside from what he receives for his output of foodstuffs, then we have created a situation that will strengthen materially the buying power of our most basic business. In addition, we have paved the way for a material reduction in the cost of the things we eat.

Wherever there is waste the ultimate consumer must pay for it. The wholesale elimination of unnecessary losses of time, effort and material is certain to produce a revenue in which all may participate. Wealth created in this way is real and permanent. It is not the kind that merely shows up on paper. It will not disappear overnight. The much-heralded chemical age has arrived.

THE CITIES OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 9)

fling a taciturn quip into the teeth of death—paragraphs he would never see.

Then Gary had come through the push. Gary and himself, the last of their vintage, keeping the faith with pals who lay asleep forever in crushed cockpits beyond Cambrai and Bapaume and Ypres, whose spirits stalked the fogs of other oceans. Men who had left nothing behind but vacant numbers, empty chairs and a few official paragraphs. Men who had asked for nothing very great in their short, careless lives. But pilots, every one of them—pilots who had gone simply and well for no good reason save that the years might troop ponderously onward and upward chanting their fame, crystallizing them into the heroism of cold marble while their old sad-eyed mothers sat by pitifully cherishing a few beribboned crosses or a baby shoe perhaps, and their dogs lay quietly in the sunshine, growing older and more asthmatic and cocking an occasional ear for a step that would never sound again this side of the curtain. Mike Frobish and Charlie Hostettler, Drake and Pearly MacIntyre, all crowded together in some cozy corner of

MacAnulty, the Pilot

Valhalla while they told their old tales and laughed at the cities of the world.

Good old Gary had said, "Tom, don't go with the loud-mouthed beggar! We can get along as we have before. We don't need the ten thousand quid. We'll go back to Canada and raise it ——"

But he had followed the old law, leaned out of the tiny door and clasped Gary's hand.

"Best o' luck, Gary. Sorry. Tonight's my night with Baby ——"

The chronometer hands pointed to 4:10. Twenty-two minutes to go.

Panic took him suddenly for a small moment. "No, it can't be! After all these years—all I've been through! It can't! It can't!" But he was too old at the game.

The chairs scraped back quickly and someone pushed a toddy into his hand.

"Well, if it isn't old Mac!"

"Tom, you son, where've you been all these years?"

"What d'y know?—old Tom MacAnulty! Ho, steward, a drink for Captain MacAnulty—strong, thick and heavy."

A pity to leave good old Gary behind—Gary would understand, but he'd be lonely. Slowly the panic left him. Four-twelve. Almost time for the old dawn patrol. The main thing was to do it quick. Nose down full when the engines konked - no drifting and drowning and freezing—right in, smash, for a fare-thee-well.

There was an even twenty minutes. Suddenly Blaise opened his puffy eyes and stared about him in amazement. His eyes took in the chronometer and glanced suddenly at the open cocks of the reserve tanks. His fingers clenched. He fumbled for his mouthpiece.

"What's up? Where are we?"

"Finished," said Mac.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"What I say. Reserve's out in twenty minutes that's all."

"Then we're there? I mean ——"

He lurched forward stiffly and looked down at the endless fog blankets that hung like a great inverted bowl, covering the world. Quickly he turned and saw it written on the pilot's face.

"We can't, MacAnulty! We can't be! I can't go out this way! We must be there! We'll be picked up even if we aren't. We'll —— Good Lord, do something! I've hired you to get me there."

Slowly Mac shook his head. "You hired me to try, and I've tried. You can't buy petrol here. We're done, so shut up. I'm not your chauffeur or your butler now. I'm a pilot, and you're just riding with me. Sit down!"

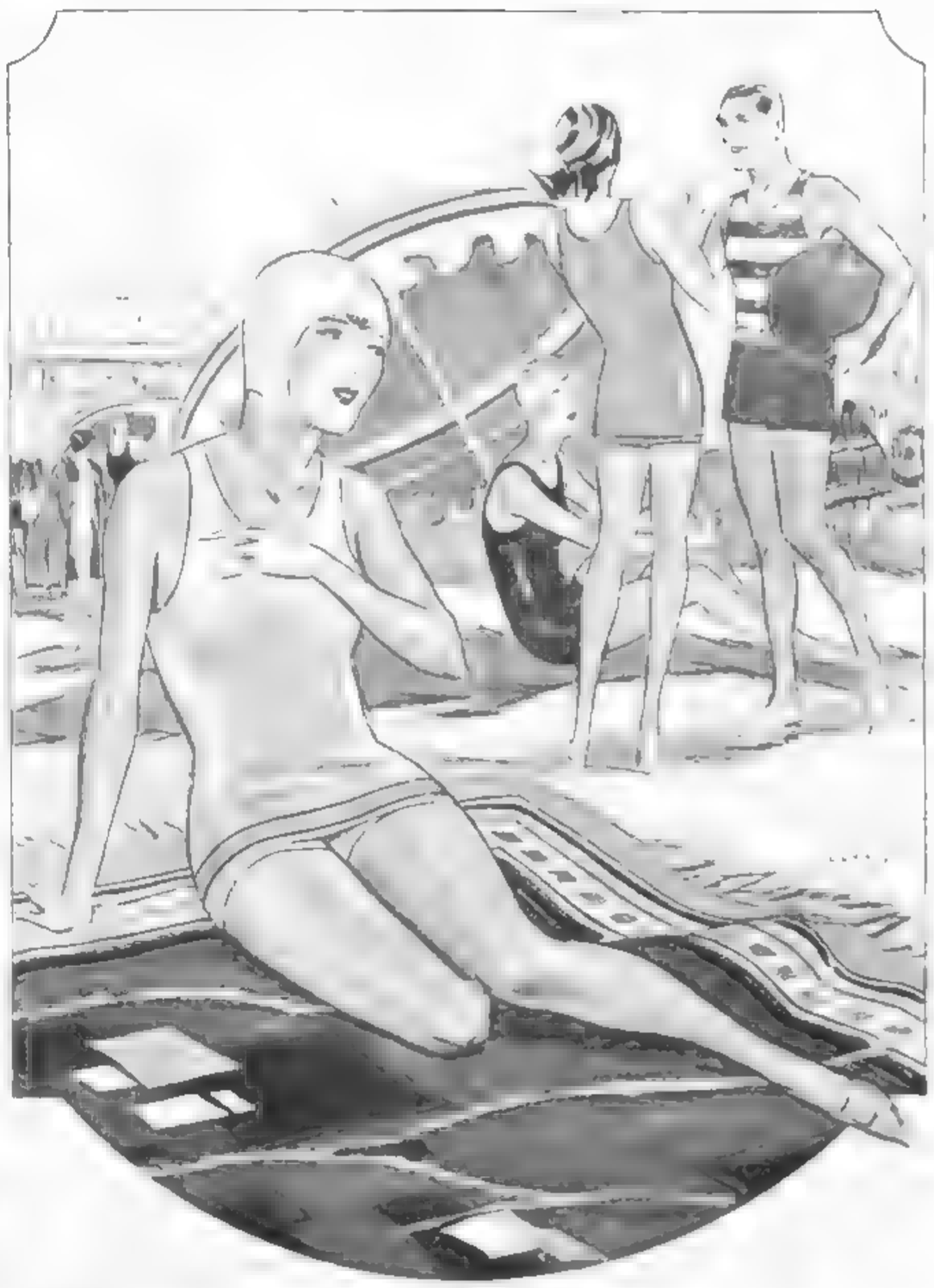
"But we'll be picked up! We've got to be! I can't die this way!"

"No—when they konk—I'm diving in the drink—had enough—not going to hang on and freeze. We're way north—no chance."

Furiously Blaise leaped at him and grabbed his arms. "No! D'y hear? It's all your fault anyway! You'll do as I say! I own this outfit and I've hired you to obey me!"

They struggled for a moment, with Blaise's voice a thin metallic scream in Mac's ear phones—swearing, cursing. Then Mac threw him off and pulled out the wire plug from the box that hung under his chin. The voice snapped off, but Blaise's lips were still moving, shouting into the roaring silence of the two engines. He braced himself against the cross struts for another leap in his mad fear, just as the starboard M.H.T. gasped and soughed slowly down its dying path. The other engine coughed fitfully for a second and together they droned softly away into a rising silence that pressed hideously against the two men's brains, like a long continuous crash of a speeding express. The tachometer needles slithered down toward zero. Slowly the nose sank as Mac pushed the wheel forward to keep his speed—down, down toward the rising gray wraiths of the fog. A great strong bird, bowing to the elements that had killed it, nodding in infinite exhaustion to the emptiness that had sapped its lifeblood, hovering for a moment

(Continued on Page 109)



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The Pulitzer Prize in Journalism

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The Indianapolis Times

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

THE CITATION: *"The prize for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year, a gold medal costing $500, is awarded to* THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES *for its work in exposing political corruption in Indiana, prosecuting the guilty, and bringing about a more wholesome state of affairs in civil government."*

The political dictator of Indiana was sentenced to life imprisonment for murder.

He received the sentence with contempt. For he expected a quick pardon.

He had boasted—*"I am the law in Indiana."* And for a time, he was. He had elected a governor. He had dictated the nominations of scores of the state officials. He had his own secret service. He terrorized and corrupted one of the richest and most powerful states in the Union.

But his pardon never came. For his gang, traitorous as ever, deserted him.

And then he issued a letter from his cell that shook the political foundations of the state.

This letter declared that he had documents that would prove state-wide corruption, and would expose the crooked officials and political leaders who had promised him freedom.

BOYD GURLEY, *Editor of The Indianapolis Times*

The Indianapolis Times, which for years had fought him and his organization, started on the trail of the truth behind these charges.

And then began a fight so sharp and deadly that the lives of the editor and staff of *The Indianapolis Times* were constantly in danger. But it uncovered a story so wildly incredible that it has no counterpart in fiction. And *The Indianapolis Times* published every word of this story of crime, oppression, bribery and blackmail that reads like the blood-stained records of ancient tyranny. It unearthed damning letters, checks and photographs. It produced agreements, signed by the highest names in the state, to deliver political patronage. It found missing or suppressed witnesses who enabled various grand juries to indict crooked officials and scheming politicians.

And it won the undying regard of every reputable citizen of Indiana. It gave them the truth, and the truth set them free. With their pride and faith aroused, the people of Indiana again confirmed the brilliant record of one of the greatest and most honored of all the States. For like all the victories of good government, this was the public's victory—the victory of enlightened public sentiment.

The magnificent fight of *The Indianapolis Times* attracted national attention. Newspapers, business associations, political clubs and organizations noted and praised its long, successful struggle to secure honest government.

Now the most coveted prize in the newspaper world—The Pulitzer Prize in Journalism—crowns the efforts of *The Indianapolis Times* and its editor, Boyd Gurley.

The Scripps-Howard Newspapers hereby tender their gratitude and appreciation for this signal honor.

And the entire Scripps-Howard organization unites in a chorus of congratulation for the editor and staff of *The Indianapolis Times* . . . who have fought the fight of the good citizen . . . who have again given point and meaning to the Scripps-Howard principle of fearless public service . . . and who have interpreted so clearly the Scripps-Howard ideals and policies that are settling these newspapers ever more deeply in the hearts of the people.

NEW YORK *Telegram* · CLEVELAND *Press* · BALTIMORE *Post* · PITTSBURGH *Press* · SAN FRANCISCO *News* · WASHINGTON *News* · CINCINNATI *Post* · INDIANAPOLIS *Times* · DENVER *Rocky Mt. News* · DENVER *Evening News* · TOLEDO *News-Bee* · COLUMBUS *Citizen* · COVINGTON *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON *Times-Press* · BIRMINGHAM *Post* · MEMPHIS *Press-Scimitar* · HOUSTON *Press* · YOUNGSTOWN *Telegram* · FORT WORTH *Press* · OKLAHOMA CITY *News* · EVANSVILLE *Press* · ALBUQUERQUE *New Mexico State Tribune* · KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel* · EL PASO *Post* · SAN DIEGO *Sun* · TERRE HAUTE *Post*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS · AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

(Continued from Page 107)

between two endless nothings while its last pulse beats echoed away into the silences of space.

Blaise waited a second "Don't! Don't, I tell you! I've got to have my chance!" Then in blind fear he leaped again for the wheel, but Mac's fist caught him on the mouth and mashed him back into his basket seat.

The altimeter needle crept slowly down toward sea level—a cold gray sea level of boundless freezing miles. Too far north for the steamer lanes, not near enough for fishing boats—too foggy to see either. Hours, perhaps, clinging to a half-submerged bus, soaked and numb. Hopeless hours of misery and agony. Not worth the one odd chance that couldn't possibly come. When your number's up cash in. There's no discharge in war.

The Pitots gave the air speed at ninety-five. He pushed the wheel still farther forward till the needle leaped to a hundred and ten. The wind scream rose exultantly in the struts, like the devil's pitch pipe, shrieking higher and higher, till it lashed through the silence that blasted their hearing and vibrated in their teeth with the pain of a dentist's drill. The fog stretched wet clammy hands for them and draped them suddenly with its soggy gray shawl. A hundred and fifty-five miles an hour. Moisture beaded the glass faces of the dead and dying instruments. The chronometer ticked silently onward as the air speed rose and the altimeter needle sank.

"Let's go! Where's Charlie Hostettler? Ho, steward, a drink for Captain MacAnulty. Come on, get going! The wings'll crack off in half a mo! Another fifteen hundred ——"

"Don't, damn you, don't!"

A hundred and seventy. "Get your hand off my arm, you buzzard! Tonight's my night with Baby!" Words torn into long wailing screams—meaningless—empty. Fists thumping and swinging. Shoulder on the wheel—no freezing—no drifting for hours. Eight hundred and fifty feet of fog left—"Landed safely this morning ——"

Mr. Blaise

Mac's heart went cold and knotted with a stifling jerk. Every muscle in his arms and back cracked as he heaved frantically backward on the wheel. The cords and blood vessels bulged under the sweat that flowed suddenly. The scar on his whitened face writhed like smoke. Screaming and yowling, the wind reached its thinnest note, tearing to buckle the struts. There was a deep, empty give to everything, but he made it. For endless panting hours they skimmed the snow and the stunted fir tops, losing the death speed. Blaise, braced at the forward windows, stared wild-eyed—not believing—holding his breath till his face purpled. Gradually the speed slackened, then quickly it died. They struck a hummock and bounced fiendishly—struck again and cracked off the landing gear. Up on one wing she went like a lashing whip cord, spun and carried away the engines, buckled in half and pitched the office and the tail far across the slithering ice.

For a long time they lay bleeding and panting, flat on their backs. Then gradually they came around to stare upward at their cushionless basket seats and the splintered floor boards. Slowly Blaise pushed himself up on an elbow and wiped at the blood that oozed from his torn scalp. Then, like a man possessed, he leaped to his feet, kicking and tearing at the rumpled side fabric, fighting to get out. Mac turned over and groaned. But presently he crawled out after the man and stood up with his left elbow cupped in his right hand.

Blaise was screaming and thrashing his arms wildly. "I've made it made it! D' y' hear? I'm alive! I m alive and we're here!"

Mac took one blind step forward and slammed him on the point of the chin. He went down like a football dummy, with his mouth open and his straggling hair clotting the blood on his forehead.

"You lousy skunk, open your eyes and get up and fight!" He kicked at Blaise's feet. "I'll show you! I've got only one good arm, but I'll whip you with it, and all your rotten ilk too! You won't loan some of the money you got while the rest of us were fighting, hey?" He jerked the man to his feet. "You won't give it unless you can horn in on the glory that other men sweat for, hey? You'll give it for any other business investment, but you won't give it for flying unless you can get your name in the paper for bein' a hero ——"

Blaise lashed at him blindly and Mac doubled him up again.

"You think money'll buy everything! You think a flyin' man's just a chauffeur to be hired—a chauffeur who can be put in livery and bossed like a lackey! What about the fourteen years I've spent learning how to do it, hey? Fourteen years while you were sitting safe and sound, reaping the profits from a filthy newspaper that decided finally to sponsor flying so's everybody would yell hooray! What about my pals who are dead—fellows who died so you could stay alive and the world could go on?"

He pulled Blaise up again and shook him.

"And now, after being a passenger for twenty-three hours—after calling me yellow and forcing me to fly against my better judgment—all you can say is you did it and we're here!" His voice rose to a scream. "It isn't enough, blast you! I tell you, it isn't enough! I don't give a damn if we are here! I don't want their medals, but I'll teach you the difference between a pilot and a Modoc if I break every bone in your flabby body!"

He let go and Blaise collapsed in a heap.

"You can't even fight!" he snarled. "All right—and now you can't pay me, see? I don't want your filthy money. Gary and I've got along without it so far and we'll keep on without it! You rode with me wherever we've come to—got it? You rode with me just like any other kiwi! You didn't pay me to be your chauffeur, and now you can't pay me!"

He kicked once more at Blaise's feet, turned his back and walked back to the crash. Presently he was clinging to the fuselage, sobbing like a child in his nervous let-down. His left arm was out at the elbow and three fingers were snapped. The pain of it tore at his chest like steel hooks He went down suddenly in a heap and lay deathly still in the cold frosty air, with Blaise flat on his back behind him. . .

Strange men, they were, who came upon them. Squat and short-limbed, with straight coarse hair straggling under the hoods of their fur parkas; men who grinned stupidly and rubbed their high flat cheek bones in wonder; a hunting party strayed far from their islands to forage on the mainland. They made a fire from the crash splinters and squatted about it solemnly while one of their number grunted and heaved at Mac's elbow, splinted his fingers and dressed Blaise's cuts. Blaise babbled incoherently, sobbing curses.

Mac came around presently and tried to talk to them, but they couldn't understand

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"The writer wishes to state that these are the finest, strongest and best hand trucks we have ever used."

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"The first 'American' Pressed Steel Hand Trucks we bought proved their worth so positively and so quickly that, as you know, we bought thirty-three more."

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Help you with your Painting Problems

Elastikote—a paint which will withstand freezing temperature, boiling water, oil, grease, brine and even acid fumes. The secret of Elastikote's extreme durability is found in this booklet. A note on your business letterhead will bring you a copy.

We will train as Tropical Surface Savers a few experienced and successful men who are grounded in industrial selling and well acquainted in their district. Full information upon request.

This is an open offer to everyone responsible for the upkeep of large structures, whether industrial, commercial, agricultural or institutional. Somewhere on your property is a place where ordinary paints have not given satisfactory service. Perhaps dampness has been the cause—or perhaps the acid fumes which are present in industrial regions have broken down the paint film. Or wind and rain, sun and snow may have wrecked a roof coating and caused leaks.

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That is the reason for the Tropical Surface Saver. He is a man trained in paints and painting problems. He comes direct to you, checks into your painting requirements and then recommends one of the 71 special Tropical maintenance paints—the one which has been compounded to overcome your particular difficulty.

This is a service which we are rendering regularly to over fifty thousand large property owners. If you have a painting problem which is causing trouble, write today for the address of your local Tropical Surface Saver.

THE TROPICAL PAINT & OIL CO.
1148-1192 WEST 70th ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO
For More Than a Quarter Century Specializing in Industrial Maintenance and Upkeep Paints.

TROPICAL ELASTIKOTE

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him, for he had no dialect north of Irawagi. From signs he got a little from them—enough to work on and fill the gap that the head winds had cut in his reckoning. Either the northeastern arm of Andover, near Cape Berwick somewhere, or perhaps across the straits on Discovery Peninsula. He was too tired to think and he didn't care enough to worry about it. Anyway, it was the mainland.

He went off presently into a wild torturing dream, and when he came around his shoulders were bobbing and lurching against the rim of a paddle hole in a double kayak. There was ice all about them and other kayaks behind. He turned and saw Blaise's lolling head in one of them. Hours—or perhaps days—later he lay in a bed of furs in the white-light glow of an igloo. Blaise was beside him, eyes closed, breathing through very red lips that filled and slacked slowly with each labored breath of the oil-smoked air. There were hours again when bone runners snicked under him and a stinging snow rift lashed his fur-muffled face.

Other short men had them now. They had been transferred twice or perhaps three times, as far as Mac could tell, which wasn't far, for he had no interest in it all. Again he would hear Blaise screaming and shouting nonsense—a concussion probably. Once they were in a fair-sized village; again they were on other interminable sleds, slithering along the endless snow fields. Weeks now it was—or months.

Finally they reached the sea again, and the boats that took them this time had quaint tripod masts with skin sails and sheltered places aft under segments of rude bone-ribbed decking. Too far north for the white men's outposts, but going somewhere in the hands of good simple men, keeping a faith they felt bound to. Then Markjavik, with its corrugated iron shacks, its broad snow-heaped streets and its tiny square of red bunting flying above the two-room consulate. Markjavik, with old Doctor Wallace, thick-limbed and heavy, but with a woman's tenderness in his fingers.

From Markjavik the world received the news that they had not died the month before—and rejoiced. In June, when the Northern Sprite puffed and clanked in to the outer buoy, Wallace and Hepworth took them out in the launch and helped them aboard—Blaise strapped to his stretcher and slung up gently, MacAnulty able to walk with help.

At the Highland Hotel, all the world met them—officials of the association, reporters from Blaise's papers, and Gary. Mac clasped his hand silently and stood without speaking as they carried Blaise in and up the stairs between the doctors who had come to tend him. The worst of his fever was over, but he lay very weak and pale, staring straight upward with tired eyes that were sunk quite deeply into his thinned face. On up the stairs went the cortège, with the whispering reporters tagging solemnly in the rear. Gary and Mac stood silently until it disappeared around the bend, then they walked into a tea booth and sat down on the red plush seats.

"Well?" said Gary. "I don't know what one says under the circumstances ——"

A reporter opened the door. "Will you give us a statement, captain? We've got most of the story, but the trip to Markjavik —— Where exactly did you land? Did you make the mainland? The consul at Markjavik said the men who brought you in had relayed you after another tribe carried you to their village—that's all we have so far."

Gary looked at Mac, then he got up. "Leave him alone for a bit, will you?"

He closed the door and sat down again. Mac rubbed his good hand across his eyes. "Now then, what've you done since I left?"

Gary's face brightened and he put a hand on Mac's knee. "I've got it," he said softly. "No hay-wire bunk this time. Got it sure enough. All set up and block-tested and installed and flown!"

Mac sighed. "You're sure?"

"Look," said Gary eagerly. He pulled a slip of paper and a pencil from his pocket. "We were as dumb as a couple of sheep. What held us up was our own calculations. They weren't right!" He figured for a second on his paper and tossed the pencil triumphantly on the table top. "There it is, as plain as daylight. It wasn't fuel or the prop. It was right in the cylinder. We had it all the time in metal. What held us up was the paper equations. Instead of a bare 10 per cent, we had 16.5 from the start! It's the greatest engine in the world. You had the margin with you all the time, working for you, and you never knew it."

Mac leaned back. "That explains it."

"What?"

"Listen, Gary, it was ten thousand in your trust for the take-off and an added two if I made the crossing safely?"

"Yes."

"Then the ten is ours for the take-off regardless?"

"Right in the old bank this minute."

"All right, we'll do without the bonus we earned."

"I thought so," Gary said softly. "You've made it then, you old son?"

Mac nodded. "Yes," he said. "We made it, but it'll be devilish hard to prove and it'll all be forgotten in six months, anyway. Roughly, in the condition I was in, I figured it out; but as far as the world knows, our trail begins from the time we came into Markjavik—it begins in the islands. Nobody'll find what the Eskimos left of our crash and nobody'll take the trouble to back-trail us to the mainland, even if they could."

"You're the boss."

"You're damn tooting, Gary! We'll still be the bosses too. We'll go on as we've always gone on, you and I, and after this we'll leave the Modocs alone. Got it? We've earned what Blaise has given us—every penny—and we've developed the motor I told him we'd develop. The contract's filled and closed. He's got his publicity and made his flight. Let him tell them what he wants to tell them. I'm finished from now on. You and I'll go back to the fold, and if we need money we'll fly for the lines again."

A crowd of reporters were racing down the staircase, hats on the backs of their heads. They descended on the tea booth in a phalanx and the same one who had come in before for a statement pushed in again.

"Captain MacAnulty," he said breathlessly, "this is the greatest story yet. The doctors have just let us have a word with Mr. Blaise. He's given us a statement. He says you made it!"

"Does he?" said Mac.

Other reporters pushed into the tiny space.

"There'll be the Air Force Cross for this at least. You ought to make a fortune out of it!"

"And the Dawson-Cummings Prize. He says your crash'll still be there to prove it, and the men who brought you across to the islands afterward—and your calculations—your word as the pilot."

"Does he say I was the pilot?"

"Of course."

Mac smiled and stood up. "I'm glad he said that. It's a word that used to mean something—the man in the front seat."

"So you did make it?" They leaned forward eagerly.

"Go find the crack-up," said Mac. "I dare say the engines'll still be there under about ten feet of snow."

"Where?"

Again Mac smiled. "I don't know, gentlemen, I'm sure. Ten hours out, we ran into head winds, and when it got light enough to reposition, it was impossible because of fog and clouds. My drift I lost altogether. I haven't the slightest definite idea where we landed and I don't care."

"But Mr. Blaise says ——"

"Mr. Blaise was my passenger. I was the pilot and I tell you I don't know. I could guess, but I'm not going to. Mr. Blaise offered me a two-thousand-pound bonus for reaching the mainland. Is it sufficient that

(Continued on Page 112)

FIRST CADDY— *"What's your guy playin'?"*

SECOND CADDY—*"A Kro-Flite—that's the ball yuh can't cut!"*

FIRST CADDY— *"Like fan yuh can't!"*

SECOND CADDY—*"Naw, yuh can't! It's guaranteed fer 72 holes, and one guy last year played 504 holes and one Kro-Flite!"*

FIRST CADDY— *"Yeah? Then it ain't got no distance!"*

SECOND CADDY—*"Oh, it* ain't? *Well, the best drive last year was made wid a Kro-Flite—425 yards. An' my guy's outdrived yours on every hole so far. An' my guy's five up on yours. So laugh that off!"*

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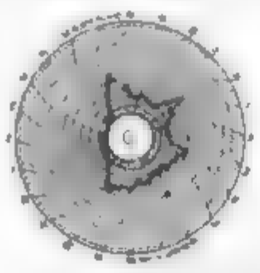
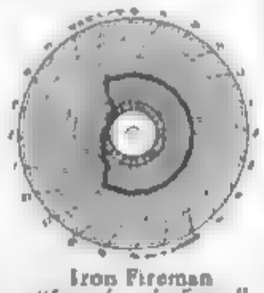


Hand Firing

A registering pressure gauge kept this record of the results of hand firing. A steam pressure of 100 lbs. was desired but could not be maintained. Notice the many fluctuations in pressure



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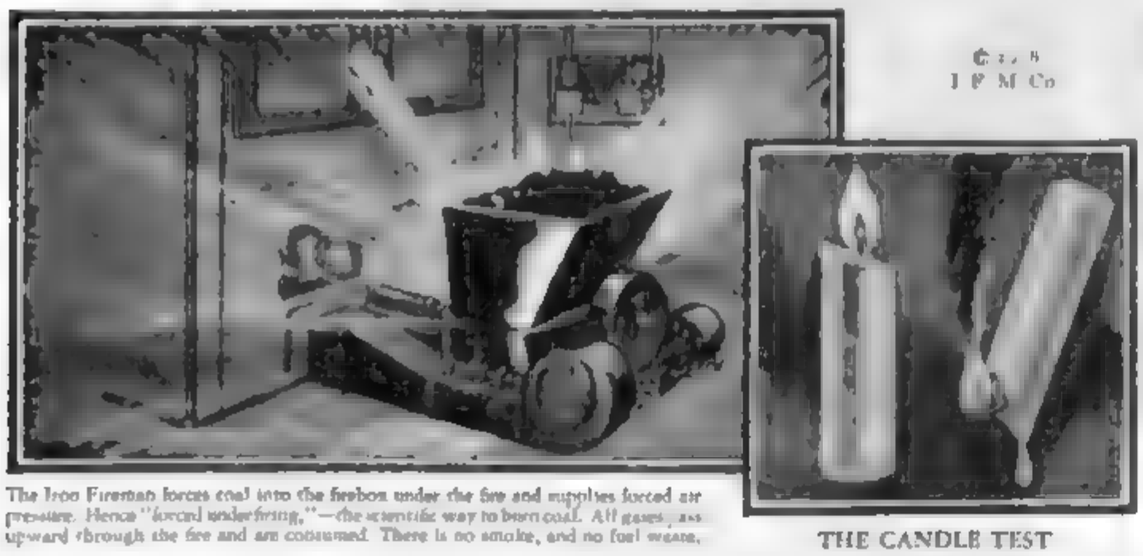

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Vapor System Other

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 110)

I'm not claiming it—that I'm not making any attempt to?"

"But you must have an idea."

"You're not paid to publish my ideas and I don't rely on them myself until I can prove them."

"But Mr. Blaise says he's going back to prove it to the whole world."

"In that case, as you say, there is the Air Force Cross and lecture tours, together with the Dawson-Cummings Prize."

"Won't you give us some statement? Mr. Blaise said you'd corroborate him. Haven't you anything to say to him or to the public?"

"Yes," said Mac. "Tell the public that I'm sorry, and when you go back to Mr. Blaise, tell him to go to hell."

Gary reached suddenly for the bell on the table top and rang up a waiter.

"Two whisky sodas," he said "strong, thick and heavy. Will you join us, gentlemen?"

MISS LA MARNE IN PERSON

(Continued from Page 21)

"Except his letters," said Mrs. Lansing, and she permitted herself to look arch—only a little arch, but a little is too much.

"Letters!" said Marna with a gasp, as if she heard of such things for almost the first time.

Mrs. Lansing shut her eyes and shook her head in a sort of mild ecstasy. "The most wonderful letters," she murmured: "the natural free outpourings of a really great spirit—humor and imagination, and of course the most marvelous philosophy of life."

"Oh, how I should like to see them!" said Marna, in a wistful tone extraordinarily suitable to her crinoline and water lilies.

Mrs. Lansing could not withstand this temptation; she, who had already read some of Paul's letters to her nearest and most subservient friends, could not deny herself the joy of reading them to this famous star who should be an expert in admiration.

"If you could just wait until these people have gone," she whispered.

"I can't wait very long," answered Marna. She would have waited forever, but Mrs. Lansing did not know this, and began to hurry her guests away.

When the important ones had gone, she led Marna into the next room, a tiny book room with an open fire and cushioned chairs, and there she took out of a drawer in a small convenient table a package of letters, in a handwriting that made Marna's heart beat just a little faster. She held out her hand, but Mrs. Lansing did not yield them.

"I'd better read them to you," she said, dimpling again. "I mean, he says rather silly things that I can skip." She waved the letter where Marna could see that it began "Beautiful lady ——"

She could, as she said, have skipped the silly bits—except that they were the last things she wanted to skip. She read nothing else, though she always gave a literary reason for the selection of the paragraph.

"Now this," she would say—"now this has a wonderful cadence—a real prose meter. 'I think that when I present myself at the great white throne and am given a crown and harp, as for my good deeds I should be, I shall say: "But have you no book room here where I may sit at the feet of a tall slender angel who understands my thoughts and my aspirations?"'"

"Why, it almost makes one think of this room," said Marna.

"Oh," said Mrs. Lansing, simpering at the floor.

Extract followed extract: "Isn't this a wonderful description of the night sky?" Mrs. Lansing would say, and would then read a paragraph that began: "'When I left your house last evening elated with the only perfect intellectual companionship that it has ever been my lot to know, I looked up and saw Orion standing almost upright in the southern sky, and Sirius a single ray of pure white fire ——'"

Marna was thinking "Intellectual companionship indeed! What's the world coming to?"

With growing anger she watched Mrs. Lansing glancing through the letters, wondering if this one would be suitable, smiling a tiny self-satisfied smile at this and that. She looked up, beaming.

"You won't mind if this one is a little bit personal, will you?"

"I don't mind if you don't," said Marna.

"I'll read it," said Mrs. Lansing, "because it has the most wonderful analysis of the relation of the sexes. He says: 'You see, all the other women there have been in my life ——'"

"Women!" said Marna sharply. "Did you say women?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lansing, and after a second's hesitation she laid down the letter. "I'll tell you something that most of his friends don't know—he has been married—a local girl—very inferior, I should judge from the little he has ever told me about her. He succeeded in getting rid of her after a year or so, I think. It must have been one of those empty physical attractions that when they die leave nothing behind them."

"Did he tell you that?" asked Marna—oh, so sweetly.

"One senses things," said Mrs. Lansing, "and I am a little intuitive, I think." She paused a moment for an affirmative murmur, but, not getting it, went on with the letter: "'—— the other women who have been in my life have been, if not in opposition, certainly in contrast to my work. My life has been sharply divided between my work on one hand and my feeling for them on the other. But with you—they are all one. You are my work and my work is you. You have not only opened to me the doors of romance and beauty—yes, and virtue—but you go in with me and, as it were, lead me by the hand as I go wonderingly ——'"

"Virtue? Did I hear that word right—virtue?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lansing, and offered an explanation. "Poor Paul, he is charming. I admire his work more than I can say, but naturally he can never be anything serious in my life. My husband, my children—they absolutely fill my life. Please don't misunderstand me."

"I don't misunderstand you," said Marna, and she rose. "I understand you perfectly, and I think you are just terrible. A woman who refuses to be kissed and tells is worse—much worse than a man who kisses and tells, because it's so easy. Any fool of a woman like you can make a fool of a man like him behave more like a fool than usual. Don't I know! Suppose I took to reading all my mash letters on the platform—what would you think of that? It's so easy—and yet you're so pleased with yourself. Can't you see that any woman who says no and lets a man talk about himself—especially if she looks like a madonna with a rather long nose ——"

"Really, Miss La Marne," said Mrs. Lansing, coming to from her first surprise.

"Reelly, reelly," replied Miss La Marne, and her hostess was so crushed she hardly noticed that Marna did pronounce "real" to rime with "feel." "There isn't anything for you to say, so don't try to say it. You're just a bum—let it go at that." And with a surprising suddenness, she leaned down; her white hands with their startlingly pink nails took the whole bundle of letters from Mrs. Lansing, and Marna moved rapidly to the door that opened into the hall.

"My letters!" cried Mrs. Lansing. "What are you going to do with my letters?"

"I'm not going to publish them—don't get your hopes up," said Marna.

"They are mine by law! You are stealing what ——"

"Write to my lawyer about that," said Marna. "Good night, and thanks for a swell evening." She shut the door behind her and to her surprise found herself confronted by the neat figure of Mr. Cavalho, in his fur-lined overcoat, leaning on his ebony stick.

"I sent in for you, Marna," he began, "because if I am not to miss my train ——"

Marna flung her ermine about her and beckoned him to follow her. He saw she was in a hurry, and as he himself had little time to waste, he did not stop to inquire the reason until they were in the car and whirling down the avenue.

"Did you have a pleasant evening?" he asked mildly.

No question could have so quickly precipitated an outburst. "A pleasant evening!" cried Marna. "I had a terrible evening, Julius, and my only comfort is that that woman had a worse one."

She gave him a dramatic sketch of the events of the supper party—as dramatic as darkness and the narrow limits of the car permitted. A wise man, and one of varied experience, he knew better than Marna how catastrophic it must have appeared to Mrs. Lansing.

"Did she gather there was any connection between you and ——"

"She gathered nothing but that I called her a bum," answered Marna. "I wonder why I did. It was a funny word for me to use, wasn't it? Still, I'm glad I did. It annoyed her more than if I had called her a vampire or something elegant. . . . My poor Paul—what a fool!" She turned suddenly and most unjustly on her companion. "All men are fools, Julius." Cavalho was too wise or too indifferent to take up this issue, and she went on: "It's a queer thing, isn't it?—I'm talking about marriage now—that you wouldn't mind so much seeing your husband murdered, but seeing him made ridiculous you simply cannot stand. That's what made me so insanely angry she was making such a fool of Paul, reading his idiotic letters. . . . Well, she'll never do that again, anyhow."

Cavalho asked gently, "And what do you intend to do with the letters, Marna?"

"What do you suppose? I'm going to give them back to him—them and a little good advice. That's where we are going now."

He sighed. "It will end in your going back to him," he said.

"How can I go back? Don't be romantic. Go back and keep house without a servant? Go back and do the cooking? And I'm a swell cook, by the way; did you know that? Go back and be no one? Nonsense! I don't want to; but even if I did, how long would it last? How long do you suppose a woman situated as I have been for the last three years would put up with being criticized and growled at—as every thoroughly domestic wife must be—for every little thing that goes wrong in the house? Julius, my dear, I'd throw the kettle at his head within a week and be off back to Hollywood again, where stars are stars." She leaned forward and rapped sharply on the glass, directing the chauffeur to turn to the river road. "No, we are parted for good, but I won't have him made a fool of. I mean to get him out of this mess. . . . Such a woman!"

"If he likes her, Marna, and you are never going back to him, why not let him alone?"

"It's not best for him, Julius. As I told you before, I do know what is best for Paul. If it were Carrie, now, I should be delighted. But this woman—a cross between a viper and a boa constrictor. My poor Paul! . . . All men are fools, Julius."

"You said that before, my dear."

"And I'm likely to say it once more tonight—but not to you." A violent rapping on the glass brought the car to a standstill before a small dark bulk with a steep roof outlined against the sky. Marna kicked her feet free of the rug. "I shan't be five minutes," she said, and put her head out into the clear starry night to see if there were any lights in the upper story.

"I'll go to my train and send the car back for you, Marna."

"How long will it take?"

"Fifteen minutes—you'll be ready then?"

"Of course I'll be ready, Julius. It won't take long to give him the letters and tell him that she's a bum."

There was a slight pause. Mr. Cavalho appeared to review all the matrimonial discussions he had heard in his life.

"It may take a little longer," he said, but Marna was already out of the car and

"I'd Better Read Them to You," She Said, Dimpling Again

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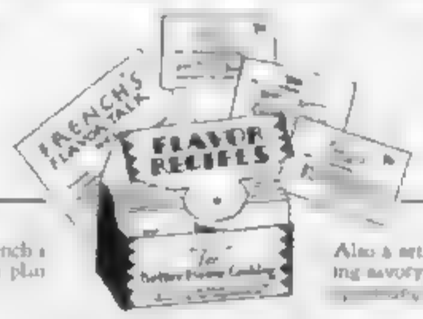

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pressing a cherry-colored finger tip on the bell. In the still night air she caught the smell of moss on damp stones—of the river and of the two pines that grew before the door.

Mr. Cavalho allowed the fur rug to be replaced on his knees and folded his hands quietly on his ebony stick. When a light was lit on the top floor, he rapped on the glass.

"Who's there?" said Paul's voice, out of his window.

"It's I—Mollie. Come right down," said Marna crossly, very much in the tone of a wife who has been locked out through no fault of her own.

The window was shut. Presently the front door opened. Mr. Cavalho signaled and the car moved down the road as Mollie entered the house.

The little hallway was too narrow for her crinoline and she went into the sitting room and there let her ermine cloak drop slowly to the floor. Paul, looking seven feet tall in a dark dressing gown tied very tightly about his waist, and his hair rumpled, regarded her silently.

Then he said, "Miss La Marne in person."

"You might have sent me just a line of greeting," she returned.

"I didn't want to betray you," he answered. "I thought the great scandal in your life—that you had been married to a poet—must be concealed at any price."

"It wasn't friendly."

"I didn't think it possible."

"Didn't think what possible?"

"That you should be more beautiful than I remembered you. I've kept saying to myself: 'Nonsense! She cannot really have been like that; it's the romantic in you that makes you fancy she was like that.' And then I see you and you are lovelier—far lovelier than I remembered. Thank you so much—and what lovely clothes! Aren't modern women fools to wear the things they do? You must be very happy, Mollie—beautiful, successful and free as air."

This seemed to Mollie a delightful way to begin an interview. She smiled; she intended it to be a sad smile, indicating that she was as happy as a woman can be whose life has been wrecked by an early tragedy, but the smile got out of control and ended by being frankly elated and triumphant.

To counteract it she said, "You have been very successful, too, Paul."

"Successful?"

"Yes, I read your poems in the Los Angeles papers."

"That, indeed, is fame."

The tone, not especially insulting, brought with it the remembrance of past insults and made Mollie suddenly angry.

"Ah, that's so like you," she said, "to despise anything you don't know about. I can tell you the California press is the most ——"

"Mollie, don't be cross with me," he said. "I didn't mean to express contempt. I'm delighted to be reprinted in the papers you read, wherever they are. But men are clumsy about receiving compliments. Don't quarrel with me—it was so wonderful of you to come."

"I quarrel?" cried his wife. "I never was the one to begin ——"

"No, no," he interrupted hastily. "It was I—everything was my fault."

"Have you ever regretted it, Paul?" She hadn't meant to ask, but it was out before she knew it.

A slight pause. "I deeply regret being the kind of person I am, Mollie."

"Oh," she said. She reflected that if he had wanted her back she wouldn't have come, and so it was petty of her to want him to want her.

"Will you have some supper, Mollie? You must be hungry. I think Mrs. McGuire must have left something in the ice box."

"Mrs. McGuire?" She was amused to see he fluttered slightly as a housekeeper.

"My cook, my dear—not such a good one as you, but still —— A great film fan too. If she knew for whom I was raiding her ice box ——"

"Don't trouble. I had supper with a friend of yours."

"Of course. I remember. I was asked to meet you—urged even—to come and have supper with Miss La Marne in person after her appearance in conjunction with the first run of her superfeature entitled ——"

"What did you think of my speech?"

"I didn't hear it."

"You didn't? Oh, Paul! You didn't even see my picture ——"

"Of course I didn't. Go and see your lovely face spread out like a great stippled map on the screen—see those lips that I have kissed ——"

"Really, Paul ——"

"You don't deny I have kissed them, Mollie."

"I'm very much hurt that you didn't go to see my picture; it wasn't friendly."

"And where did you get the idea that I am your friend? I am unfortunately your husband."

"You must not say such things, Paul."

"Which?"

"Both."

"Good heavens," he cried, "you haven't changed a bit! Here all the time I was longing to see you, I said to myself, 'Well, at least she's learning to be less relentlessly domestic—learning that I was right in saying that marriage could kill love quicker than any other device invented by man.' I thought perhaps that that was the object of your visit—to tell me that at last you saw my point of view. But no, no, you still believe that if you love a person you must want to be married to him."

"I certainly think that if you love a person you want to be with them as much as possible," she answered, a trace of sulkiness in her tone.

"No, darling, no. If you like a person you may want to be with them, but if you love them you only want them about when everything is perfect. Look, I certainly loved you, Mollie."

"Oh, never, never! Oh, how can you say such a thing?"

"And I certainly hated being married to you."

"That's true."

"That tone—that tone. It makes me feel as if the handcuffs were on again."

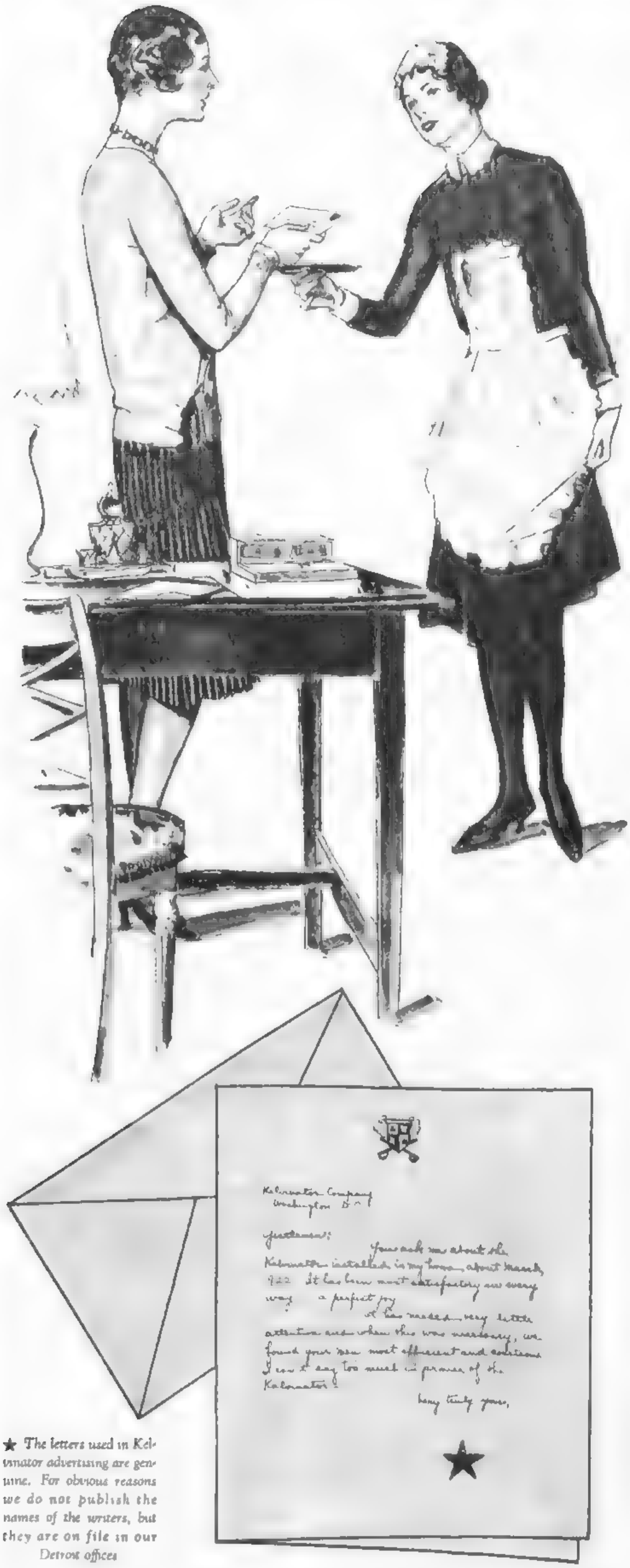
And suddenly, without any warning, without any volition, they were quarreling again—not as a head librarian and a great star ought to quarrel, with dignity, but rudely, trivially, just as they had been used to do in the little flat in Goresport. A cynic would have observed that it was noticeably more trying to be accused of making marriage unattractive by walking on your heels and talking too much than to be accused of making marriage impossible by being bad-tempered and cruel. But stranger still was the fact that they both enjoyed themselves so much. They both came to life; they were real, violent, unreasonable and entirely themselves. Of late years Marna might have stamped her foot at her maid or burst into tears at the obstinacy of a director; Paul might have had a bitter restrained disagreement with the library trustees; but nothing like this outpouring of the deep bitter floods of their lower natures. Both of them were able to remember every incident, great or small—particularly the small—which helped their own case. "I remember one day ——" "I dare say you have forgotten what you said when ——"

These were the phrases that rang out through the quiet of the night.

At the height of it, the lights of a motor suddenly flashed on the drawn blinds and Miss La Marne recalled the fact that she had not come there to quarrel with Paul, but to do him a favor, and that it was high time that she did it and went on her way.

"Paul," she said, and stopped, for the doorbell had rung. It was not usual with her chauffeur to ring; he waited patiently until she came. The husband and wife looked at each other, and in the silence there

(Continued on Page 116)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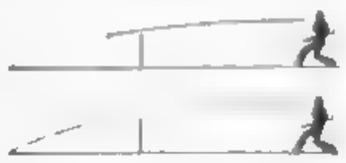
gives you a split-second gain with every smash you make!



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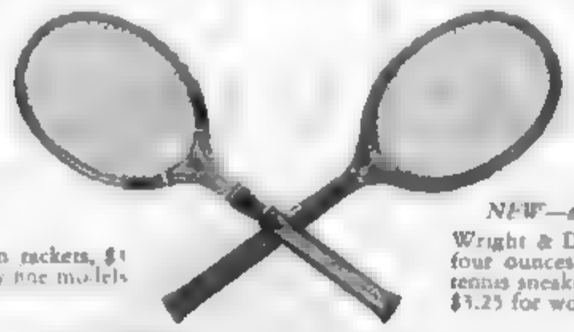

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(Continued from Page 114)

was a knock on the door and a voice said, "Paul! Paul!"

"Ho-ho!" said Marna, and she began to wag her head up and down.

Paul endeavored not to look guilty. "Why," he said, "it's—it's ——"

"Yes," said Marna, "it certainly is - Beatrice, or the evening star—the beautiful lady, or calm white angel."

"If you don't want to see her — " Paul began, and his eyes traveled toward the door of the dining room.

"If I never saw her again as long as I lived it would be good with me," said Marna, and picking up her ermine from the floor she swept into the dining room, closing, or almost closing, the door behind her.

Paul was annoyed at himself for feeling embarrassed. He wanted to explain to Mollie that Mrs. Lansing had never before in all the months of their friendship set foot in his house, but something in Mollie's reference to the evening star proved to him that such an explanation would fall on incredulous ears.

He trusted, but not overconfidently, that whatever she would have to say to him would be a vindication—for, of course, he knew that Mollie would listen to every word.

"Come in, Mrs. Lansing," he said, trying to speak naturally and cordially. As a matter of fact, he always called her that, but he could fancy Mollie sneering quietly to herself in the dining room: "Mrs. Lansing! What does he take me for? Writing her sonnets and receiving her at midnight and calling her Mrs. Lansing!"

The new visitor hurried into the sitting room. She did not have an ermine cloak, although she had inherited some magnificent sables; but she was not wearing these. In her haste she had caught up a gray tweed sports coat which looked hard and unbecoming against her bare neck.

"The most extraordinary thing has happened this evening." She looked at him sharply to see whether he had any inkling of what it was. "What is that perfume I smell? Have you flowers in the room? No?"

Confound the whole sex. "No," Paul said, "but I just threw away a bowl of lilies of the valley."

"That's it, of course."

He was glad it was. He pushed a chair forward and she sank into it. Her raised eyes were extraordinarily starry.

"You know I had that La Marne girl to supper. . . . I wish you had come, as I asked you to. You never have heard that she was crazy, have you—or that she took drugs?"

"No," said Paul, "I never have."

The detachment of his tone satisfied her and she settled down to telling her story.

"Well," she said, "the early part of the evening went well enough—the girl behaved very nicely, a little edgy about any criticism of motion pictures, as those people always are, I find, but nothing disagreeable until your name came up."

"My name?" said Paul.

"Oddly enough, she had read some of your poetry. Odd, I mean, my dear Paul, because you don't expect a girl of that type——"

"I understand," said Paul, eager for nothing but the story.

The story was getting to the point where it was a little difficult to tell, where one of those compromises with truth was necessary—one of those little adjustments which we make ourselves and condemn so wholeheartedly in others.

"I offered to show her your new book of poems, and took her into my little book room, where you know I keep my greatest treasures. I could not lay my hands on any copy except the one you had dedicated to me——"

"And yet you have so many!"

She brushed it aside. "I know, I know; but at the moment—Miss La Marne seemed strangely arrested by the words of the dedication, which through some fatality she turned to at once. Now this is the queer thing, Paul." Mrs. Lansing bent forward. "I took the book from the drawer of my own little table, and in that same drawer was a bundle of your letters—your wonderful letters which some day are going to be as celebrated as Sterne's to Stella—not, of course, that I am at all like Stella."

"Or I like Sterne," said Paul.

"The point is her eye must have taken in that the writing was the same ——"

"You did not take them out?"

"I may have. It makes no difference, does it? The point is that I was called out of the room for an instant, and when I came back—she was gone. It seemed odd to me that she should run away without saying good night, but when I asked the servants, they told me some man had called for her. Imagine my surprise, Paul, when I went to put away your book to find the letters were gone. I could hardly believe it but it is a fact. The letters are gone, and that girl stole them. Is it blackmail, kleptomania, or merely autograph hunting?"

"I think you may feel satisfied it is not blackmail," he answered. He found a strange thing was happening to him—traits of this lady's character to which he had before never objected suddenly stood out, black and unattractive, all on account of that silent auditor behind the dining-room door. He found to his horror that he did not thoroughly believe Mrs. Lansing; and what was worse, that he had never thoroughly believed her. And yet on the other hand he could not form a guess at what had really happened—why Mollie should have stolen his letters to another woman. The idea of jealousy was absurd. Curiosity? A more potent motive than most people admit. . . . Yes, Mollie was curious, but not trivial. It was impossible to imagine her stealing other people's letters simply for the fun of reading them. The conviction came over him that they were very silly letters, and that they were silly because a silly woman demanded a silly letter. He felt furious at Mrs. Lansing.

"If they appeared in print they might be misunderstood," she said, and drooped a chiseled profile.

"They won't appear in print," he answered. He was ashamed of a sudden conviction that she wanted to see them spread on some front page.

"Ah, Paul," she said, "you're strong—so strong you give me strength."

He felt a sickening knowledge that he would have been gratified by this homage if it had not been for that listener behind the door—yes, humiliating as it was, he recognized he would have drunk it down—this tribute to his strength.

"I'm sorry," he said, turning his face to the dining room, "that your first visit to me is made under such disagreeable circumstances." His tone was brisk.

"My first visit, Paul. Oh, no, don't you remember ——"

He remembered now; he only wished he had remembered an instant before. Her tone made it sound like a wonderful tryst, whereas, as a matter of fact, they had been sleighing and she had felt cold and he had stopped and made her a cup of tea—a mere cup of tea—not a love potion. Her tone—"Don't you remember, Paul?"

"Oh, yes, yes," he said. "I remember now. We stopped here once for a cup of tea."

"You made it for me yourself. I remember so well, you knelt and lit the fire, and my feet were cold and ——"

"Yes, I remember," he almost shouted. He had—he had chafed her feet; he had even spoken of their delicate arch. . . . How well he knew what Mollie was thinking behind that door. That was one of the curses of matrimony—you knew too well what passed through the mind of a former helpmeet.

"I must go," she said, and her tone seemed to meet a protest which, as a matter of fact, he did not make. "Will you be in tomorrow afternoon as usual?"

"Oh, is tomorrow Sunday?" he replied, trying to point the fact that he came usually of a Sunday, not usually every day.

"You've been very wonderful, Paul. You've calmed me, and you haven't reproached me." She stood up. "You have not told me it's all my own fault for asking people like that to my house."

"Like what?" He said it in protest, but regretted the opening he gave her.

"Like this La Marne girl—oh, the crude products of our American success."

Well, she couldn't say anything much worse than that, he thought, and followed her out of the house, tucked her into her little car and watched her drive herself away.

When he came back, Mollie, in a great sea of pink tulle, was sitting under the lamp and in one hand lying on the table was a bundle of his letters.

He had never before feared Mollie—sometimes his own conscience, never his wife: but now he felt distinctly inferior, rather like a schoolboy before a master whose method of discipline is ridicule.

"Well, there they are," said Mollie "your beautiful letters—like Sellers to Sterners, or whatever it was."

"Don't be ungenerous, Mollie, to a beaten foe."

The advantages of a good quarrel were now apparent. The bitterness was out of their systems; they could be calm, even kind.

"Why did you take those letters, Mollie?"

"Because I am your friend, though you say you are not mine. I heard she was reading them aloud to her friends. Carrie told me. Carrie couldn't understand it, such a fine woman as Mrs. Lansing—you know how Carrie is—such a goose—such a dear."

"Mollie, that was magnificent of you. My dear, I'm more touched than you know."

"Yes, and what an evening I had!" Mollie went on, a little embarrassed at the emotion in his tone. "Such stupid people, such idiotic things were said. But I made her do it, Paul. She conducted me to that little nest of hers—that book room you like so much—and soon she had your letters out and was reading them aloud."

"Really? She really read them to you?"

"Yes—all the parts that made you sound like a fool and her like a goddess."

"How can women do such things?" he cried.

"Don't put it on the sex, my dear, but on your own idiotic choice of a woman to fall in love with."

"I am not in love with her, Mollie."

"You would have been if it weren't for me."

"Exactly; but, you see, I have never been in love with anyone but you."

"If you had been in love with me, Paul ——"

"In fact I suppose I am in love with you still."

"A funny kind of love."

"All love is a funny kind of love."

Mollie stood up, rising out of her sea of tulle. "I must go," she said.

"Don't go," he returned. His tone was a little too casual.

"I'm motoring all the way to New York tonight."

"The early morning is a nice time to motor, Mollie; the roads are empty and the sunrise so beautiful."

"Paul, I don't think you ought to talk to me like that."

"If you think it over, my dear, you will see there is nothing even unconventional in my suggestion."

"Yes, there is, if you don't love a person well enough to bear them round the house."

"Mollie, I am a poet, for good or evil. I could always have loved you if you had lived in a tower. And now you do—a tower into which I can only climb now and then, and from which you will never, never emerge. You are almost completely inaccessible to me, and I worship you."

She let him see that she hesitated, then she gave a little shake to her head, and stooping, picked up her ermine cloak. "They'd think it so queer—the chauffeur and the—I mean they'd talk and there would be a scandal."

"Well, let there be a scandal."

"I can't, Paul. I promised Julius I wouldn't "

"And an earlier promise involving me?"

"I don't think you are in a position to bring that up."

He sighed. He was not incapable of justice. "I suppose not," he said.

She did not answer. She wrapped her cloak tightly about her and walked out. Blind for a minute in the darkness, she peered about. No lights, no car.

"Why, how extraordinary!" she said. "It must be much more than fifteen minutes." It was hours and hours more, but Paul did not tell her so.

Standing behind her he put a long arm about her neck and said "So you'll stay?"

"What else can I do?" she answered.

He drew her into the house and bolted the front door.

"I don't know what that woman will think, Paul."

"What woman?"

"Your cook—Mrs.—whatever her peculiar name is."

He laughed. "Don't trouble your pretty head about that, my dear. Mrs. McGuire does not honor me with her presence on Sundays."

Nothing further was said about the strange absence of Miss La Marne's expensive limousine; it might have driven into the river for all its owner seemed to care. But at precisely nine o'clock the next morning it appeared before the door, the maid on the front seat, the bags on behind and the chauffeur waiting to open the door.

It was Paul who saw it first. They had just cooked and eaten their breakfast, Marna, no longer in pink tulle but in a dressing gown of her husband's, so long for her it reached the floor and made her outline something that of Mrs. Shem in a Noah's ark.

"It is impossible to believe that is the same bean that Mrs. McGuire prepares daily for me," he said, pushing his cup across the kitchen table; for they had breakfasted in the kitchen, where the morning sun streamed in.

"It's the grinding does it," Marna had replied; "she ought to put it through three times "

"Or perhaps, darling, it's the walking on your heels and singing," said Paul; and at this, as if it were not a battle cry but a joke, they had both burst out laughing.

After breakfast, while she was putting things away so that Mrs. McGuire would never suspect there had been an alien presence in her kitchen, Paul sat with his elbows on the kitchen table and a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and began to tell her about his recent work—an idea he had for a great subject, the adventures of the human spirit from birth to death. Not a long poem—a series of short ones—a sequence—the soul meets poetry—love—danger—the fear of death—philosophy religion—death. Marna had not a great mind, not a stimulating fancy, not a flattering tongue, and yet there was a strange comfort in talking to her, because she had sincerity and interest—intense, steady, inalienable interest—because, in fact, she was his wife.

He had just reached this conclusion, when, looking up, he saw the symbol of their separation—her beautiful car waiting outside, glittering in the winter sunlight. He had forgotten that she was a celebrated star on her way to New York. His startled look attracted her attention and she turned and saw.

He stood up. "I regret to announce, Miss La Marne," he said, "that your limousine, chauffeur and personal maid are now at the door."

"High time too," said Marna, taking off an apron of Mrs. McGuire's with which she had been protecting Paul's dressing gown from spots. "I do wonder where they have been all night."

"And they are probably wondering the same thing about you."

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Here's Your Coupon

Marna made one of her funny faces. "You'd better not come to the door," she said, and ran upstairs to put on her pink tulle and ermine again.

In a surprisingly short space of time she was ready, filling the whole little hallway with her tulle and her beauty and her smile. They parted there.

"Will you come back, Mollie?" he said.

"Will you ever come to Hollywood?"

"Never, my dear, never!"

"Well, I suppose I could stop, going to and fro."

"Don't wait for that."

"If it should be found out, I don't know what Julius Cavalho would say."

"I'm so discreet, Mollie. No one is so discreet as I."

She said neither yes nor no, but kissed him and was gone.

The chauffeur was holding open the door of the car. She saw his expression—concerned and demanding; she tried to think of something to say to him, but he spoke first:

"I hope your aunt is better, madam."

Miss La Marne looked at him for just a second, and he wondered if he had been wrong to intrude upon her grief by a question designed to be sympathetic. Then he was relieved by her brilliant gay smile.

"Oh, much better, Johnson," she said. "How did you know about my aunt?"

"Mr. Cavalho told us, madam. He said he was sure you would not need me until the morning."

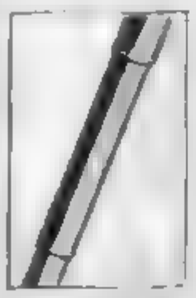
"On account of my aunt?" said Mollie. She got in and gave the order for the New York road. What a wise man Julius was—and kind too!

(THE END)

Shooting for the Pin

OBVIOUS enough that shooting straight for the pin is much more likely to produce pleasing results than sighting in the general direction of the green and "lettin' 'er go!" But it takes good clubs to shoot for the pin and land there—clubs that give accuracy as well as distance.

And accuracy is one of the qualities in which Burke Clubs excel. Three separate tempering operations bring their strong, tough Chrome-Molybdenum shafts to the famous True-Temper point. Every club is perfectly balanced and fitted with reduction offset rings that eliminate vibration. And niblick, putter, mashie, driver—each club in a Burke set is balanced with every other club—made together to work together.



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Getting On in the World

Achieving Financial Independence

TO ACHIEVE financial independence at an age when it may still be enjoyed is the hope of most of us. I would also add that to gain this independence without having sacrificed health and zest for enjoyment is equally important.

Using the building and loan as a means to this end, the following plan appeals to me as most sane and logical. I am expecting to save $20,000 in twenty-two years. If you want to save more or less, you take out more or fewer shares—the idea is the same. Here it is.

The first year you take out five shares, which means a saving of five dollars each month. At the end of the first year you take out another five shares, so that the second year you save ten dollars each month. The third year another five shares are taken. Savings the third year will be fifteen dollars each month. Five more shares are taken each year, until a total of fifty-five shares is obtained. This requires eleven years. Savings per month for the first eleven years will be as follows:

	PER MONTH
First year	$ 5
Second year	10
Third year	15
Fourth year	20
Fifth year	25
Sixth year	30
Seventh year	35
Eighth year	40
Ninth year	45
Tenth year	50
Eleventh year	55

So far this is very simple. Now follow closely. At the beginning of the twelfth year the five shares taken out the first year mature and you have $1000 in cash. At the beginning of the twelfth year you take out 100 new shares, but do not continue taking the five more shares as in the first eleven years. This means saving $100 a month during the twelfth year, plus $50 a month on the fifty shares taken during the second to the eleventh years inclusive. This makes a total of $150 a month which must be paid the building and loan during this twelfth year.

The $1000 cash mentioned above which came from the maturing of the five shares taken during the first year is divided into twelve equal parts of $83. This is applied against the $150 a month which must be paid during the twelfth year, leaving a difference of $67 a month which must be actually saved. The twelfth year is the peak year, for after that the amount to be saved each year is $5 less a month.

To illustrate this, let's follow through the thirteenth year. During and after this year no more shares are taken out. At the beginning of this year the five shares taken out the second year mature and you again have $1000 in cash to divide into twelve equal $83 parts. There is due the building and loan during each month of this year $100 for the 100 shares taken out the twelfth year and $45 for the forty-five shares taken out during the third to eleventh years inclusive. This is a total of $145 a month which must be paid the building and loan, against which you have $83 cash, leaving a difference of $62 a month which must be actually saved.

The fourteenth year actual savings are again $5 less, namely $57. During this year there is due to be paid the building and loan the $100 for the 100 shares taken out the twelfth year plus $40 for the shares taken out the fourth to eleventh years inclusive. Against this total of $140 is the usual $83 from the five shares which were taken out the third year and matured at the beginning of the fourteenth year.

Each year there is a decrease of $5 per month which must be saved. The following table shows actual savings which must be made during the last eleven years in excess of the money received from the shares which mature each year and which are being used to help carry the 100 shares taken out the twelfth year:

	PER MONTH
Twelfth year	$67
Thirteenth year	62
Fourteenth year	57
Fifteenth year	52
Sixteenth year	47
Seventeenth year	42
Eighteenth year	37
Nineteenth year	32
Twentieth year	27
Twenty-first year	22
Twenty-second year	17
Average saving per month for the twenty-two years	$ 36
Value of building-and-loan shares matured at the end of twenty-two years	20,000
Actual amount saved	9,504
Earnings from interest	$10,496

A study of the above figures shows that the average saving per month is $36, which is a very reasonable amount. Also you will note that earnings as interest exceed the actual savings by approximately $1000.

This plan has several desirable features. First, it is a definite plan, without which the man of moderate income cannot hope to achieve financial independence. Further, it yields a satisfactory rate of interest with security, and these savings can always be converted quickly into cash.

But to me the best feature is that it distributes the load at times when it should be easiest for the average man to carry it. Let us assume we start at the age of thirty to thirty-five. This means the peak load is being carried between the ages of forty-two and forty-seven, when a man should be at his prime and greatest earning power. Beyond these ages the load gradually becomes lighter, until at the age of fifty-two to fifty-seven the plan is completed.

At this age you may not want to retire, but it will be a mighty comfortable feeling to know that you are at least practically independent from the fortunes of business.

—WILLIS W. ANGUS

On Vacation . . .

But his companions are a lot of business details that he cannot shake off

GOOD times all around him—but *he* might as well be back at the office. Cooped in his hotel room he spends his vacation hours, alone, worrying about business details that he cannot shake off.

So many men do not know how to unload routine work! Every time they leave the office, something goes wrong.

If only they would realize that 90 per cent* of business operations are done on recurring situations they would let printed forms take care of all detail work for them.

Memo blanks, requisitions, form letters, work sheets, sales letters, shipping instructions, reports and many other forms applicable to *your* business get things done, the right way, at the right time—and cut down worry, waste, errors. And above all, a system of printed forms frees you for more important work and quicker advancement.

The paper for such work is Hammermill Bond. Its surface invites use. Pen or pencil glides smoothly over it. Typewriter and printing press register cleanly and clearly. Carbons are always neat and legible.

Also, Hammermill Bond is available everywhere in twelve standard colors and white. That is so the work of different jobs or departments may be identified by color.

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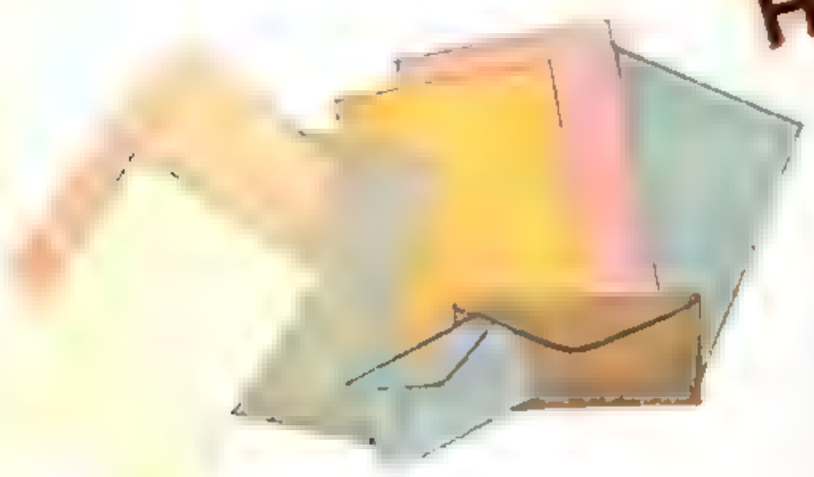

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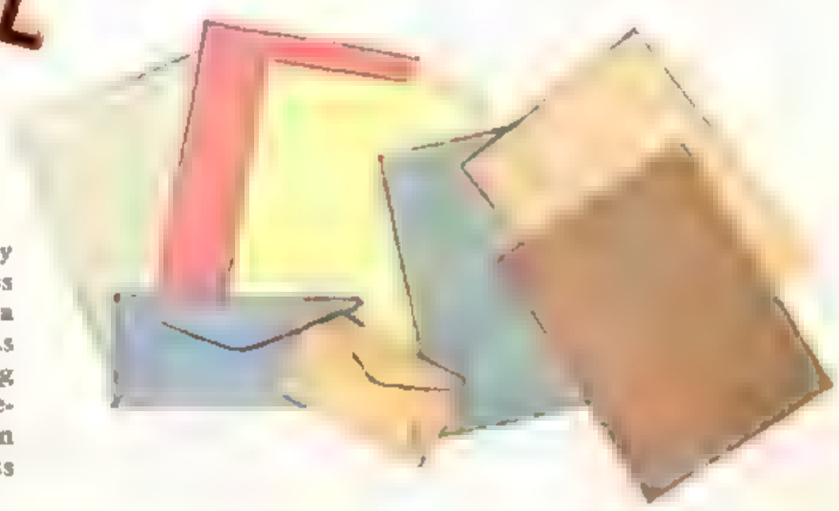

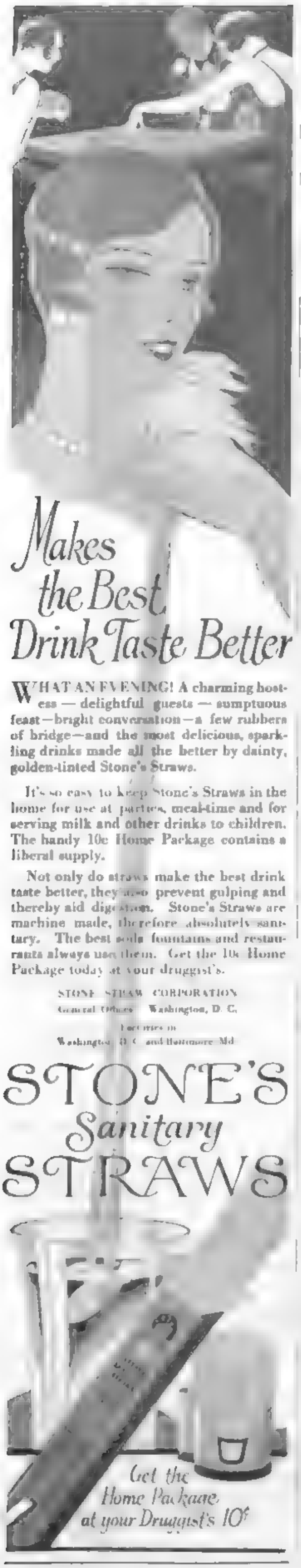
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LITTLE GIRL

Continued from Page 30

Constance wondered why so much pains had been taken to have them different colors, when they would appear in the picture only in shades of black and white, but she did not ask, for Soames stepped forward to the stairs that went down to the water and inspected the float where the cameras were. Beside it, the man with the hot coffee kept an eye on the girls who were to ride the aquaplanes. They would come in wet and cold. A doctor was provided in case any of them should be more than cold. But the coffee man knew it would be a pretty bad case before any of that bunch of girls would admit that she needed more than a hot drink. They made their living exploiting their grit, not being carried off the scene to a doctor.

Through the sunlit air sounded Soames' shrill whistle and a hundred and fifty people came to attention. Out in the bay the power boats assembled for a line-up. In the wake of each boat a girl stood on an aquaplane, holding tight to its ropes. Constance and Guarda Daran ran down the wharf stairs to the water and were taken out to the boat that was to be burned. The cameramen on the float watched Soames. The sand hockey on the beach became more active. One of the white-flanneled men began to roll the beach ball. A picture of indescribable movement and color began to unroll.

"Did you see the rushes last night?" Guarda said to Constance as they climbed into the boat beside the men who had tested the powder. These men now had the appearance of mechaniciana whose business it was to run the boat, but though one took charge of the wheel and the other took a position in the stern, the boat did not move far. It stayed where the camera could photograph it.

"No," said Constance, "I couldn't stay awake, though I tried to. Eleven o'clock is pretty late."

"They have to wait until the village population has seen its evening picture before they can run our rushes." Guarda took in the girl's appearance thoughtfully. "What's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"Yes. Only I don't believe I shall ever feel warm again."

"Well, if you let your teeth chatter when the camera is working you won't ever warm up again around Soames. Want a drink?"

Constance shook her head. She knew it was not the cool wind that made her teeth chatter. It was excitement. This was her first feature part. She was second in importance. So much hung on it, not only for herself—she did not mind about that—but Soames and North—it would be horrible to disappoint them. She took a long breath, trying to control this shakiness. She knew what balanced, even movement meant before the camera. Faintly she was beginning to apprehend this thing called tempo—timed action—action that must flow, though it was measured out by a definite beat. Nobody could tell you about it. You had to do what they called "Get it." It was like good taste. You only knew you didn't have it when you saw the result.

She was terrified of it because it was nothing she could put into definite words and say "I will do it." In the acting she had done in the amateur plays at college, there had been nothing like it—no instrument clicking off little squares of pictures as bars of music were beaten out—little squares that must be magnified and made into a flowing whole in spite of this separation of each square, as music must flow in spite of the conductor's baton. It was all she could do not to watch the camera anxiously. Soames had had to say to her more than once "Stop looking in the camera." When a director said that the second time you were stamped as one who received special care. She listened now to Soames' voice through the megaphone:

"Now, Guarda, if Constance drowned, it would relieve you of all the trouble you see coming on, and there must be that little hesitation when you girls jump into the water from this burning boat and you find Constance cannot swim. The camera will pick up your face, so don't turn it away. You are saving her because it's the sporting thing to do. That boat's close enough to shore for you girls to walk on the bottom of the ocean. So don't get panicky when you get into the water. Put your feet down and walk if you have to. You don't go into the water until the back of the boat looks as if it were not going to last much longer. The flames will creep up toward you in the bow. The race is going on and it makes a difference to you, Guarda, who wins it. You must look from the flames, when you first discover them, to the power boats, and your last look before you jump into the water must also be toward that winning boat. Now, stand by. Constance, this is a party, not a funeral. It's a warm day and you are not frozen to death. Throw back your shoulders. Now talk to her, Guarda."

Guarda turned toward Constance with a semblance of conversation as she pointed out the boat that was supposed to hold the man they both cared for in the story.

But what Guarda said was: "North is coming over tonight to see the rushes. They want to get this ready for him by eleven if they can. But I suppose you know this."

"No," said Constance, and her heart slowed a little. Each movement she made would go under North's critical eye tonight.

"For the Lord's sake, do something about your shivering," muttered Guarda. "I don't know why they let you out of that hospital. Now, listen: it's camera in a minute. I'll carry the scene. All you have to do is to follow me. There's nothing to shiver about. Now!"

XII

WRAPPED in a heavy coat lined with sheep's wool, Guarda Daran faced Soames on the end of the wharf.

"Want some hot coffee, Guarda?"

"No, I don't. I learned to swim a good many years ago and there's nothing the matter with me. What's become of her?"

"Oh, she's all right. It ought to look well. Once she got into the water all this stage fright was good enough. I didn't have to tell her to get limp when you carried her in."

Guarda drew her coat closer about her. "You know what I felt like, Tony? Once I had a rabbit in a box in my back yard and I gave it a lot of lettuce; but I couldn't have given it enough, for I went out one morning and the beast was all limp and huddled and couldn't open its eyes, and I picked it up to give it a couple of drops of whisky and it was all bones underneath its fur. You wouldn't have thought it was so bony, because of the fur."

Guarda stopped, for she had caught again that curious look of Soames that began to bother her. It was as if he saw through some closed door of her mind and drew back, regretting what he saw.

"Is that North's yacht?" said Guarda. "Yes, it is. Are we asked to dinner?"

"I am not."

Guarda shrugged. "I am not. I suppose the rabbit is."

She looked at the doctor who was moving toward Soames. "Miss Gray all right?"

"She'll be able to go on tomorrow. I left her in bed. She had better stay there. I am going now."

Under her breath Guarda laughed softly. "Well, that settles dinner on the yacht for her. Some of the rest of us will have a chance to talk to the chief. Tony, let's you and I ask the chief to come in here and dine with us and go to the rushes."

Soames nodded. "All right. Dinner at 7:30 if you don't hear from me. If he won't come, I'll send you word, for I'll pick up my dinner before I dress unless he comes."

Guarda moved down the wharf and through the door of the hotel that led to the wing that had been assigned to the North picture people. Out of Soames' sight she permitted herself the lagging step of a devastating fatigue, wondering when she would have enough money for a maid. A hot tub and her clothes laid out would have made a difference. Then she caught sight of Laura, the hairdresser, opening Constance Gray's door. Perhaps Laura would do her hair. She called to her through the open door, pausing at its threshold.

Laura was talking volubly as she stood by the side of the bed: "Honey, with Mr. North's yacht just come in, it's no time for you to stay here in your room like this. You let me do your hair and fix up your face and you take a good swig and get into a pretty dress. Come on now. That doctor didn't know Mr. North was coming when he told you to stay here until morning."

Constance sat up, steadied herself a moment and then slid back onto the pillow. "I don't believe I can make it, Laura. I get deadly sick whenever I sit up."

"That's your fancy. It's something inside you trying to keep you where it's warm and soft. But it isn't every day something like this happens. You can stay where it's warm and soft tomorrow and the next day. Don't pay any attention to the way you feel. Pay it to the way you look. I'm going to make you pretty, honey, and you forget about your feelings."

"Say, Laura," said Guarda from the door, "the doctor told Soames she had to stay in bed if she was to be on deck tomorrow, and it's a good deal more important for her not to stop the picture tomorrow than it is for her to see the chief tonight. You let her be and come and fix my hair. I'm not sick, and I'm the one who's going to see the chief."

Laura moved reluctantly to the door. She spoke back over her shoulder before she closed it. "Don't let your fancy get you, honey. Maybe you'll feel like getting up for the rushes tonight after you've had a couple of hours' sleep. I'll come back at a quarter after ten and get you into your clothes."

"You have to walk a mile to the theater down in the village," said Guarda.

"A walk will be good for her. She's just seasick. There's nothing else the matter with her but being on that boat, rocking for hours. A good sleep, a good meal, and a mile walk, and she'll be fit as a fiddle. I'll be back."

She closed the door, and outside in the hall the two women looked at each other.

"What's on your mind, Laura? You got some inside dope?"

"Blaise came over with a note for her and I told him where her room was. But she's not going. And a good thing. A few more hours on a boat and you can't tell how she'd look to whoever was watching her."

"What made you want to get her up, then?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seems too bad she should feel like this. She's got no strength at all. She had ought to pep up a little with a chance like this."

"She'd be the pride of the Kentucky navy if she gets seasick over those little waves. That's the trouble with these inland women. They get sick looking at the waves in the gutter. Have you got your dryer with you? My hair's wet clear through. A marcel for me, Laura, and double quick means double pay. I thought, listening to you, this dame was going to leave you a fortune."

Laura screwed her curler into the electric socket. "She hasn't much money now. But I guess it won't be long until she has what she wants."

Guarda was getting out of her wet clothes. "You can't tell. This slipping between the cup and the lip is the best thing the pictures do to a girl. In your business,

(Continued on Page 122)

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Fans *and Motors*

The Sign of a Breeze

Continued from Page 120

Laura, the tip in the hand is worth more than the bird in the bush"

Around the little theater in the village of Catalina, groups were assembling to catch sight of the picture people who would come at eleven o'clock. Wrapped in a coat Laura had lent her, Constance came with the continuity writer who had overtaken her on the walk to the village. A faint whisper went about among the groups at the door as the two passed into the lobby and joined the quiet crowd waiting inside for North.

"He stopped at the dancing hall to look in the window at the extras," said the cameraman. "He said he didn't know them, all dressed up that way. That was some extra's chance, if she had only known it. There he comes now."

Constance's eyes clung to the door as it opened to let in Guarda Daran—a Parisian Guarda in a lovely evening gown of glimmering satin, with her hair waved off her forehead as it would not have been before the camera. With Soames on one side and North on the other, she made a distinguished entrance. North's look took in the assembled group and came to a pause on Constance. Then he moved forward and held out his hand to her.

"How much better you look! I hear you have had a strenuous day. Are you sure you are well enough to make it?"

He made no gesture to retain her at his side, but it was evident that he expected her to stay there, and Guarda fell back with Soames as they moved into the darkened proscenium and seated themselves.

"Have you seen the other rushes?" Constance asked shyly.

"Only the first ones I have been away again. I have not seen you yet"

"You are always going away."

"Not always, but there are other things connected with production than the making of the picture. There are theaters in which it must be run and there are finances and there are men to meet who must be persuaded."

He had turned now and was looking at her carefully in the semidusk.

"You are thin. It is becoming, but you must not run it too far. It takes strength to do this work. If you don't have it, you give out when you need it most. Have you moved down to the shore?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

Hidden by the dusk, a shell-like color touched her cheeks.

"I cannot afford it yet, but after this picture ——"

"But I gave orders for a place to be found for you free of cost to you until you were able to take it on."

"I know; Mr. Soames told me. I do thank you." She hesitated. "You see, it would take a car for me to reach the studio from there."

"Can you drive a car?"

"Yes, and I mean to get one as soon as I can. There are such nice cheap ones to be had."

"A cheap car is the cheapest thing there is, and often the most expensive."

"But there are such marvels of second-hand ones."

He settled himself in his chair. "Oh! You mean the cars of the people who don't make good."

The phrase struck a chill to her. It was not its touch of arrogance, but the picture it created. They were so confident, these young beautiful ones. Failure came so hard to them. They faced it so gallantly, believing in it only when stark penury overtook them. The cars bought at a small sum a week on the high crest of a gay engagement that promised so much! And the slow disappearance of the promise, so incredible at its beginning, so inevitable because the new success was the end of their effort instead of the beginning! The relaxation after success. Then the work they were in finished and no other work in sight.

She looked up at North. He must have fought long and hard to have reached the place he was, and to hold it. Yet the lines of his face spoke of swift thought, not of steady thought. He had apparently forgotten her. He was watching the sequences closely and listening to Soames, who sat in front of him, as Soames chose which one of the three presentations he would have.

On the screen came the wharf with its fluttering flags, and to her surprise Constance saw that there were different shadings in the flags. Once you became accustomed to it, these pictures, drawn with rays of light, were not merely black and white and gray. That was the reason the women dressed in different colors. There were softer white and sharper gray. The jagged rocks behind the wharf were twenty different shades of gray. The sea before it caught as many shades of white.

The beach was gay with motion and beautiful women, but it was only a corner of the picture that moved over the square of white canvas. Constance marveled over all that trouble and expense for a background that came and was gone in a moment. Each of those extras had been paid seven dollars a day and they were but shadows moving across the lower part of the frame. In the center the power boats were lining up for their start. Then a close-up of Guarda in her boat, and then Constance saw herself—slim silken bathing suit, the line of her profile excellent. She saw the turn of her neck, as she moved to speak to Guarda, become angular.

"You were cold, weren't you?" said North, and he sat back in his chair.

She saw her face with open lips and wished somebody had told her to close them. She knew what she had been doing. She had been taking a long breath because she was suddenly so short of breath. Then, on the screen, her lips began to tremble. Sharply North's voice cut in on the clicking of the machine:

"Isn't that out of focus, Tony?"

"No, Mr. North." Soames' voice was low There was no other sound.

In the silent little theater, that held only the small group, the clicking of the machine became a heartbeat to Constance—a heart beating with apprehension, for somehow there was a chill in the air. Nobody spoke, nobody moved. It was impossible to say how their thought could have become so tangible, but she felt it as a smothering thing and suddenly she found her lips had parted and her breath was short again.

She found also that North was watching her; just the flash of a look, with scarcely the turn of his head, and it became necessary for her to speak. She could not bear this chill that crowded down on her.

"It is my heart," she murmured. "It has been acting queerly these days. I think I am not acclimated."

She stopped in horror, realizing that she was babbling in an effort to break a silence that she feared.

He made no answer and she looked back at the screen. That was not herself, there on that square of light. It was some semblance of her that moved in jerks unknown to her, that gave forth strained expressions beyond what the story demanded. She did not see Guarda turn to Soames with a repudiating gesture; she felt it. North did not move; not even when it was over.

"Run that last part again," he said.

The faint click-click of the machine now took on the sound of a clock to Constance—the tick of a clock measuring out human life.

"What film are you using?" North's voice, with that faint metallic note in it, covered the clicking of the unrolling picture. Constance thought there were no such voices in Kentucky. He must have learned that here in Hollywood.

"It's the same film we always use, Mr. North."

Soames' tones were anxious. So much labor, so much planning! His eyes searched the light and shadow of the silver square.

Constance stole a look at North. His mouth was a narrow line. Even his eyes had narrowed. It made his face hard as winter earth.

Continued on Page 125

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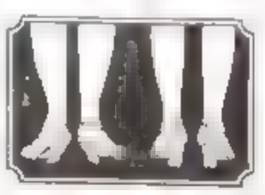

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If you want dishes that gleam and sparkle . . . glistening china and glassware . . . if you are anxious to keep your hands young and attractive-looking in spite of three dishwashings a day . . . read what follows.

Try this 5 *Minute* Test in your Dishpan

See how Super Suds washes Dishes Faster . . . Cleaner

JUST turn on the water . . . pour Super Suds in your dishpan, and instantly, you have rich, active suds.

Test it for five minutes tonight. See how quickly this new kind of soap banishes dishpan drudgery.

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Years ago women had only bar soap. How hard they had to work getting a soapy solution, and how hard it was to rinse off those clinging soap particles. Next came chips. Many women changed to this form of soap because it could be *stirred* into a cleansing solution. But clothes and dishes still had to be rinsed in order to get rid of undissolved soap. Now comes Super Suds, and women are changing to it by thousands in preference to all other forms of soap. Super Suds is not a chip—not a powder—but a remarkable new form of soap in tiny hollow "beads" so thin they burst into suds the instant they touch water. Four times as thin as chips, Super Suds is the thinnest soap made.

Why Super Suds is better

In this new soap women have discovered two distinct advantages: First, Super Suds is so thin it dissolves instantly—saves time and trouble. Second, Super Suds dissolves completely—no undissolved soap to leave spots on clothes or film on dishes.

Women like Super Suds because it does the work faster and better than any other form of soap.

Super Suds works wonders on washday . . . gives you the whitest, cleanest clothes you ever saw . . . and, best of all, they're on the line in less time with far less work.

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Every box of Super Suds carries a coupon. Save them for valuable premiums.

A PATENTED PROCESS . . . Super Suds is made by a process covered by exclusive patents. (Product, process and apparatus covered by U. S. Letters Patent Nos. 1,051,441; 1,090,740; 1,600,503; 1,634,640; and Reissue No. 16,749.)

(Continued from Page 122)

The click-click ended. For a moment nobody moved. Then North rose. He put a hand on Soames and the two stood together while the others filed out in silence. It was a curious silence: Constance had never encountered it before. Every man and woman there had worked for days to the top of their endeavor. This day was the climax. The merest nod of approval would have sufficed to repay them. But there had been no nod. They caught one another's eyes and collected in little groups outside, silent until Constance had gone by, then breaking into a murmur.

Constance stood uncertainly a few steps beyond the theater. It was midnight and she was very tired, but there was no way for her to ride back to the hotel. Guarda came out of the theater alone and moved to the one car in the narrow street.

"What's the matter, Guarda?" said Constance. Once more the need to break this chilling silence had overtaken her.

"Matter!" Guarda was white with wrath. "Matter! We'll be lucky if a retake isn't ordered! Another day in that cold water—it's terrible!"

"But why?"

"Why! You'd better ask why! It's what they get, featuring beginners. I wouldn't mind if you just spoiled your own fool stuff with your shivering, but you've spoiled mine."

XIII

CONSTANCE walked back to the hotel slowly. The California night was cold and lovely. Out in the harbor the yachts that had been in the picture in the sunlight, rented at so large a price just to add a touch of reality to simulation, were glints of white under the moonlight. The boat that had been aflame with three kinds of light that burned nothing was a dark blotch near the wharf.

Constance had had what seemed hours of despairing effort on that dull-looking boat, but they were hopeful hours compared with what she felt now. She knew now, by her shocking disappointment, that she had hoped she would be good; that she had expected it and counted on it. And she would have been good had she not been half ill, or could she have worn warmer clothes. She became aware of a multitude of excuses, and this was a business where excuses were useless. The picture went in the can and then it was too late to change it, no matter what your excuse was.

She sat down on one of the boardwalk benches to rest. Maybe she might not have known how she looked if she had stayed in bed. She wanted to stay there more than she had wanted anything for a long time. She wanted to sleep and she would have slept for ten hours straight and risen refreshed for tomorrow's work. But now there was small chance of sleep. Beneath the half-moon North's yacht rocked gently in the breeze that ruffled all the gay pennants on the wharf, and Constance shivered. If it had been warmer —— She caught herself back from the same old round of excuses.

So far away it was as if it were in another world. The moon shone on a clump of lilacs that must be blooming now—a clump that used to be Gabriel North's headquarters. She had been dragged there, a prisoner of war, many times. The flashing picture of North as a boy Napoleon came between her aching eyes and the moonlit sea. The ghost of a tinkling laugh sounded lonely on the deserted boardwalk. That was what she was now—a prisoner of war—a mimic war. The ghost of a laugh became a sob. She was incredibly lonely. Back there in Kentucky there was companionship; there was none here. Back there, the whole town was glad for you or sorry for you. You could not walk down the street without someone stopping you with soft inquiries and kindly hope for you. Here they might speak pleasantly, but their hope was not for you.

From the direction she had come, a lax figure moved leisurely; its footfall sounding on the boards. The sob hushed itself in desperate haste. Constance rose, for she knew it was Soames, though she had never seen him so relaxed before. She did not want to be caught, disheartened as she was. But he reached her before she could turn off the walk to her wing of the hotel. He paused and regarded her in the pale light.

"You ought not to have walked back. There was a bus. If you had waited ——"

"The night is lovely."

He hesitated. Then, as if he must be rid of the words forming in his mind, he spoke: "You won't have to be on the job in the morning, so you can rest and get yourself strong again."

"Are we through the water stuff?"

Soames struck a match. Its flare lit up a frown as he touched the match to his cigarette.

"You are through."

"I—I am through!"

"Yes. It's a retake for us, but they are going to put in somebody stronger than you and do more of your scene in the water and less on the boat. You wouldn't be able to make the grade."

She knew he was saying it as kindly as it could be said. She knew he was kind when he turned his head and looked out at North's yacht.

"Am I Am I wanted for any more of the picture?"

He shook his head. "It's better for you. You shouldn't have gone to work so soon."

She put out a hand to ward off physically the troop of excuses, but one or two of them got away from her: "It was my chance. I thought I could." She put the excuses behind her. "May I ask you one thing? Is there any way I could see that rush again, so that I could find out in detail what I have done or what I have not done? Could I have it run?"

"Later perhaps. Or maybe Mr. North will arrange it."

She looked out in the harbor. The yacht was moving. "Is he going back?"

"He is going to San Francisco."

"For long?"

"Just over the week-end."

She brought her eyes back to him. "Do I make you do all this dreadful day's work over?"

"No; only your part."

She shivered. Violently she made herself stop. That was what had brought this about.

Soames took the straight path to the front door of the hotel. He looked back once at Constance crossing the garden to the wing where she was quartered with Guarda. On the terrace a group discussed the retake in low tones—the cameramen, the assistant director.

"Going to give her something else, Soames, when she gets back?" The assistant director had risen to meet Soames.

"No."

"The chief ——"

Soames cut in: "What's all this talk about her and the chief? She isn't taken out because she's going anywhere—with him or anybody else. She's out because she can't make the grade."

"What!"

"There she goes right now; up the steps from the garden."

The other man watched the thin figure make an effort with the heavy door, then he looked across the harbor at the moving yacht whose rhythmic throb came over the still water.

"Say"—his voice lowered—"say, Santa Claus, a lot of us have taken a good deal of trouble to fill that stocking for nothing."

But Soames made no answer. There was no regret in his face.

XIV

IN THE dusk Gabriel North pushed aside the chair Napoleon had sat in and stood for a moment looking out between the heavy curtains of his window at the girls out in the street waiting for the bus. He was anxious to get away, for they were working that night and he had to come back. He only waited for those girls to go. Sleek, suave girls! He looked down at his desk with a pile of photographs he must pass judgment on—stills of his new picture, with backgrounds made by those girls outside. Beautifully balanced photographs, the light and shade in them almost perfect. Blaise opened the door.

"Mr. North, Miss Gray has called twice. But it was your busiest time. She has called now to say she is leaving."

North brought himself back from his pictures with a jerk. "Leaving! Where is she going?"

Unconsciously Blaise's voice lowered: "She is going home."

"Is she on the line?"

"No, Mr. North. I had told her you were not in the building before she said that. She said good-by to me. That was how it came in."

North caught himself hunching his shoulders as he dismissed Blaise. He was tired. He was something more than tired. He was dulled. He had planned a week-end that should have been recreation and it had only tired him.

He had faced facts so long that the facing of them was part of him. But this thing that had been crawling into his belief of himself for days was some new kind of fact that every part of his subconscious self fought to keep him from acknowledging. It was fear—fear of what his life was becoming; fear of what this imitation emotion, this hurry, this shrewdness, this flinging out of silly stories, trying to make them flow because of rhythm and not because of truth, was doing to him.

He had had this fear ever since that night Guarda Daran had summoned him to Constance Gray's apartment and they had fought for her life, and he had found himself putting the responsibility of her gaunt living anywhere save on his own shoulders. Why had she not telephoned him? Why couldn't she have held on a little longer, until he had more leisure for her? Why hadn't Soames given her a job? And Soames' guarded look at him!

North examined the faces of the girls in the background of the photograph on top of his desk. Not one of these girls would come to him in illness or disaster. They dared not; they must put up a good front. He moved to the door—this hungry boy who used to go to Constance Gray's house so many years ago for bread and butter and brown sugar! And she was giving up rather than ask him for bread and butter. Had he nothing to give her?

What was it she had said? The need to give! She had called it the greatest need of all. "It would be a pity," she had said, "to have so much to give and no one to give it to." He moved down the steps to his car. It would be a pity to have so much to give and to be unable to give it at all.

The need to buy; the need to sell—what had he to do with the need to give? It was the market place for him. If a man had to listen day after day to the cry of the outsider: "I have life to sell," and if he had to answer year after year: "What price for this life you sell?" he must have the grit to face what it did to him.

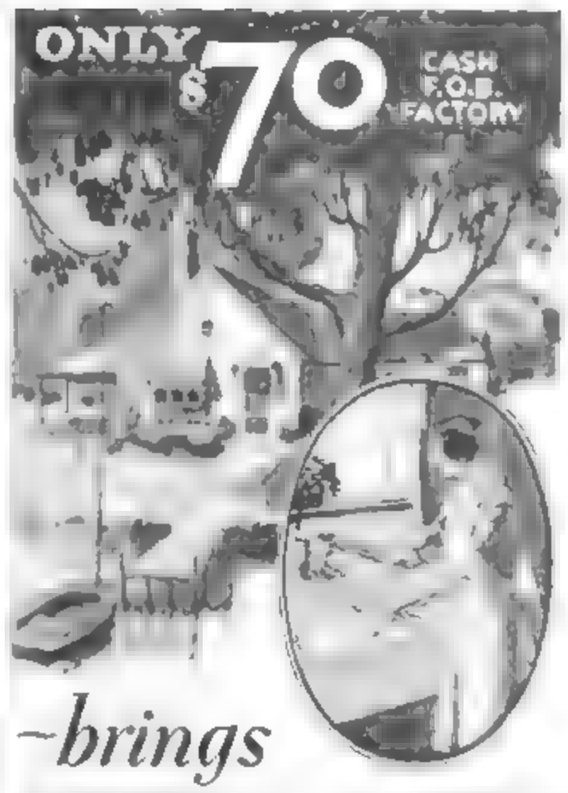
He was what he was; what he had become through these years of fight and trickery and work; these years where he must take others' ideas if his own failed him; where he must bid in the open market place for what chance would not give him. It was his youth, that this girl reminded him of, that was making him fear the age that was to come.

She made a man think of these things of youth—odd boyish ideals of giving the world finer pictures than it had ever dreamed of. But the world would not pay for fineness. It wanted the life of the market place—the life that could be bought.

He sank back in his car as it took the road to her apartment. From some place outside of his mind came a remembered phrase: "How shall a man be born again?" "A man could not be born again"—that answer he also seemed to remember.

Once a man had gone on, he could not go back to the days of boyhood and become a

(Continued on Page 127)



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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 125)

different creature overnight. This boy in him, that she knew, was dead. Anything he could have given her that these younger years promised was no longer there to give. He had gone to the market place and bought life and tossed it, living, into the machine he worked with too long.

He let himself into the shabby hall from whose doors she had gone each day to his studio. He stopped abruptly, for around the turn of the narrow stair came Guarda Daran. He had the feeling that she had been waiting on the landing above and that she had timed her descent to catch him on the narrow stair where he could not escape. She did not wait to greet him or to ask if she might speak to him.

"Mr. North, Soames says you are dissatisfied with my work in The Searchers. I don't have to tell you that it's this other girl and that I can't time a single movement with her on the scene. Soames says you won't take excuses. But I have to fight for my chance; nobody is going to give it to me. Nobody gives anything here."

He interrupted her angrily: "Nobody does anything else. You hound us with poor work and we go on giving you chances, making you produce something better than you could without us. But we are working. We don't mind being kind, but we're not running a sanitarium. We are not your keepers."

She came closer to him. "No, you are not our keepers. You are just our chance to live. You like to feel yourself kind and you like us to say, 'Thank you for the way you feel,' no matter what you do. That girl upstairs starved saying 'Thank you.' You felt fine about her. And there are hundreds like her here. Do you men ever say, flat out: 'No, you're not trained and I can't use you'? Not you! You're afraid you'll need somebody untrained sometime. You know we'll wait, and how we wait! We wait until our nerve is gone and we do the things rank fear makes us fools do."

Silence hung vibrating in the narrow hall. She had caught him with her last sentence. His own fear looked over his shoulder at him.

"You don't have to stay in pictures," he said.

But her flare of strength had gone. She sagged, listening to his angry voice.

"No," she said flatly—"no, I don't have to stay in pictures"—she made a movement to pass him—"and neither do you, but you will." In the dusk she looked at him despairingly.

"Wait," he said. "You are going on in this picture and another girl is taking Miss Gray's place. And still I don't like your work. But I am keeping you because you know how to work. You won't get sick in the middle of the picture, no matter how hard the work is. I know what you'll look like before I see the picture. I'm not giving you any kind thoughts. I am buying your work because I have to have it, and I won't buy it at one cent more than its market price; and if you are going to let your likes and dislikes of the other actors run down your work, that market price is going to go down. I can't guarantee your liking the new girl, but I can guarantee that if I don't like you I'll replace you the minute I can."

He moved up the stairs. At his knock Constance opened the door on a room swept bare of all save a grip and a bag. Into her white face came light and life. Why couldn't she look like that before the camera, instead of shivering in fear? He closed the door for her.

"So you are giving it up?" In his effort to make his voice ordinary it fell flat.

"I am going home," she said softly.

"Do you want to go?"

She looked out the window. Fluttering down across the dim square of light came little flakes of whiter light; the light and shadow he worked with, creating ceaselessly from shade to shine.

"No, I don't want to. Does anybody want to fail?"

"But why call it that? Call it one chance you missed. There are other chances."

She shook her head. "You don't really mean it; you are just kind. You see, if I stayed here I would keep saying to myself just what you have said, just what they all say, these girls who come out here thinking that's all it is here—getting another chance."

He leaned toward her with sudden warmth. "Connie, you have brains. Listen; this picture making is not a matter of good acting and of beauty. We make the world think so, but it is not. It is cold mathematics and the hardest kind of calculation. It is photography." He put a hand on her arm and his voice became urgent in his wish to make her see. "It is a lens, a narrow space, and then gelatin. You move upon glass—the glass of the lens. There is no perspective that is natural. To get over this, there is the short space between the lens of the camera and the gelatin of the film. If you are not before the camera at the right angle you become distorted; and it takes so much time to learn what to do about this and so few people understand it. Even the best directors know little about it; they just know the results. Connie, look! I know light and shade, and I know the camera. But I cannot make you know it by telling it to you, or I would."

He put his fingers under her chin and turned her face to the square of light. "Beauty is nothing compared to depth of feature. Yet I cannot tell you what depth of feature is. I can only say: 'Those who are shallow-faced fail.' You have depth of feature, but I cannot train you in a month to put it on the screen. Not because of you, but because of the mechanics of the camera that will not make a picture of you unless you take certain positions. And I cannot give my time to this. The food of hundreds is dependent on my giving my time to other things."

He fell silent, looking at her. When she went, some portion of his youth would go with her. She was the only one among these hundreds he lived with who remembered this boy in him who had died so long ago. But he did not ask her to stay.

It was no place for her, nor for all these other thousands of girls who came there knowing as little as she knew. And even if she worked it all out, what would it mean for her to live in the market place? What did it mean to these others who had life to sell and bargained in the selling, and were famous for a day—women with masked faces and men with painted lips, mimicking false emotions.

And she with her brave eyes and her wistful face and her thin hands that could not hold on! The market place was not for her. She had life to give, not to sell. The need to give ——

"You are going back to the old place, I suppose—lilacs and green hills," he said.

The ghost of a tinkling laugh fell oddly in the bare room.

"You have left out the people who live on the hills. They will ask about you—these people. They will say: 'Tell us how he looked and what he said. And was it as you thought it would be?'"

Clear-eyed and soft of voice! All this week-end he had tried to content himself with slanting looks and subtle cadences and trained brilliance. And it had not refreshed him.

"Perhaps I shall come back to these people some day," he mused.

The flush of color that struck her face with beauty made him draw back. Why give her anything but the truth? He searched for a phrase.

"And I shall find you with roses and children and life itself; not this semblance of life we work with here."

A shadow darkened her eyes. "I have found life here. I take it with me."

"If you stayed and kept hold of it here?"

"It would not live. You know that. You have told it to me in many ways."

He turned a little from her and looked about the room. "Have you enough money?"

"Yes."

"Good-by, Connie."

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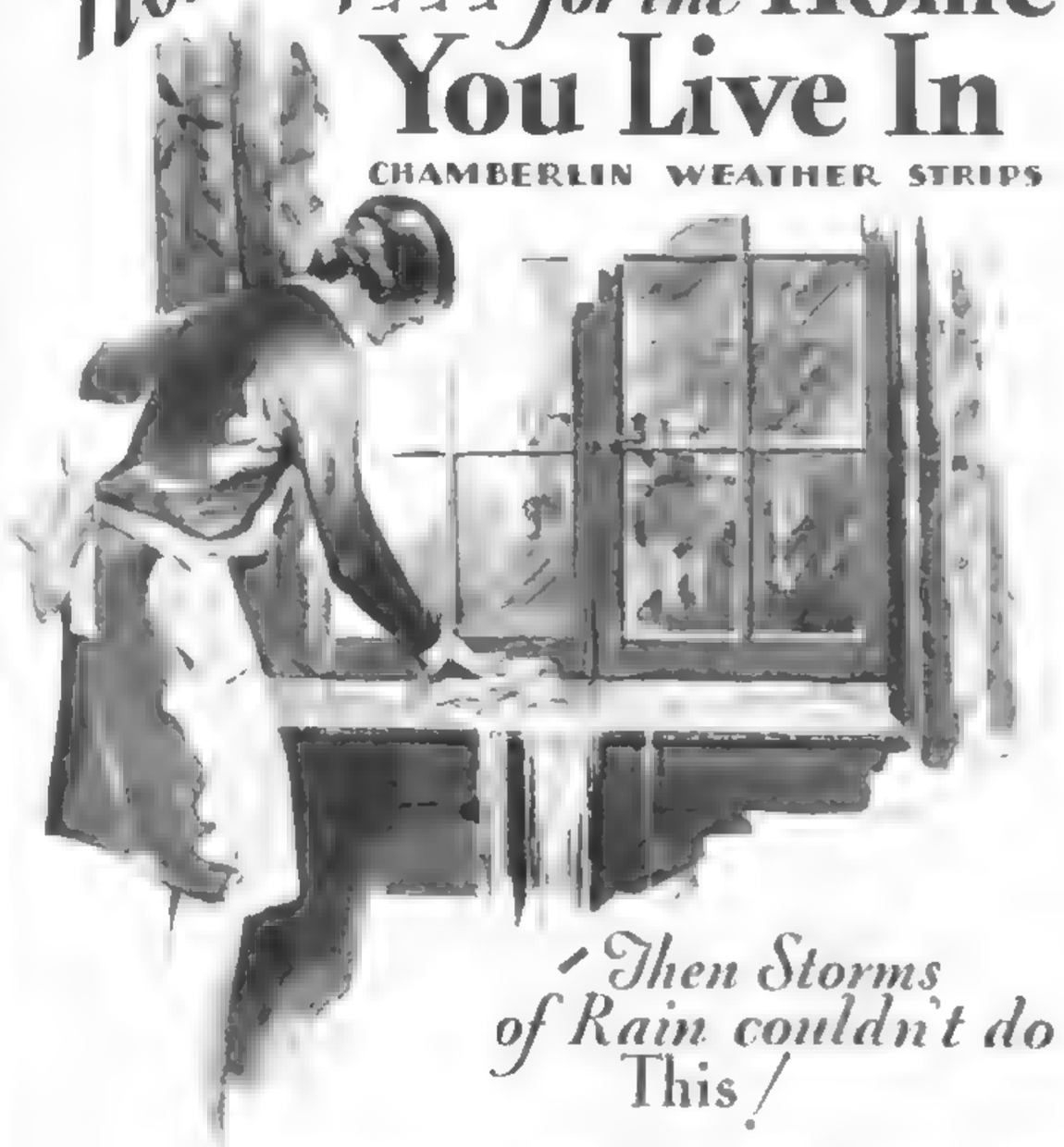

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Once again he cupped her face in his hands and kissed her that kiss that meant so little in this country of his adoption.

He closed the door gently and moved down the stairs. Not until he put his foot into his car did he recall that perhaps she might find it troublesome to get to the station with her heavy bags—she was a little thing. But he could not go back now. He looked up at her window, with its trick of light and shadow—little flakes of whiter light, like apple blossoms. Even yet he might keep her from going home. He shook his head and the car moved away.

Behind the window Constance Gray watched the car until it turned the corner. He was going back to the studio. They were working that night; Blaise had said so. The extras would be crowding into the narrow dressing room, chattering as those do who must seem successful whether they are or not. What was it North had said: "Why call it failure? Call it one chance lost."

Nobody used that word here—failure. There would be hidden anxiety everywhere about the studio tonight, and here and there it would sharpen to desperation because of this thing they never mentioned—this touchstone of reality -failure. The word would go around that the chief was in the studio and might look in on them, and eyes would glisten and voices deepen. Constance lifted her chin; she was rid of that. She was done with all the unreality.

Out on the set there would be a little group around Soames—those privileged to talk to him between sequences. They would be thinking of what they were going to say, and when he paused in his directing they would say it—suave words, witty sentences now and then, the word "dear" often. Guarda Daran watchful and sullen. Constance picked up her heavy bags. She was out of all that. Where she was going nobody would say kind things because of fear, but because they were kind. Nobody would say one thing meaning another. She moved to the door, her shoulders drooping under the heavy weight of her bags. Then she stopped, smiling softly.

Why, she was glad to be going! She was glad to be out of all this. Why should she leave drooping under a burden? She put down her bags and looked in her pocketbook. Even if they had retaken the parts of the picture where she had been in it, they had paid her for her work; they had paid her one hundred dollars a week. She had enough money for a taxicab to the station, and the telephone that had cost her so much more than she could afford was still there on her table. She leaned against the door waiting for the taxi, and watched the little flakes of light beyond the window. The ghost of a tinkling laugh fell oddly in the lonely room.

"What if he should be right?" said Constance, and nodded at the falling petals of light. "What if failure is just another chance? A new chance—to live."

He did not really care for her. With a little help she could have learned, but he would not help her—that was all his long talk meant.

She caught herself sharply—this was what she was putting behind her. She must not take it with her. Down in the street a taxi slid to the curb.

"A new deal," Constance said softly. "A new chance. I am going home."

(THE END)

HOW HONEST IS BUSINESS?

(Continued from Page 33)

honest to buy labor at the lowest quotation? Is it honest to take all the output of a factory over several years and then shut off the orders so that the owners will have to sell out? Is it honest for a manufacturer or a wholesaler to have different prices for different buyers? Is it honest to raise all sorts of minor technical objections to the sole end of forcing the seller to shave his bill?

It is quite usual to entertain buyers in the large cities, but where does hospitality stop and bribery begin? Money seldom passes, but there must be a line somewhere between a box of cigars and a fur coat. It is the buyer who commonly takes the initiative in a veiled way. He shops around without buying and learns prices; then he awaits the best offer. Sometimes he gets entertained by all hands before he even looks at any goods. Is it wrong for a seller to aid a buyer to graft? Suppose the buyer is also the owner of his business? And should an honest buyer refuse to be overentertained? Is it honest for a retailer to say that the customer is always right and then pass the trouble back to the manufacturer on the threat of taking his trade elsewhere?

The answer to some of these questions is "Yes." To others it is "No." But many of them have to be answered: "It all depends."

However, the public does not greatly bother itself with business practices. It is somehow afraid, in an inarticulate way, that the power of the large corporation may be used to oppress and take away the right of self-government.

This fear is very indefinite. It is better expressed in cartoons than in words—the overfat man with a plug hat and a great watch chain—Big Biz. President Roosevelt went hard after this bogy man, but later he shifted his position and did not hold, as at first, that bigness was the same as sinfulness. Today the country is not afraid of size. It actually takes pride in the might of the largest automobile companies and points to the magnitude of the telephone company as evidence of a high civilization. But the phrase "Big Biz" still holds a sinister meaning. It is hard to find the exact meaning, for when a man says "Big Biz" he takes for granted that you know what he means—even though he does not know himself. More than likely it has something to do with immunity under the law, with special privileges granted by politicians as against the welfare of the people, as when Boss Tweed diverted the resources of the city of New York to the support of himself and his gang.

It is not easy to appraise the strength of this thought, especially in presidential years, for the alleged facts come out only in political statements made in the shelter of immunity or in political inquiries where only the prosecution has a chance. Perhaps also the uproar of the days of corporate muckraking and frenzied finance created a background of suspicion which still holds. It is also to be remembered that by no means all of the attacks on business are either sincere or disinterested. Socialists, communists and radical labor movements attack business as a matter of principle and without regard to the facts, and these men as employes of social, but not at all radical, uplift organizations quite frequently turn in reports of so sensational a nature as to mislead their emotional and uninformed employers, especially when their employers are men without the slightest actual knowledge of economics or business. We have even had departments of the Government manned by investigators who were much more anxious to establish theories than to ascertain facts. One hears a good deal about business lobbyists, but not so much about the antibusiness lobbyists, many of whom make utterly reckless charges solely to stir up trouble and get their names in the paper. And finally every large business movement hurts the weak individual proprietors. The mail-order houses and the chain stores had to fight bitterly for existence, and so, before them, did the department stores. Nothing that we call progress can come about without at first appearing to hurt someone. The inventor of the power loom was nearly killed, stagecoach drivers tried to stop the

railroads, and the husky oil truckers battled to the death to destroy the pipe lines. Very recently some of the retail merchants of a large city attempted to start a nation-wide boycott of a manufacturer who had opened his company's stores to the public and was underselling everyone because he bought and sold with a minimum of waste. Self-interest has always allied against self-interest.

Is there, however, something in big business which inevitably causes it to be less scrupulous than small business? Does it countenance unethical practices as of course? Is business progressing toward virtue or away from it? By what ethical standards shall it be measured? Are the codes of ethics so frequently adopted by chambers of commerce and trade associations evidences of progress or to be classed with a bounder's vehement assertions that he is a gentleman? And why do sections of industries elect czars to keep them straight?

Taking up these questions in order, let us go back fifty years or so and see what was then going on. Corporations were not very well known to the public. The railroads were incorporated and so were the banks, but both production and distribution were in the hands of individuals or partnerships, and general laws permitting incorporation were just coming into being. The earlier corporations were formed by special acts of the legislatures and thus charters carrying with them franchises were acts of political favor. Therefore every corporation was in politics.

Whether the legislators debauched the corporations or the corporations debauched the legislators may be left to those who are determining the primacy of the hen or the egg. Every state capital had its Black Horse Cavalry as well as its corps of corporation lobbyists. No one will ever know how much money passed, for the lobbyists, in addition to being professional bribers, were professional double-crossers. The railroads were organized as corporations, but invariably they were owned or controlled by individuals and treated as individual properties by natural leaders who quickly became drunk with power. They were without regard for the interests of stockholders, employes or public. That was the public-be-damned period.

Not one of these men comprehended that more money could be made by not cheating than by cheating. They made money in spite of themselves. As Henry Ford once remarked:

"A dishonest man never succeeds in business because he is dishonest, but because he has other qualities which permit him to succeed in spite of his dishonesty."

Live and Let Live

The growth of the country made it extraordinarily difficult for railroad barons, such as Gould and Vanderbilt, not to earn money. They were all arrogant, but it was the same sort of arrogance that one notices in the foreman who has just been promoted from the ranks. Also all of them were traders.

Some years later E. H. Harriman was to come along and demonstrate that by putting railroads in a condition to give service he could earn more than all the older railway men put together. A. T. Stewart in New York and Marshall Field in Chicago were demonstrating that it was not necessary to ally politics and business, that a truly able man need fear no one, and that trying to monopolize was a form of waste. Their actions were contrary to the general current of business opinion, which was that only through monopoly could real money be made. As soon as a business firm grew large, it usually tried to put some other firm out of business by underselling, by working through banks, or by plain, ordinary, strong-arm methods.

The thought was quite general that, once monopoly was achieved, qualities could be lowered and prices raised. The Chicago packers, for instance, in the early days thought they could get all the business in the country, and lost a lot of money trying to do it. Standard Oil began to become powerful as Mr. Rockefeller introduced standards of product and of distribution into a lawless, speculating industry. He made his volume big enough to ship by the trainload and then made the railroads bid for his freight. In those days the supposed railroad rates were paid only by the little fellow. The big shipper bargained on rates by the rebate route.

Business was business and it was rough. Also it was juvenile in its display of power. The big man was expected to act up to his power. It was not out of the way for him to erect a statue to himself, to build a great and gaudy house or—as one not so great later did—to drive to his office in a coach and four with bunches of fresh violets at the horses' bridles.

But on the whole both virtues and vices tended toward the hardy. The leaders fought courageously, but no fouls were ever called. Incidentally, the financial condition of an enterprise was a profound business secret usually known only to the head. He kept his results in a firmly bound book that locked with a key.

Substitutes for Everything

None of those concerns was really large as we today know size. They were all within the grasp of the owner or controller. The corporations were not soulless. They were all one-man shows; they had souls, but the quality of some of the souls may be open to question. Business was really individual and it was as honest or as dishonest as the individuals involved. A strong man could nearly do what he pleased.

Compare those conditions with today's. Most of the facts of large business are in the open, and following the lead of Judge Gary most corporations with a large number of stockholders publish full and easily read financial reports. A great corporation has few facilities for cheating the public that buys from it. It cannot, as a policy, give short weight or short change, even if the president and the board of directors vastly desire so to do, for only a superman could train and control an army of thieves. Lowering quality is a sure road to bankruptcy. The monopoly idea has been given up as impractical in commodities. It is favored to a degree in the public services, such as the telephone and superpower systems, but these are natural monopolies based on service and their very life depends on volume of business. Brazen monopoly neither gives service nor gets volume.

Everyone knows by now that there are no absolutely necessary services or commodities; substitutes for everything are lurking just around the corner. Some of the labor unions have been the last to realize this, and the only great industries which are today in trouble are those in which labor and capital have battled without regard for the consuming public. The prosperous industries are those which are dominated by a few great corporations, and in each of these industries the corporations became great by giving the largest package for the dollar.

These industries are wholly interdependent. Suppose the steel companies should combine and double the price of steel. The consumption would at once drop, although the small users would have to pay the price asked. But the large consumers all have ample resources to go into the steel business themselves, and thus the steel companies would lose. This is exactly what has happened in coal. One large automobile company already makes a part of its steel requirements and also makes a portion of all its supplies, just so that it cannot be held up. It is not feasible in these days to sell at a loss in order to kill competition. The competition may for the moment be killed, but the money lost will never be recovered, for the moment prices are boosted a new competition springs up to get in on the high prices.

The great corporation of today has no facilities whatsoever for being dishonest

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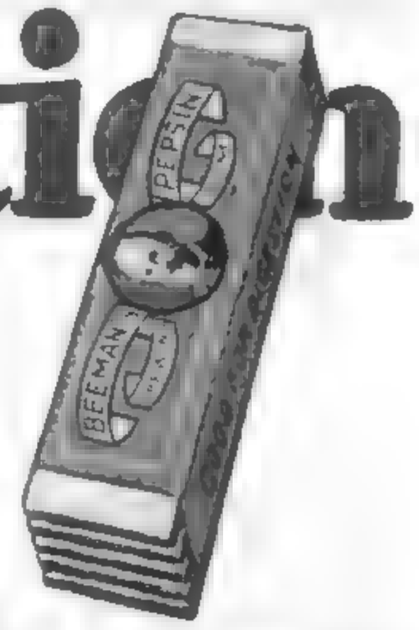

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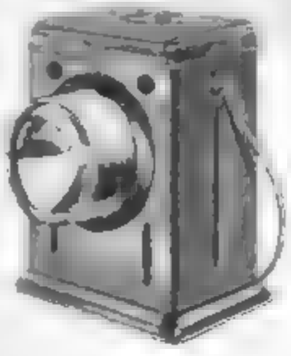

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with its buying public. It is, however, rather generally believed that the officers of many large corporations devote as much time to playing the stock market as they do to the affairs of their corporations, and that they use their inside information to make fortunes. This sounds plausible, and I have often been asked why I do not get some first-class stock tips from the heads of corporations and make a fortune or so. There are a number of ethical reasons against such a practice, but also there is one very large practical reason—the man who knows the least about the course of a company's stock is its supreme executive officer!

On the office wall of the chairman of a great corporation hang two canceled checks. One is for one hundred dollars and the other is for one thousand dollars and they represent bets between the chairman and the president of the company as to the course of the company's stock. Both men knew all that was to be known about the condition of the company; they had all the inside dope. And on exactly the same state of facts one man had twice decided that the stock was not going up over a period and the other had decided that it was going up. Their judgments could not have been more diverse had they been room traders.

Some officers of corporations are known to have joint speculative accounts with bank officers, but the practice is frowned upon, not as a matter of ethics but because both men are certain to go broke if only they speculate long enough in the stock they are presumed to know all about. In a few cases insiders do make money speculating, but that is luck. As a banker said to me.

"An officer of a corporation should have confidence in his company's stock and, if he has the money, he ought to buy it outright. Many officers of corporations have made fortunes out of the rise in their company's stock, but I have yet to know a case where they did it by speculating. They make their money by buying at the beginning and then holding through the years. If they are good officers their market judgment is bad, for they are always bulls.

"Only the other day a man came to me to borrow a lot of money to buy stock. His company was about to declare a stock dividend and he thought the market would rise. A stock dividend is only a further splitting up of what is already in hand and the unit price of the stock ought to decline. I explained this to him. The stock dividend was declared and the stock went down. He was a very surprised man."

The Pride of Accomplishment

Speculation holds its own cure. So does the old practice of buying supplies from favorites—from concerns in which the large stockholders or officers are interested—and at higher than the competitive price. The competition of today will rarely stand that. Even the big utility companies who are permitted by the public-service commissions to amortize their capital expenditures in their rates, and are thus able to buy as they like, no longer buy from favorites, but only on the most rigid engineering specifications. A human being will naturally favor his friends rather than his enemies, but curiously little of what is called favoritism now exists in large business. The dollar has to be shaved too closely for that.

The modern officer is not an owner; he is responsible to his directors and stockholders and is not going to end his business career by being a good fellow and favoring his friends. But over and above all that are the very high standards that now obtain among the elected officers of the great corporations. The old rough-and-ready days have few representatives left. The modern executive is talking and acting in this fashion—to quote Owen D. Young:

> Slowly we are learning that low wages for labor do not necessarily mean high profits for capital. We are learning that an increasing wage level is wholly consistent with a diminishing commodity-price level. We are learning that productivity of labor is not measured alone by the hours of work, nor even by the test of physical fatigue in a particular job. What we need to deal with are not the limits to which men may go without physical exhaustion, but the limits within which they may work with zest and spirit and pride of accomplishment.
>
> When zest departs, labor becomes drudgery. When exhaustion enters, labor becomes slavery. Zest is partly a matter of physical condition, but it is also largely influenced by mental reactions. These are common to all of us in every position. Are we doing well with our lives? Are we providing for our families—not merely clothes and food and shelter while we are working, but an insurance of them when our working time is ended either by age, disability or death? Are we providing more cultural opportunities for ourselves and our children?
>
> In a word, are we free men? Here in America we have raised the standard of political equality. Shall we be able to add to that, full equality in economic opportunity? No man is wholly free until he is both politically and economically free. No man with an uneconomic and failing business is free. He is unable to meet his obligations to his family, to society and to himself. No man with an inadequate wage is free. No man is free who can provide only for physical needs. He must also be in a position to take advantage of cultural opportunities. Business, as the process of coördinating men's capital and effort in all fields of activity, will not have accomplished its full service until it shall have provided the opportunity for all men to be economically free.

A Means of Expression

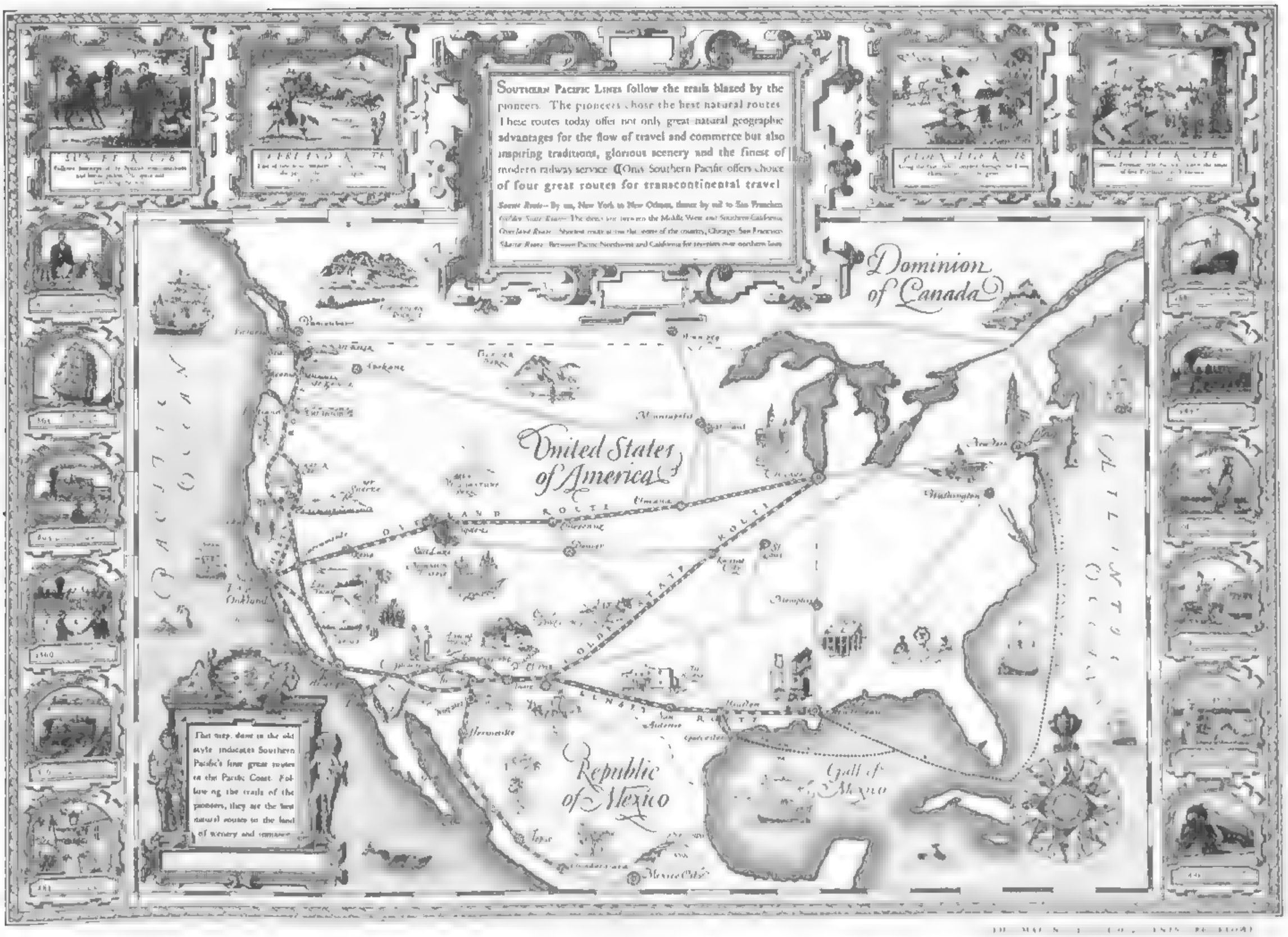
This is not to say that all men in business are lily white. That can never be until a great change comes over humanity—until everyone becomes honest. Mere money honesty and product honesty are today universal in large business. It cannot be otherwise. False statements are not unknown, but any stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange has to file financial statements periodically, and if a statement turns out to be untrue, then the stock is removed from the listing. Most of the tricks of the older speculators who rigged the markets cannot today be played. Pools still operate and they have an effect, but more of them lose than win and there is nothing at all immoral in speculation; the frailties of speculation are more than counterbalanced by the value of having a place where stocks and bonds can always be sold. Without the opportunity to speculate an open market cannot be preserved. Brokers' letters are sometimes more enthusiastic than accurate, but one pays no attention to them—or at least learns in time not to. Speculation, anyway, is only a method of expression; the buyer thinks one way and the seller another way.

Political favors are not today being purchased. A recent case in which apparently just this thing was done has attracted attention because it is so rare. Not many years ago it would have been usual. Corporations are today barred from making political contributions, but rich men of all parties do make contributions and in their own names without concealment. The enormous funds which are required by the primary elections are in part due to the growth of the number of voters and in part due to the rising cost of reaching voters. That is another subject and has to do with the honesty of politics.

There may be a difference in the essential honesty of the politician who attacks a corporation to gain notoriety and one who attacks to gain money. The ordinary voter does not subscribe at all to party chests. The money has to come from those who have it; some rich men subscribe because they want honors, such as foreign appointments, while others like to have the feeling that they are big men in their party. We have no system of rewarding party contributions by titles, as they have in England, and if rich men pay their money for favors, then they do not get their money's worth.

They do not get immunity. A few men do subscribe to both parties, but not so much to have an ace in the hole as to prove that they are neutral and do not want to be bothered. In a recent case where a man was shown to have subscribed to the chests of both parties, his citizenship can scarcely

(Continued on Page 133)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Yet over the horizon, and not very far, is ever the Old West too: the West of great ranches, rolling mesas, vivid, silent deserts and stupendous cliffs and cataracts.

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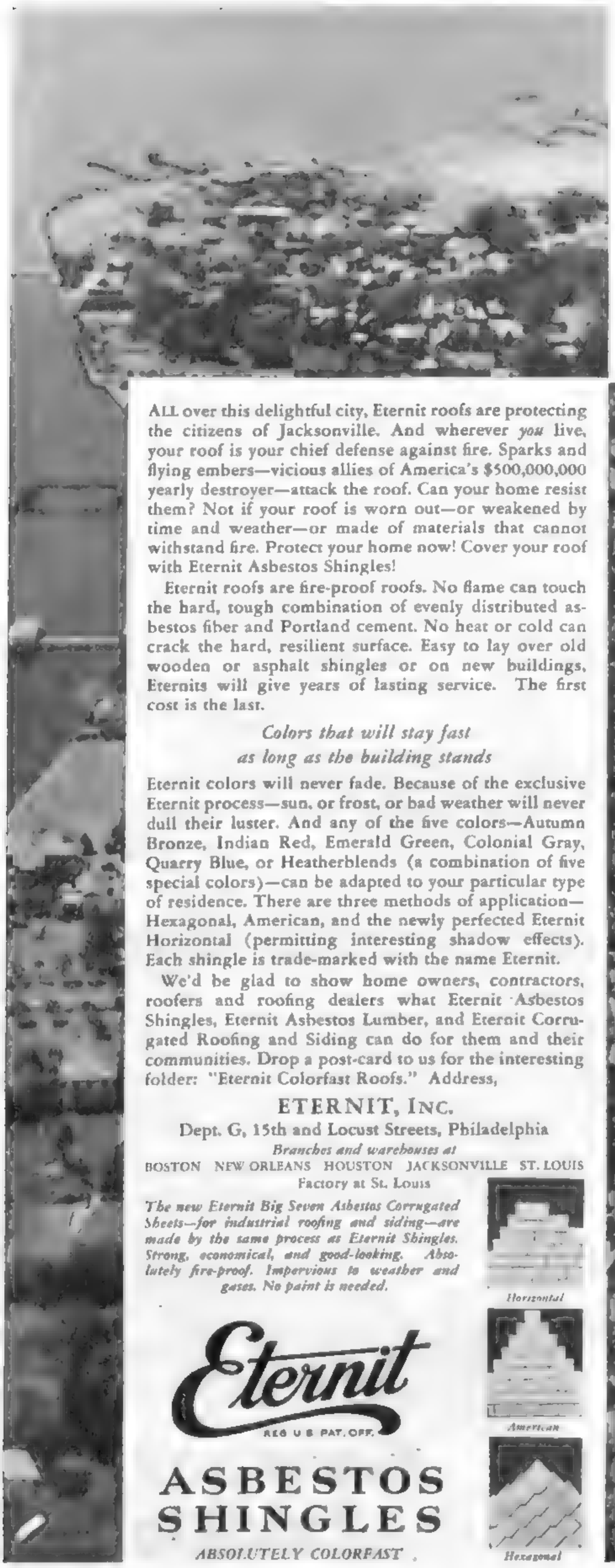
Send for free folder; add 25 cents for large copy of this map

Write your name and address in the margin below, tear off, and mail to E. W. Clapp, traffic manager, Department A-7, Room 1022, 310 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for *free* illustrated booklet, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast". Antique picture map as shown above, 23 x 32 inches, in full colors on heavy parchment paper, will be mailed upon application to same address, for 25c in stamps.

Southern Pacific



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ASBESTOS SHINGLES

ABSOLUTELY COLORFAST

(Continued from Page 130)

be questioned. He paid to avoid being bothered, and the sums he gave, though large, were to him only a trifle. He had absolutely nothing to gain from his contributions. There is an amount of thoroughly dishonest combination between certain kinds of business and crooked politicians, but large business is never involved. It has to do with sewer, highway building and other public works, and is on an individual basis.

The progress, most decidedly, is sharply upward. Everyone recognizes that. The adoption of codes of ethics and the like, and sometimes the appointment of chairmen—czars of industry—represent not large business but the striving of the honest men in smaller business to regulate their less honest fellows.

But the best answer to the state of honesty in business is to be found in the condition of the public welfare. Whatever may be the ultimate in business honesty, the level seems higher today than ever it has been.

Only a few months ago an investment house took up the entirety of a defaulted bond issue, paying each investor principal and interest.

This house had no legal obligation, but it decided its inquiries had not been thorough enough. And the incident did not reach the front page.

THE SOUNDNESS OF THE REAL AMERICAN PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 4)

that night I frankly asked them myself, and with one voice they said they did not want anything but the sort of thing I had given them. The cleric also canvassed the matter and met with the same response.

We—that is, Mr. Winthrop Ames and I—went to General Pershing's headquarters. Our purpose was to discover in what way the theater could be of service—it was at first regarded as a matter for laughter that actors should, so to speak, be camp followers and that men of war should need diversion. Subsequently it transpired that our people were very welcome, and the services of Elsie Janis and other players from the vaudeville and the regular theater will not be forgotten. The scoffers should have recalled the jongleur at the Battle of Hastings, and the comedians of King Richard III. As a matter of fact, General Pershing did not think our desires ridiculous, but welcomed the assistance of the theater. It was suggested that I take part in an entertainment to be given in a large Y. M. C. A. hut. I protested that I could only read from my plays, but that was acceptable.

Before going to the hut, a blond sergeant of infantry sought me out and asked in hesitating manner: "Some of us were wondering, sir, if you would mind giving us a bit of Shakspere tonight. Not all of us have seen Shakspere played, but we know of you." I told him that I would give him Shakspere until they tired of it, and his answer was: "That will never be, sir."

The stage was a small platform and on it were seated immaculate officers, perhaps fifty of them. Also in the front row were seated officers, also immaculate. Behind them were some three thousand men in that huge hut. I had been warned that squads of them at any moment would arise and leave to perform various duties.

Three Acts Too Many

This, I determined, should not disturb me, and I recalled a story my father used to tell, how when in 1863 he was playing Lord Dundreary in London at the Haymarket Theater—the play had run for more than four hundred nights and my father had very naturally concluded that he had pleased his public—one night a heavy swell who had been seated in the front row arose during the first act, yawned very audibly, put on his gloves, then his overcoat, then his hat, and started to walk up the center aisle. My father was an audacious man and equal to most emergencies. The audience was visibly disturbed by the exit of this exquisite, perpetrated with what appeared to be calculated intention.

My father stepped to the footlights and, holding up his hand, said to the retreating figure: "Sir, one moment." The weary auditor turned and regarded him. Said my father: "You know there are three more acts to this play."

The dandy yawned again most politely and replied, "Yes, I know; that's why I'm going."

Said my father when he told this anecdote: "I then and there learned a lesson I have never forgotten, and that is let well alone." He might have said "swell," but he didn't.

My audience arose and went out now and then, and others took the place of the departed. I went on. I had reached the scene between Hamlet and Queen Gertrude, where Hamlet says: "How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!"

O, What a Rash and Bloody Deed!

Polonius behind the arras, as Hamlet stabs him: "O, I am slain!"

The Queen: "O me, what hast thou done?"

Hamlet: "Nay, I know not. Is it the king?"

Queen: "O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!" As I said these words, crash! one would have thought the earth had burst open.

"Lights out!" one of the immaculate officers who rose in front of me called instantly. A sound, such as I have heard in two theater fires which I have experienced, like a dull hush of threatening movement and ominous sound. Then the command, swift like the crack of a whip: "Attention!" Then absolute silence.

Then again crash! crash! and crash!

We were being bombed by aircraft from the sky. There in the dark we sat. I stood while, for a space that seemed like time standing still, the German planes attacked headquarters.

Strangely, I was not perturbed. I felt merely curious and astonished, and really my theater instinct was alert. I was, as it were, thinking of my own thoughts. At length, after a long silence, broken only by the crashes of the bombs—a pause of some moments—there was the sound of a bugle which meant "All clear." What tragedy there was of attack and counter attack I never learned, but my immaculate officer cried out, again like the crack of a whip, "Lights up!" and up went the lights. Then with a graceful gesture to me—for this officer was certainly a courtier—"Mr. Sothern, will you go on with your recitation?"

"O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!" said I, and so appropriate was the line that roars of laughter and applause greeted it. I finished the scene from Hamlet before the soldiers; and I must say I have never played to a more appreciative audience, nor have I ever felt that the words of this tragedy had meant more than to the great variety of minds that I encountered there.

Again and again I have recited these plays to men in huts and in camps, in fair weather and in mud and rain, and they have never been weary of hearing them. I do not for a moment suggest that it was the extreme excellence of my reading that affected them, although, of course, I am a practiced actor. It was the message of the poet himself.

Once, in England, I was one of a concert party composed of some musicians and

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are designed and woven to emphasize those qualities which go far toward creating an impression of good taste in dress.

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In addition are qualities of comfort and serviceability which, we believe, will be of interest.

Rather than to make claims which, however justified, might be doubted or considered extravagant, we prefer to let the fabrics speak for themselves.

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singers. We gave our performance to an American regiment stationed outside of London awaiting orders for France. The commanding officer came to me and asked me to return and give an entire entertainment of Shakspere. I did so very gladly. On this night the Y. M. C. A. tent had been blown down. The ground was flooded. The little stage stood forlorn, in the midst of rain, with a grand piano on it, and rows of folding chairs flat in the mud on the ground. I stood on the stage in the rain in my mackintosh and rubber shoes—which most Englishmen disdain. The chairs were lifted and the audience collected, and there I read my selections. The Y. M. C. A. man who took me there made a picture of the scene. I have it now. And I will swear that no other tragedian has ever read Hamlet under such conditions. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

What I wish to point out is that these plays were acceptable to a mixed audience of men, many of whom were not educated—acceptable under circumstances when it had been thought that concessions should be made to their situation and that the light fantastic toe and slapstick comedy might divert them more. They, of course, loved to see pretty girls and to hear them sing amusing songs in the choruses of which they joined heartily, but they had other moods and those they were glad to have considered too.

Miss Mary Anderson was sweet and gracious when I asked her to aid me in some performances. We gave scenes from Macbeth together. One especially I recall—given in a dear old mansion at Evesham, near Broadway, Worcestershire, where Miss Anderson lived. The house and garden there for the day were given over to the cause of charity, to provide some funds for a soldiers' hospital near by. Wounded men, in their blue clothes and red ties, sat or lounged about the lawn, and pretty ladies sold every imaginable thing at booths in the lovely garden on the lovely summer day. There were speeches and flags and much attempt at merriment and the constant courage which prevailed everywhere in England during that dreadful time. "Cheerio" was not only upon all lips but in all eyes and in every heart.

Strange Costumes

A gentleman with a tenor voice had been eager to offer his services on that occasion and was cast for the messenger who announces to Lady Macbeth the approach of King Duncan. The stage had been erected at the end of a long banquet hall and built against a door which had thus been reduced in height from perhaps seven feet to five. I warned the tenor gentleman, who was to enter from a kitchen table placed on the other side of the curtained door, that he would certainly, were he not observant, bang his head against the top of this door on entering or on making his exit, and I took the trouble to rehearse him carefully in these movements.

In her private conversation Miss Anderson had a voice gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman, but she also possessed a deep tragic note which came to her aid in Lady Macbeth. My tenor friend had felt shy at rehearsing with her and I had undertaken to instruct him in corners of the garden of Miss Anderson's Broadway residence, and in a remote chamber far from prying eyes. His words were these:

Entering in haste, he falls to one knee and says:

"The king comes here tonight."

Lady Macbeth replies:

"Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation."

The Messenger:

"So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message."

Lady Macbeth:

"Give him tending;
He brings great news."

The messenger was clad in a black cutaway coat and striped trousers. I, as Macbeth, wore my Y. M. C. A. uniform. Lady Macbeth wore a summer frock and, to give her a regal note, a string of beads around her forehead.

Our audience consisted of perhaps two hundred people, gentry from the surrounding district. The stage was so small that we could use only two little chairs and a tiny table, and we placed a screen on each side of the stage; one to represent the exit to Duncan's chamber through which Macbeth entered to commit the murder and where Lady Macbeth went to lay the two bloody daggers beside the sleeping grooms.

Prophecies in Shakspere

Behind the other screen sat Sir John Hare, the distinguished actor, who insisted upon being our prompter.

Please remember that the tenor gentleman had to say:

"So please you, it is true: our thane is coming
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message."

Miss Anderson gave him his cue. He entered, as I warned him once more to stoop under the abbreviated and curtained door. He fell on his knee and he cried in a high voice: "The king comes here tonight." In her best tragedy manner, Miss Anderson replied: "Thou'rt mad to say it."

She had not acted for twenty years and the tenor gentleman had not heard those tones before. He quite lost his reason, and he said: "Well, it's true! One of my fellows told me about it. He could scarcely speak because he was dead."

Said Miss Anderson: "Give him tending; he brings great news."

The tenor gentleman arose, backed, as he had been rehearsed, salaaming, toward the abbreviated door, turned to exit, and banged his head against the top of it. I caught him in my arms as he staggered on to the kitchen table.

"Tiptop!" said I. "You did splendidly."

"Well, I didn't lose my head," said the tenor gentleman. Anatomically this was true, but figuratively his head had gone through the roof and was only then readjusting itself on his shoulders. Nobody had laughed. To the people out front the occasion was solemn, and no production of Sir Henry Irving could have been listened to with more staid appreciation. As a matter of fact, we were so sincere that the play exercised its spell in spite of restrictions and impossibilities, and vindicated Shakspere's line: "For never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it."

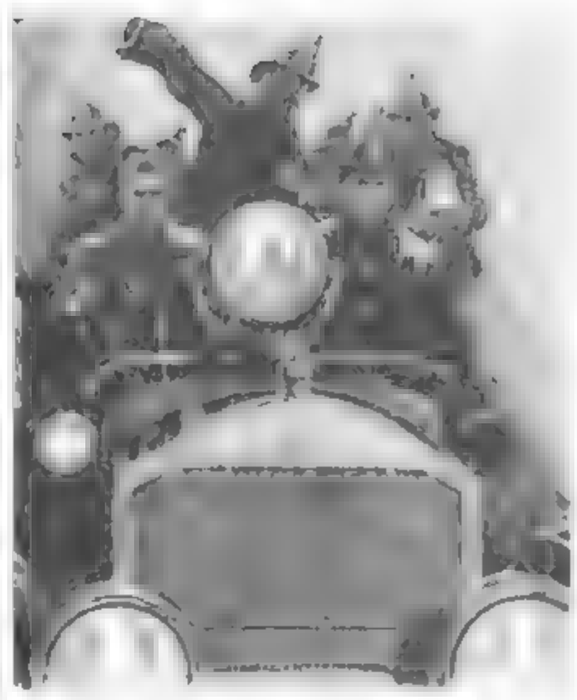
I have been asked, "Do you favor the presentation of Shakspere in modern clothes?" No, I do not. But each man to his choice, and I must say that a friend of mine provides very excellent evidence that Shakspere himself anticipated such treatment, not only with equanimity but with enthusiasm. In Antony and Cleopatra he writes these prophetic words for Antony when addressing Egypt's queen: "O thou day o' the world! Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all, through proof of harness to my heart, and there ride on the pants triumphing!"

Surely an invitation to sit on Antony's lap!

In England schoolboys allude to trousers by the name of "bags." Oxford bags are now the fashion, and you will recall that honest Iago, when he arouses Brabantio to inform him that his daughter has fled with the Moor, cries: "Awake! What, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves! Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!"

He would be a dull scholar who did not perceive here the author's intention that in days to come it should be clear as mud that

(Continued on Page 136)



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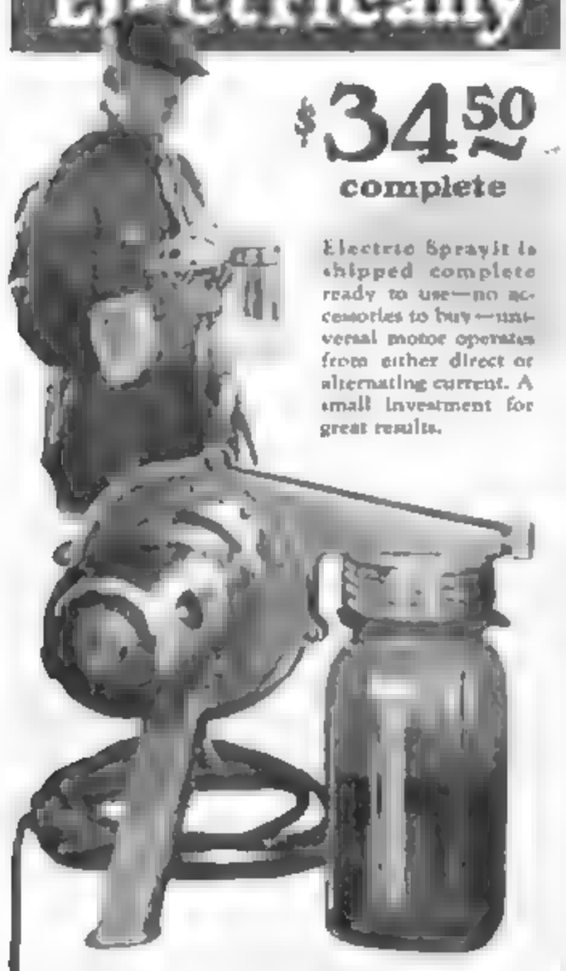

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(Continued from Page 134)

Brabantio is entreated to put on his trousers before he ventures into the night air. The mystery of Hamlet and the question as to his sanity which have troubled three centuries appear to have been happily solved by this wearing of modern costume. A prejudiced person like myself would think that if anything would make Hamlet mad, it would be to put him into trousers. This, however, takes the play out of the category of leg shows and must gratify the censors. I am assured that the acting was excellent and would have been extolled even had the actors worn tights. It is probable, however, that any young man in actual life, wearing a tweed suit and a billy-cock hat, who should remark, "But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill," would probably receive a swift kick or be conducted with tenderness to the nearest police station.

The chief consideration is that these eccentricities elicited the enthusiasm of the multitude and the approval of critics, and that the solemnity of the tragedy had been happily eliminated; which merely proves for the thousandth time how mistaken even the most well-meaning person may be. For it has long been considered by people credited with wisdom that a tragic play was something concerning tragedy, and that its presentation might pretend to solemnity with some show of reason. Still a fault confessed is a new virtue added to a man. And it is pleasant to own to an accession of virtue. The late Mr. Walkley, who was the dramatic critic of the London Times, was recently reproached with a cynical view of the modern stage. He replied thus:

"The majority of playgoers, however, make no pretensions to intellect. They don't want it and don't get it. They get a vapid, scenic, romantic picture of the life they themselves live, or would like to live. There is scarcely a breath of poetry, of spirituality in the modern theater. There is no dignity, either ethical or artistic. What does abound in it is mediocrity. Mediocrity of mind, of ideals, of taste. Why, then, be so solemn about it?"

Too Much for the Author

Those who would really take the theater seriously, who regard it as a great art—which should be cultivated with due consideration for its influence upon the welfare of the people—find themselves now and then in situations which try their patience. Some years ago I produced The Sunken Bell, a delightful symbolic play by Hauptmann. The critical fraternity complained that Rautenderlein, who represented the spirit of the artist's ideal, appearing to Heinrich, the bell founder, woos him from his humdrum village life to the mountain heights, where he creates a wonderful bell, his master work—that this Rautenderlein was indeed no better than she should be, thus to lure an honest bell founder away from his wife and his children. And they condemned the story as harmful to the morals of any staid community. This view distressed Mr. Henry Meltzer, who had written a very wonderful translation of the play, and he begged me to send a cable to Hauptmann worded thus:

"Press generally attacks morals of play. Please cable at once what, in your opinion, Rautenderlein signifies."

To this Hauptmann replied: "I don't know." Here, indeed, was a pretty kettle of fish, and a blow from which neither Meltzer nor I have ever recovered. Of course Hauptmann's idea was: Why explain the obvious to people who do not perceive it? And therein he was without doubt perfectly right.

Do you agree with Mr. Walkley's judgment of the modern theater?

I am compelled to do so. The stage has undoubtedly deteriorated in my day. The star system has foolishly been condemned, but what does this star system mean but the domination of most capable actors? The railway destroyed the stock companies, making it possible for fine actors to travel with their most successful characters, another mechanical device—the motion picture—has absorbed not only a large number of our theaters but has practically monopolized whole sections of the country and has greatly affected the fashion of plays. We must look for some development from those persons who, missing the spoken drama, have started the little-theater movement. These may develop in time into repertory theaters with professional actors, and the prosperity of our calling may thus be restored. At present we are in a bad way.

I think that the repertory theater is the thing which will mend the situation. This will be a reversion to the old stock system, which produced the great actors of our earlier days, both here and in England, and which upholds in European countries the excellence and the dignity of the theater.

The Lesson of Æsop's Frog

Without opportunity to play a great number of rôles a man or a woman can no longer obtain that constant and various experience which in all arts makes for perfection. The old stars had had that experience, and they have passed away. It would be unwise, and ungenerous, too, for our present generation to undervalue the services and the accomplishments of those actors. Sometimes I hear young ladies and gentlemen of the press and of the theater, who could never have seen Mr. Booth, declare that his acting in these days would not be tolerated. One cannot argue with such people. One can but know how the attempt to play the great characters of Shakspere would overwhelm them.

Such adventures were undertaken by the old players with a decent reverence, with some respect for tradition and some eagerness for new light.

I said, not long since, to a young person who came to see me about an engagement—a pretty girl of about twenty:

"Have you played in any of these plays?"

"Oh, yes," said she. "I have played Ophelia."

"Who was the Hamlet?"

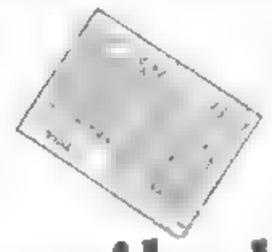
"I forget," said she.

Mrs. Sothern, at a dinner party in London, sat next to Sir Squire Bancroft, and expressed her regret that that fine old actor had left the stage.

"I did not leave the stage," said Sir Squire. "The stage left me." By which he meant that fashions had changed and that in the new state of things he was no longer at home.

Most naturally, times change and we change with them. The methods, the tastes, the manners of presentment march on. We have in late years greatly improved in certain outward and visible matters in the theater, but it may be questioned whether we have not lost something in inward and spiritual grace. Even in the matter of mere expenditure on productions, by which their excellence is most frequently estimated, we had better not too readily boast. It may be well to recall, before we emulate Mr. Æsop's frog, which burst with the endeavor to excel, that as I have mentioned in the heyday of Athens the sum of five hundred thousand dollars was spent by a Choregus on the production of a drama of Sophocles, and that during the reign of the Virgin Queen it was quite customary to spend a sum equal to fifty thousand dollars in our money for one performance of a masque.

Whenever the subject of repertory theaters is broached, it is necessary to reply to the question expressed or inferred: How about the failure of the New Theatre? Indeed, the fact that that enterprise fell short of success was, and will be, detrimental to other such adventures. And yet, could we go into this matter very thoroughly, lessons important to the future could be learned. It is a ticklish matter, for we do not want the wealthy and generous men who, with enthusiasm, endeavored to serve our cause, to believe that we are not grateful. Yet the mere failure declares that there were fatal mistakes of purpose and policy, and that an apparently impossible task had



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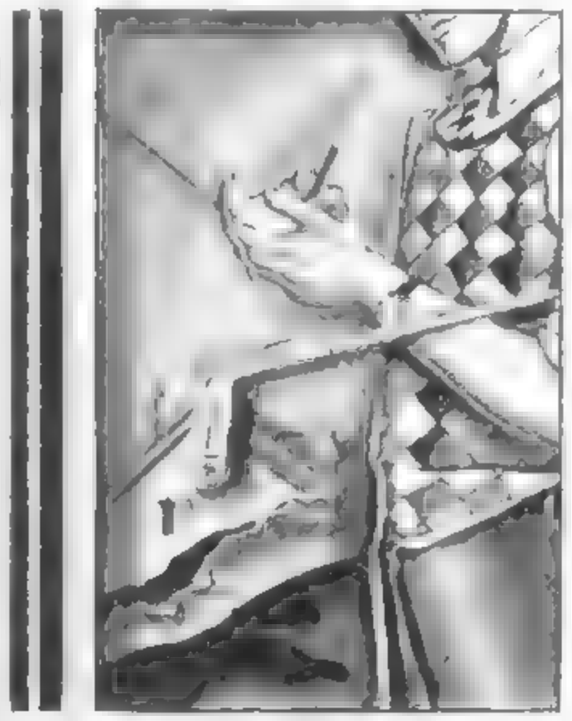

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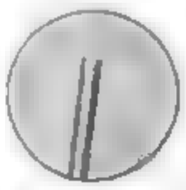

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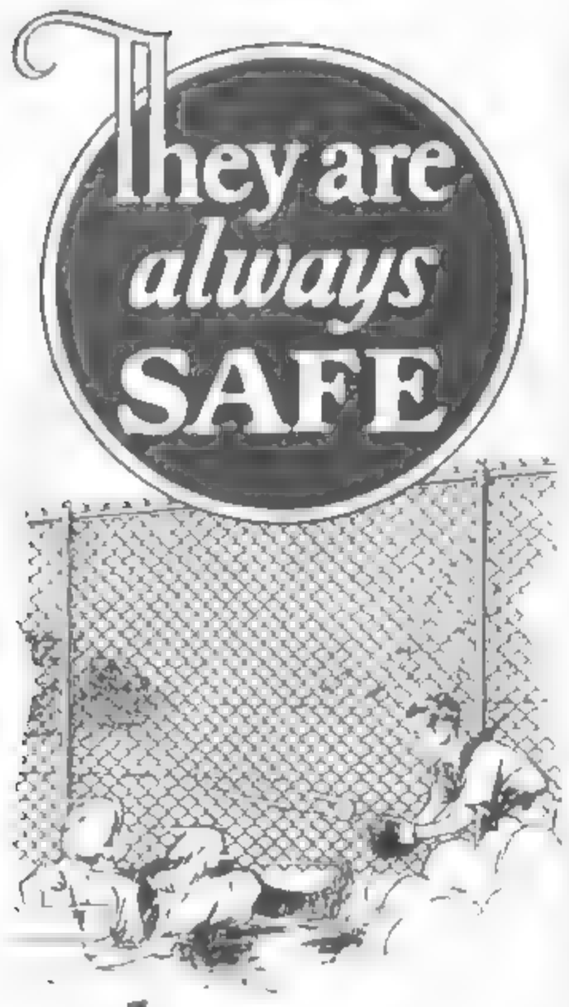

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been undertaken. There is one statement, however, which can be made without offense, and that is that the creation of an acting organization is of much greater importance than is the erection of a building.

The building, the scenery, the authors, the equipment, as I have before asserted, are dead letters apart from fine acting. Fine acting takes time to create, and is the outcome of infinite training, labor, direction, devotion, intelligence, discipline and care. In this instance such a company might have been first created, even if it had taken some years to create it. The money spent on that creation would have been wisely invested, and when it had become a living, palpitating entity, then it could have been housed. And this should be the process in all future endeavors. The actor is the theater. No matter how tiresome such a statement may be, it is the fact. And if circumstances so develop that his excellence is retarded or that his training in his craft is rendered impossible, then his calling will decay.

Those who have not witnessed great acting and who find sufficient diversion in exhibitions where acting is not so essential as music, movement, the female form divine, or those plays which maintain the interest through the exploitation of horror, the development of mystery or the investigation and maybe the glorification of crime, will perhaps assure me and others who may feel as I do, that it is an excellent thing that the ancient theater and the old actors are dead and done for, and that, since they have had their day and are comfortably buried, it is better to let well enough alone and permit youth to have its fling

One can only reply that twenty theaters were vacant at Christmas; that only ten plays in a hundred survive, and that the average year's work of an actor in this country is ten weeks. Also that the income of the spoken drama was less by sixty million dollars than it was the year before.

Do you think we have improved, or have we retrograded in manners?

I think we have certainly become more careless in our manners. It is now well over fifty years since I came to live in New York. The population was not so mixed as it is now. If I may say so, it was more American. Behavior was more courtly in those days. Almost extravagantly so, especially in the deference shown to women. And men appeared more constantly polite to one another. That was in the days of the horse. I saw the first hansom cab arrive from London in 1875. James Hebron, the cab starter at old Delmonico's on 26th Street, had it brought over, and my father and I were the first people to ride in it. My father always enjoyed astonishing people, and it amused him to see the wonder created by this hansom cab. He kept it all day and had a fine time.

Two Gentlemen of New York

I shall no doubt see the last of the hansom cab here too. There has been one placed in the London Museum quite near a Roman vessel found in the Thames mud. Doubtless we shall preserve one here to accompany the antediluvian reptiles, and maybe we shall place near it the image of one of our old tragedians. Children will be informed that we had live actors in those days; not at all like the moving pictures we have now, but men and women who in their own persons moved us to laughter and to tears. And it will seem as strange as to talk of that distant day "when Roscius was an actor in Rome."

There are manners for all occasions. There are elevator manners. These are comic, and pathetic too. There are theater manners—very bad are these, when there is no consideration at all for the knees or hats or comfort of others. There are Subway manners, which are of the sardine variety. I think there is a general consciousness that manners are insufficient and that they should be amended. But there is also a feeling that manners are a waste of time and that there is "no money in it."

The excessive ceremony of some foreign nations, such as kissing of hands, and even osculations conferred by men upon men, have always been disturbing to Anglo-Saxons. But where people perambulate in regiments and brigades, as we do in New York, it is difficult to attend to the delicacies of behavior; when to greet an acquaintance is to hold up the traffic. Good manners are more likely to be preserved in a small community.

I once encountered an old gentleman as I was about to enter an elevator in a business building.

"After you," said I.

"No, no, after you," said he. The other people stared at us in disgust. We were wasting time. "Does this happen to you often?" said he.

"Seldom," said I.

"I have not had such a thing occur to me for years," said he.

The Theater's Personality

Box-office manners at the theater could be improved to advantage. I once installed a polite young man of my acquaintance in front of our theater. He wore a nice new uniform with a cap on which the word Information was placed. His duties required that when a shy lady or an indignant gentleman felt he had been badly treated or that their seats in the fifteenth row were not near enough to the stage, and started to leave the theater with denunciations, my man was to approach him or her and, with civility and mildness and smiles, offer to show the injured patron just where the seats were. The patron would find the seats in the middle of the house, probably be quite satisfied, and my young man would go and pay for the tickets, and the patron, mollified and subdued, would feel he had got the best of the rogue in the box office and depart at peace with the world. I thought this innovation quite a success and one day I asked my young man what information he was most often asked for.

Said he, "I am most frequently asked, 'How old is Miss Marlowe?'" I thought it was hardly worth while to pay him a salary to determine this, so I transferred him to other duties.

Every play has its audience. There was a time when every theater having a well-defined policy and possessing, as it were, a personality drew to itself a distinct class of patrons. Daly's Theater and Wallack's, Palmer's or the old Lyceum had audiences of certain refinement. The Bowery Theater and some others drew very excellent people, less addicted to boiled shirts and to ceremony. All this is altered. No theater has a personality any more. You hardly know who or what you may encounter in it, what you will see, or perhaps what you will pay. Still, the quality of a play will soon discover itself, and the honey or the rubbish, as the case may be, will attract its votaries. Sir J. M. Barrie's audience is quite a different one to that which will attend plays devoid of charm and devoted to those "slices of life" which we are told are so essential to the comfort of the intellectuals and the emancipated. Every audience, indeed every assembly, has its mood born of the occasion. And if you ask if audiences have changed, the reply must be that they are more varied.

Our country is composed of so many nationalities, with so many different antecedents, and drawn from such a variety of conditions, that the task of providing them with the entertainment they will purchase is not an easy one. All the same they have certain qualities in common, and I say again that should a system ever be devised through which they may repeatedly come in contact with that which is beautiful, either in tragedy or in comedy, people from all of these different publics will find such entertainment delightful, once they can be made aware of its existence. It is a pleasant reflection that those plays which have had the longest life and have made the greatest fortunes in the theater have been wholesome plays, and I am glad that my

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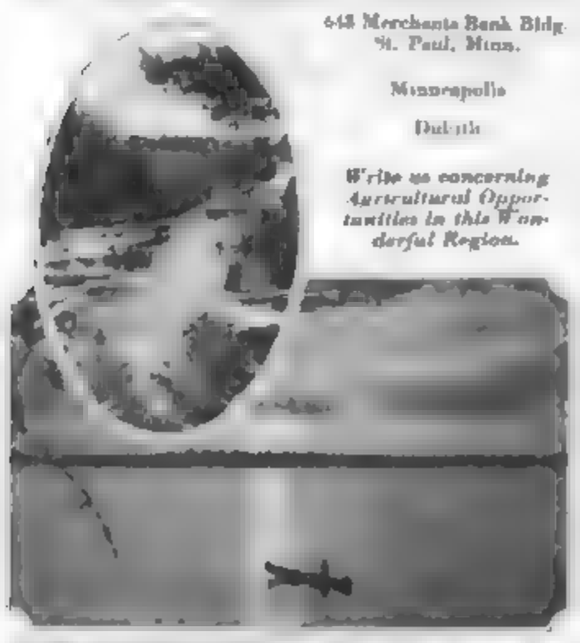

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father's Lord Dundreary (in Our American Cousin) was one of these. For twenty years it prevailed victoriously, both here and in England. Even today, about seventy-five years after its first production, ancient people laugh at the memory of it, and I am frequently addressed on the streets, on trains or in hotels by old fogies who speak of their affection for my father, who perpetrated this amusing but human character.

Many actor managers of the old days played such plays. The fortunes acquired by the Rip Van Winkle of Jefferson, and by such domestic dramas as The Old Homestead, Shore Acres and Way Down East, and many others, are evidence that the people at large are at heart clean in their taste. It is true that the intellectuals and the emancipated scorn such childish dramas, but they also scorn Dumas and Scott and Dickens, and find Joyce's Ulysses a dish fit for a king. The trouble is that it is much more difficult to write a fine romantic play, or a sweet fanciful comedy, or a clever comedy of manners, or a straight drama of real life dealing with normal people, than it is to write a play which shocks by its daring defiance of convention and good manners. It is also true that there is some attraction in forbidden fruit, as both Eve and the wife of Bluebeard discovered to their disadvantage.

A Good Memory Appreciated

I have related how many people have approached me to speak of their affection for my father. "I knew your father," they would say, smiling at the remembrance. "I knew your father." I had a delightful instance of this regard when I was engaged by Stuart Blackton to make a picture of my old play, An Enemy to the King. I was a follower of Henry IV of France, and we were taken, in all our finery of silks and satins and armor and feathers and rapiers and daggers, to a large field not far from Brooklyn, where were assembled two opposing armies. I do not ride either with skill or enthusiasm and I had prayed that I might be provided with a horse not eager for adventure. When I was prepared to mount I was introduced to a coal-black animal, saddled after the fashion of the times.

"I hope he is quiet," said I to the director.

"I hired him from an undertaker," said he.

I mounted with confidence, and we proceeded over hill and dale to the rendezvous. There were the troops of the enemy with spears and crossbows, looking fierce for battle. I was placed with my back to a wood wherein were my own forces, some five hundred supers who were engaged in putting on their clothes under the direction of costumers and wigmakers, taking off trousers and pulling on tights, high boots, spurs, breastplates and such accouterments of war.

Said the director: "You take this pistol"—a flintlock about eighteen inches long—"and you fire it off when I say 'Go!' Then you move forward and we take you so that you appear coming out of the smoke. That is the first sight the audience will have of you. Good idea, eh?"

"Admirable," said I, and took the pistol.

"Go!" said the director.

"Bang!" went the pistol and the undertaker's horse reared onto one leg. He turned around three or four times and fled into the wood. The men, half naked, who were donning their clothes, scattered right and left, shouting warnings to one another. I lost my helmet against a branch, was banged on the head by another. My animal, having lost his mind entirely, snorted and rushed between trees, to my infinite terror. My breastplate banged against the pommel of my saddle and hit me painful blows under the chin which made me bite my tongue. I was in desperate case, when from behind a tree a perfectly nude old man rushed at my horse's head, seized the bridle, stopped him dead and cried, "I knew your father!"

It developed that at one time he had been a super in Our American Cousin, fifty years before, and as he stood before me, innocent of clothes, his long white hair blowing in the wind, a smile of pleasure on his ancient face, I could not but feel that actors who could so endear themselves to their generation might perhaps dispense with the approval of the intellectuals and the emancipated, and that in spirit I could join forces with this naked patriarch in the cause of sweetness and light.

It is, of course, no new thing that the people of one generation should criticize those of another; should maybe recall the past with some regret and look for solace to the future. This always has been and will be the inclination in a world which has not yet attained perfection. Mr. Dwight Moody, the son of the evangelist, is reported to have discovered a clay tablet in Assyria which is fifteen thousand years old. When the inscriptions on it had been deciphered, this comment was revealed:

"The world is going to the dogs. Children no longer obey their parents, and every man is writing a book."

The ancient inscriber of these sentiments doubtless looked back to some good old day, and prophesied to his intimates that the time to come would develop a world and give birth to a race that would put his present day to shame. It would appear, however, to be the same old world. The intervening fifteen thousand years are but as yesterday, and in fifteen thousand years more, dogs will still enjoy the same old diet and children will still persist in disobedience. Also, every man will have his say. It is, however, this shuffling of opinions which prevents stagnation, which exercises our powers of conversation, provides material for contradiction, and which thereby makes the world go round. Though youth may perceive in the moment and in itself the accomplishment of all desire, maturity is prone to treasure the past and to look for fulfillment to the sweet by and by.

An Admonishment for Admonishers

Should it be suggested that our opinions are old-fashioned and we ourselves are moribund, it may be pleaded that all fashions grow old and that, although among cannibals it is customary to swallow those whose infirmities oppose progress, we believe that, protected by the police and by the consciousness of our own integrity, we may continue to declare our convictions. This propensity for chatter is more or less harmless and makes no more impression than the cuneiform dents of Mr. Moody's Assyrian.

It is wise also not to be too assured that one's own generation will receive admonition with enthusiasm. Charles Macklin, the old tragedian, at one time retired from the stage and established himself in a London tavern. Here he conducted debates on affairs in general, doubtless in the hope of improving the minds of his fellow citizens. Foote, the comedian, took delight in disconcerting the parties to these discussions, and once when Macklin, with severe brow and admonishing forefinger, cried to those assembled, "Do you know what I am going to say to you?" Foote replied, "No! Do you?"

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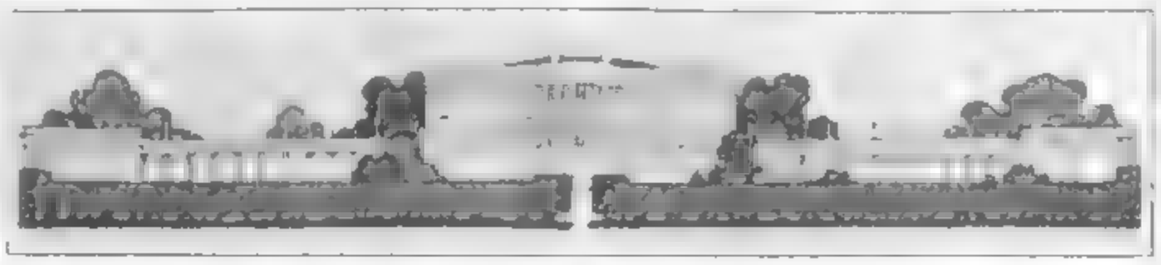

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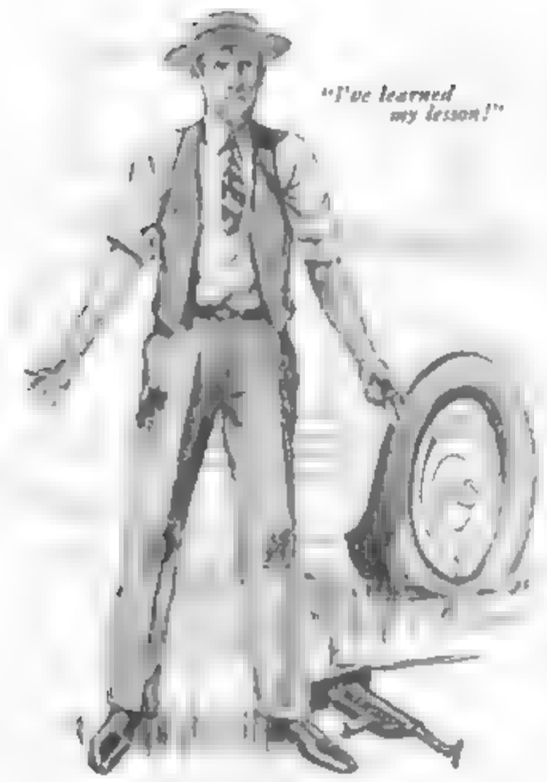

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DEPENDABLE IN EMERGENCIES

WITS AND HALF-WITS

Continued from Page 25

If I had done this in Prairie Center, I should have expected a communal commotion. But I was shocked at what happened to me in New York.

I went into a club. It has a reputation for culture and good manners and wisdom and wit and artistic achievement and everything that a club should have at the intellectual capital of the Western world. I do not specify the club, because, primarily, I do not wish to be thrown out on my ear; and, secondarily, because I wish members of four or five different clubs to writhe and blush and write me long letters of apology when this article appears.

I took off my hat upon entering and handed it to the doorman. One of the greatest wits in America saw my denuded head. He is a man whom I have admired, imitated and almost worshiped for many years.

What did he say when he saw my head?

What would Lemuel Hoskins, one of the village half-wits of Prairie Center, have said if he had witnessed the same sight from his aerie on the veranda of the Palace Hotel?

Lemuel would have said, "When did you get out of jail?"

That is exactly what the cultured and witty gentleman at the club, whom I have revered and followed for decades, said: "When did you get out of jail?"

I gave him a look which I hope penetrated clear through his reputation to his soul, and passed in to the main lounging room

There I encountered a brilliant writer who is frequently compared to Voltaire and Oscar Wilde, and all those other people whom people are compared to. This gentleman delivered himself of a bon mot which I might have expected Ted Parker, interrupting his game of horseshoes in Prairie Center, to have uttered. Ted Parker comes from a long line of horseshoe pitchers, and the story about him is that, impelled by the strong urge of hereditary instincts, he tried to learn the game too young. He was hit on the head with a heavy horseshoe when he was but three years old. His head was still soft and the blow gave a queer sway-backed appearance to the shape of his skull. Ted, by common consent, has never been thought of as bright, or smart, since then. Ted Parker would have said to me: "What did they put you in the pen for? Something you have been writing?"

And that is exactly what the brilliant writer I have mentioned said.

Among the Cognoscenti

A little bit bewildered, I went into the dining room. It is a room designed by a notable architect. About the walls hang portraits of many celebrities. It is reputed to have listened to the mots and aphorisms and epigrams of several generations of immortals. At the table at which I modestly seated myself were:

One of America's foremost painters.

Two of America's most brilliant actors.

One of America's most known, noted and capable architects.

One of America's foremost authorities on psychology, æsthetics, or what have you in the ice box, Tony?

One of America's slickest and glossiest legal practitioners, known as the merriest and maddest of wags when judges and juries are absent.

Three of these gentlemen at once insinuated that I had been doing penal servitude.

Three others, anxious no doubt to show their delicate originality and versatility, opined that I must have been a sufferer from a peculiarly unpleasant affliction known as the mange. This ailment, I believe, is apt to attack such lower animals as dogs, horses, cats, our simian cousins in the zoo, and the like. A bystander might have gathered that this fact—that the disorder is familiar to the beasts—was supposed to lend a barbed and carrying poignance to the jolly epigrams.

For some three weeks this entirely innocent and essentially commonplace haircut of mine was fuel for the fires of intellectual wit in every circle of New York City to which I penetrated.

The lobbies of theaters in which were gathered, between the acts on first nights, the foremost critics and most cognizant cognoscenti, rang and pulsed with the intellectual merriment.

Restaurants at which the most scintillant wags gather to scintillate and to be seen and to eat—and to be seen eating and scintillating—contributed stimulating volumes to the jovial theme.

Private parties at which the song and the wine are supposed to be up-to-date—although the women may belong to the prewar period—played brightly upon the glittering changes of the jest.

And always, sooner or later, before the mad gay evening was over, some more original and inspired wit would be stricken with the possibilities of the fact that the mange is more readily acquired by the lower animals.

A Faith Shaken

I could make a good-sized volume out of literal reports of what was said and insinuated concerning this haircut, and the names of the authors of these breathless quips would read like forty pages from Who's Who in America. My sensitive and retiring nature was more outraged and lacerated in one fortnight in New York than it would have been in two months in Prairie Center. I impute this, however, merely to the fact that there are more wits and wags and intellectuals in New York than there are half-wits in Prairie Center. And it is undoubtedly true that in New York they think faster. Six wits in New York can say in one minute that you have probably just got out of jail, whereas it would take three half-wits ten minutes to say it in Prairie Center. And the great thought that I have been steadily progressing toward, and which I wish to have you take home with you from this meeting tonight, is: Perhaps it is not, in itself, inherently, a thing that is really worth saying anywhere at any time.

Before I pass on to a few general observations concerning the human race, I wish to cite one more concrete instance. It was an incident that shocked me at the time and from which I have not yet recovered. It has saddened some years of my maturity and it casts a melancholy shadow forward toward my old age; my faith in celebrities can never be quite the same again.

A few years ago I had a play running in New York. I was standing one hot day in front of the theater, talking to the manager who was producing it. I had been scurrying around town, calling on the trade, as writers are obliged to do in New York, and I was warm; I had been perspiring fatly and my collar was wilted. No doubt the collar was somewhat soiled, for there is always a good deal of hot dust in a New York summer's day hunting a little rill of perspiration in which to quench itself.

Mr. Alexander Woollcott, one of the foremost dramatic critics of America, came up and the theatrical producer introduced us. I was a little shy, out of my reverence for him, for I had admired his work for years; and I must tell you a little bit about Mr. Woollcott and his vogue so that you may fully appreciate the incident.

Mr. Woollcott is a gentleman who really does know a good deal about the theater, as well as the arts in general. He writes well—exceedingly well; he writes out of a broad and deep all-round culture, and with a taste which is usually fine and discriminating. He is a wit—a genuine wit; I am not kidding him; he really is. His

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pretensions to wit are fully justified by the clever things he says in his daily dramatic department. Even when he makes the gesture of saying something clever which does not quite come off, there is about the failure an airy mannerism of wit which is just as satisfactory to many of his followers. For he has a good many followers.

I have chosen him to illustrate one of my incidents, indeed, simply because he has these followers, and represents more than merely an individual in New York. He sets the tone, personally and in his writings, for thousands; he is by way of being an institution, because he thinks out and states for so many persons who can neither think nor state what their attitude should be toward Broadway and its current offerings.

For years there were gathered about him at luncheon time—and perhaps still are a little group of the most serious thinkers. He is the leader of an intellectually fashionable coterie of his day, and by his natural parts and great industry he merits the position he has taken. A good deal of power with regard to things theatrical and their fate with the public has quite naturally accrued to him.

And all this has not made Mr. Woollcott conceited, as it might a lesser person. If you should hear the charge made that he is conceited, the chances are that it comes from someone whose work he has panned and who does not really appreciate the quality of discernment in Mr. Woollcott. For he is, I repeat, discerning. Mr. Woollcott is so patly illustrative of what I have been aiming at in these remarks about New York and Prairie Center that I make no apology for this brief sketch.

Well, the theatrical manager introduced me to Mr. Woollcott, as I stood there with my wilted collar on, and I was so pleased to meet him, and so flattered, that I never even thought about my collar.

But he did.

If I had stood in front of Peter Ackles, one of the half-wits of Prairie Center, with that same collar on, I might have expected Peter, after some moments of deep thought, to turn to the theatrical manager and say: "Why don't you buy your author a clean collar now and then?"

What the great critic and arbiter of intellect and taste, whom I have fumblingly indicated, said to the theatrical producer was. "Why don't you buy your author a clean collar now and then?"

But I must admit that he got a rapidity and snap into the mot, an air and a manner, that would have been quite beyond Peter Ackles. And I know that there was no unkindness intended, for he had been, in the public prints, more than lenient toward the little comedy that was then appearing at that theater; almost, in fact, laudatory, if memory does not fail.

The remark was just a jolly little intellectual quip, in New York's current fashion.

Intellectual Appreciation

I refrain from reporting some scores and hundreds of similar incidents which have come under my observation; I do not wish to rub this thing in on New York. I do not think that the trait belongs peculiarly to New York, any more than peculiarly to Prairie Center. I am beginning to wonder if it can be a habit of all the world; the terrible thought strikes me that perhaps this frightful personal note, amongst those who consider it essential to figure as wits, may really be a habit of all the worlds. If the dream of the radio sharps came true, and we were to tune in on Mars, would we overhear the leaders in thought ragging each other about their toupees? Perhaps Cyrano de Bergerac made that famous trip of his to the moon just to get away from comment about his nose—and came back again in despair because he had found things no better on that gleaming satellite.

A few years ago I read in a newspaper a London dispatch detailing an incident that was said to have attended a dress rehearsal of one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays. The fine and telling lines in Mr. Shaw's plays are necessarily the result of years of profound thought, decades of experience and observation; they are resultants from the mysterious processes of genius. What Mr. Shaw aims at is to make men think, and his witty wisdom is designed now and then to bring about a ripple of cerebral laughter.

The invited audience at the dress rehearsal, so the newspaper article said, had been appreciative of Mr. Shaw's philosophical wise cracks; being intelligent, they had responded where they were supposed to respond. The intellectual laughter which he was after had arrived at the times and places in the play planned for by the author.

And then the accident happened. Somebody—probably a fat actor—sat down on a chair which wasn't there. He fell grotesquely to the floor. The intelligent audience responded by roar after roar of spontaneous merriment. They laughed and laughed and were not to be denied. The continuous cackle of really intellectual wit which had preceded this accident had elicited not one-tenth of the general merriment.

I forget exactly what it was that the philosophic Mr. Shaw is supposed to have remarked, but it was something to the effect that brains and imagination need never hope to compete with the crudities of life when it comes to furnishing amusement to the world.

From Out of the Past

It is always so. Let a bald-headed man's hat be swept from his head by a gale of wind and the bald-headed man chase it down the street, and there will be more laughter on the part of the spectators than has been elicited by all the witty epigrams from Aristophanes to Gilbert Chesterton; and so-called highbrows are just as guilty in this respect as the confessed lowbrows. The wind has said something direct and personal and crude to the bald man's head, and the effect is that this personal humor is irresistible to the applauding thousands. It is not Prairie Center: it is not New York: it is all too evidently one of the laws of the cosmos.

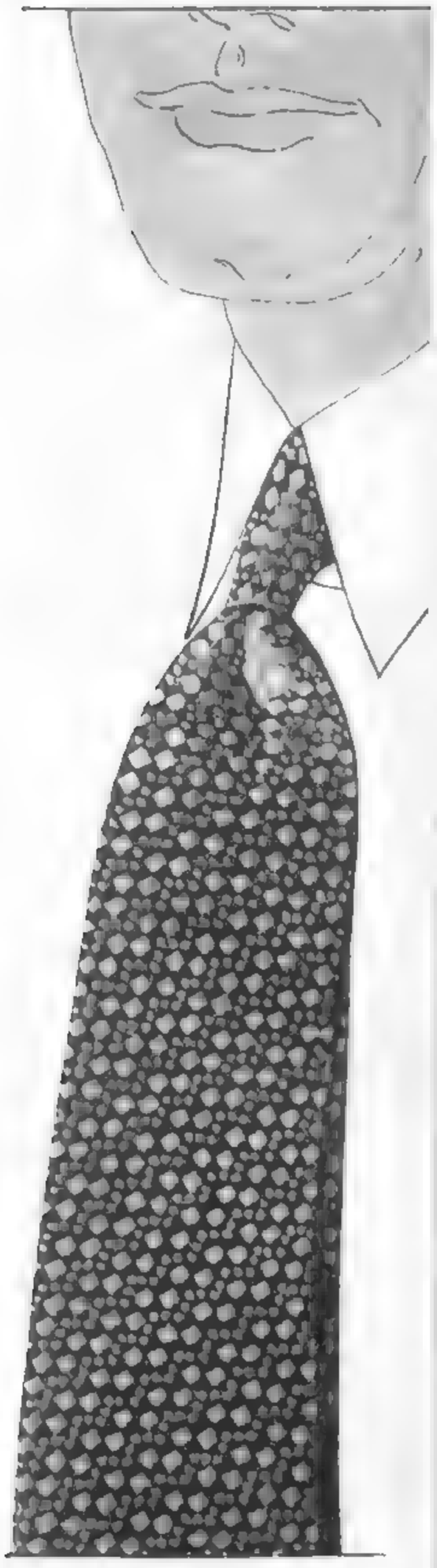
Some day a gigantic exploring and excavating expedition will set out to uncover the ruins of imperial Nineveh, investigate them and wring from them the innermost secrets of the life that went on thousands of years ago in the dim dawn of civilization. There will be trained archæologists financed by wealthy foundations; there will be artists and newspaper men and donkeys; there will be seven different brands of scientist; there will be motion-picture cameras and professors and camels and engineers and armies of workmen. Untold intellectual wealth in the way of information about the habits, modes of thought, religious customs and general culture of the times will be uncovered. Ethnologists will discover in this buried city the connecting links between the modern world and, let us say, the Cro-Magnon era, about which so much has been guessed and so little is known in reality. The imagination of scholars and poets and philosophers will be stimulated and expanded through the recovery of this vanished world; the days before the flood will become as familiar as the times of Elizabeth or George Washington; possibilities for the unlimited enlargement of the human spirit will be uncovered.

But what will be the real triumph of this expedition?

It will be the discovery of the authentic tomb of Nimrod the Great Hunter and founder of the city; and in the tomb will be the remains of Nimrod himself, preserved by an art so superior to that of the Egyptians that the sight of the mummy will cause everyone to exclaim: "Doesn't he look natural!"

And the triumph of triumphs will be something personal, something trivial.

It will be the discovery that Nimrod had a corn on the little toe of his right foot!



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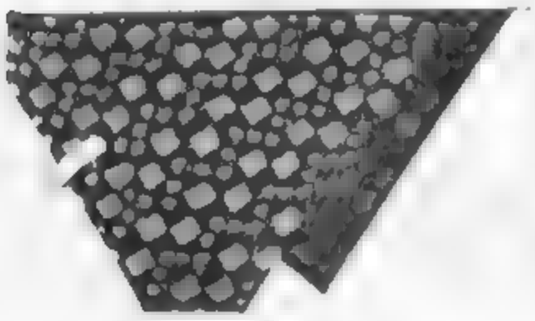

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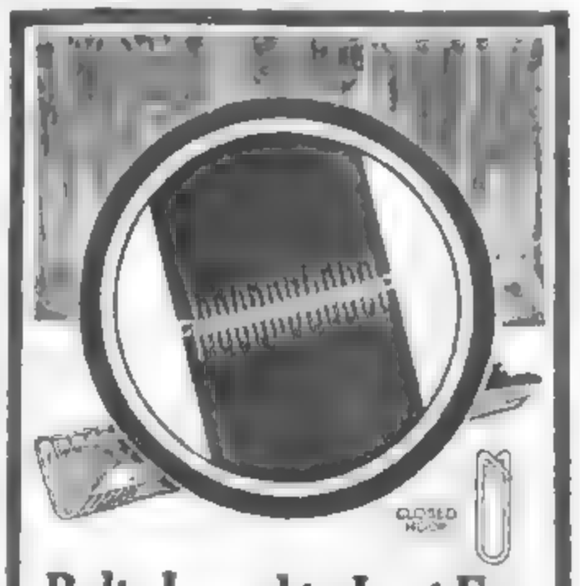

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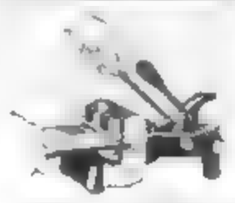

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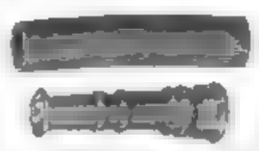

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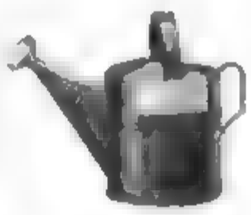

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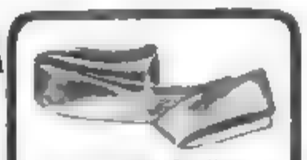

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June 14–23

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INDUSTRY AT THE JOY STICK

(Continued from Page 19)

wood and wire. Now metal construction is becoming universal. Aeronautical science has adapted a light alloy—duralumin—to this purpose. Duralumin, it should be explained, is an aluminum alloy consisting of about 95.5 per cent aluminum, 3 per cent copper, 1 per cent manganese and .5 per cent magnesium. It has the physical properties of mild steel, with about one-third the weight. It can be formed into any shape required for airplane structures. By substituting aluminum alloy for wood, the structural weights are decreased in weight from 25 to 50 per cent.

Such metal construction costs more at present than does the older method of building with wood and wire and fabric, but it has many economical features, among them longer life, lower maintenance cost and safety. When mass production of airplanes is achieved, metal construction will undoubtedly be cheapest of all forms. The work of the designer with wind and power loading curves and resistance has now reached a point where great changes in aerodynamic design are no longer anticipated. Naturally, the minor changes of gradual development will continue from year to year, but the general design has remained fairly constant and promises to continue so unless attention turns to some new principle now ignored. Experiments are, of course, working with several new ideas, among them the slotted wing, which prevents spinning in the event of a stall. In general, however, engineering thought is centering on other features.

Among these features are comfort, equipment and safety. Any passenger who enters the cabin-type aircraft of today, to rest at ease on an upholstered seat and study the scenery through windows which shut out the rush of air and much of the sound of the motors, will realize this. The Department of Commerce and other students of aeronautics have pointed out that the closed airplane has developed far more rapidly than did the closed automobile. With the open cockpit are disappearing the leather coat, the padded helmet and the unbreakable goggles, without which no one, whether pilot or passenger, thought of going aloft only a few short years ago. In the airplane structure itself inherent stability has been developed to such an extent that it is no unknown thing for a pilot to be able to leave his controls while in the air and stroll leisurely back toward the tail of his plane. A famous English designer recently demonstrated the ability of an airplane, equipped with slotted wings, to make a landing without the touch of a pilot's hand.

Eliminating Fire Hazard

Along with passenger comfort has developed the expansion of cargo space. Not more than three years ago this space was from 50 to 60 cubic feet for approximately 1000 pounds of useful load propelled by a 400 H. P. engine. Now there are many planes of 200 H. P. which can carry as great a load and boast double that cargo space. Brakes are being applied to the wheels to reduce the landing roll. By permitting each wheel brake to act independently, airplanes may be maneuvered on the ground almost like motor cars. Fire hazards, too, are being eliminated by replacing air-pressure systems for the fuel supply, with driven pumps or methods of gravity feed, by expending CO_2 gas—an extinguisher—in the engine compartment and by other methods. Successful efforts are under way to develop and install exhaust manifolds which will reduce the noise of the engine, discharge the exhaust gases in a way to clear the passenger compartment and heat the cabin spaces. Comparatively silent airplanes may be expected in the near future.

In general, the design of commercial aircraft is tending more and more toward the monoplane type, because of its aerodynamic efficiency over certain routes. Types are also being developed to meet meteorological and geographical differences. Airplanes designed to land regularly in fields of 6000 feet altitude, for example, must have wing loading—by which is meant air speed—different from those which will land in the denser atmospheres at sea level. There remains, however, a large field open for engineering research which will result in the improvement of structural efficiency.

Gas-engine efficiency, too, has increased. This is most significant, because, as everyone knows, the development of the airplane has been almost entirely dependent upon the development of the internal-combustion engine. Pioneer flyers had to develop their own motors. In 1903, when the Wright brothers made their first hop, no engines had been built for airplane use and they were forced to adapt a 16 H. P. motor of their own from an automobile engine. Its weight per horse power was about twelve pounds. Glenn Curtiss developed the Curtiss OX type, which every war-trained aviator remembers. From a weight of nine pounds per H. P. and a life of fifteen hours for the first engine, it was steadily improved until in 1913 weight had been reduced to 4.17 pounds per H. P. and a life of twenty-five hours between overhauls was achieved. At the beginning of the World War airplane engines were developing from 70 to 120 H. P., with an occasional one reaching 200. Weight had dropped to four pounds per H. P. and operating life had increased to forty hours for water-cooled motors and twenty-five hours for the air-cooled type.

Motor Development

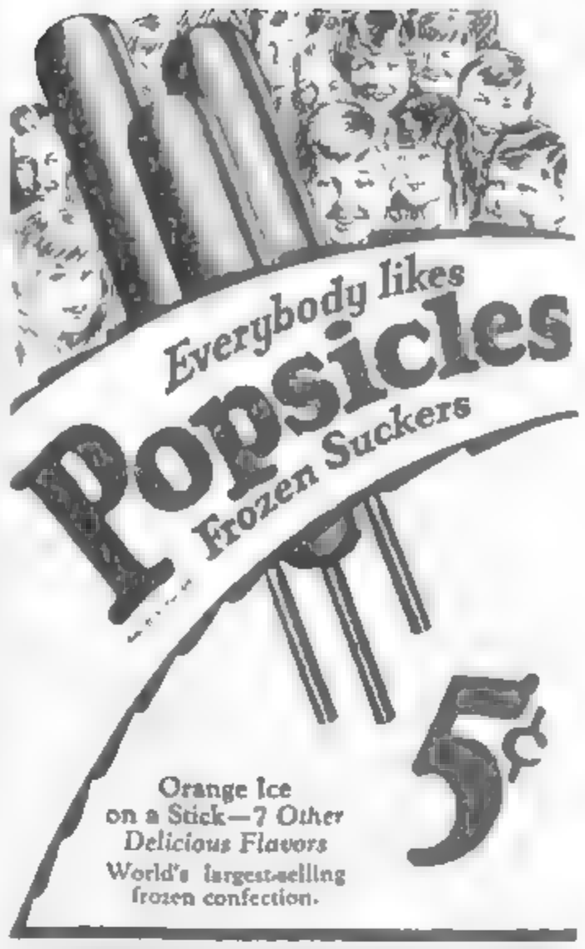
The exigencies of war caused a dropping of trade fences in aviation as elsewhere, and engineers pooled their information on aerodynamic problems entering into the different designs of internal-combustion engines. This, with unlimited funds for experimentation, caused a continuing development, until today we have engines for all horse powers up to 1200, with gasoline consumption of .48 pounds per H. P., oil consumption of .02 and weights of 1.6 pounds per H. P.—less the water-system weight—for the water-cooled, and 2.3 pounds per H. P. for the air-cooled.

In the demand for low weight per horse power, the requirement of low fuel and oil consumption per horse-power hour is included, since for practical purposes it is necessary to carry enough fuel for a running time of several hours. For long continuous flights, an inherently light engine may easily prove inferior to one of a heavier construction which has a better fuel economy.

Hand in hand with reliability in airplane motors goes the demand for durability. An aero engine may run almost constantly under full load. Deficient operation, however slight, will quickly kill an engine's chance of survival in service. A decrease in speed of only a few revolutions below normal in a heavily loaded airplane is often quite sufficient to bring about a forced landing.

Progress in aircraft-engine development is demonstrated by the fact that we now have well-proved engines in horse powers ranging from 60 to 800, in various air and water cooled types. The nine-cylinder radial air-cooled engines have been developed to such an extent that they are now comparable in reliability and durability with the best of the water-cooled types. They are far lighter and they eliminate the added weight of water and radiators as well as the added complication inherent in plumbing.

During the past few years great strides have been made in assuring reliability and increased service between overhauls. In service we are getting a life between overhauls two to four times as great as that obtained from previous engines. It is not unusual now to have reports of engines going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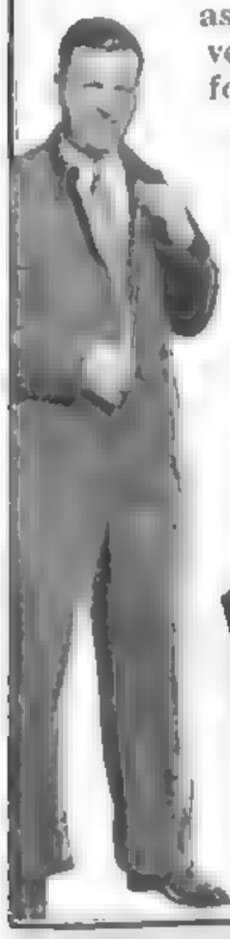

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400 to 450 hours without being torn down. At air speeds ranging around 90 miles an hour, this would mean a mileage of from 36,000 to 40,000.

The logical development of the aero engine is toward higher compressions and greater cylinder volume, better intake and emission treatment and development of the aluminum alloys to allow for their use as reciprocating parts. The cooling of water-cooled engines can be improved by use of more restricted water passages and a compensating increase in the flow speed both through the jackets and the radiators. The steam cooling of engines also has great possibilities. In the case of air-cooled engines, improved finning of the cylinders and careful cowling are indicated as forthcoming developments.

The only apparent limitation to air-cooled-engine development is the fact that air cooling, as applied to aero engines, is less efficient than water cooling, because of the comparatively low specific heat and low specific weight of air. With inefficient cooling, compression must be lower to avoid preignition. These factors limit the possible horse power per cylinder. From present indications therefore horse powers of from 60 to 70 per cylinder may be efficiently obtained from air-cooled engines, while for powers up to 100 horse power per cylinder we must rely on water cooling.

The general tendency, however, is toward the air-cooled motors. The radial type will probably hold its popularity for some time in commercial planes, but for military purposes a design which offers less air resistance and increases visibility is indicated.

Probably this will be either the inverted V type of motor, with cylinders below the crank shaft, or the X type with cylinders in line radiating in four directions. Cowling with air ducts is being developed to assure a proper cooling and to improve aerodynamic efficiency.

These developments in engine and body types have made possible the mail-passenger-express plane which today assures a ten-hour schedule between New York and Chicago, a thirty-hour schedule between Atlantic and Pacific and an overnight run from Manhattan to Atlanta. Improvements that far transcend them may be expected in the immediate future. To the prospective passenger, probably the most important will be the monocoque fuselage, a type of metal-body construction built up solidly to withstand severe impact without damage. In a general sense, it represents the same safety idea in aviation as the steel coach does in railway travel or the steel body in automobile design. Its inclusion in all commercial-plane construction would do much to assure further the safety of passengers in the now extraordinarily rare event of a crash. As the type is more widely developed, we shall undoubtedly see a greater drive for passenger traffic by air transport operators than is now apparent.

The Art of Crashing

Passenger transport, as I have said, has thus far not been developed to a fraction of its possible volume. The air-line operators are taking this attitude deliberately, not because of possible danger but because they want to proceed slowly enough to permit public confidence to develop naturally. Evidence of present-day safety may be found in the fact that in the government air-mail operations of 1927 there was but one fatality to 1,435,106 pilot miles, and in commercial air transport operations the ratio was but one to 760,760 pilot miles.

"This remarkable performance," observed the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce in a letter to the Commerce Department, "becomes more impressive when it is realized that these services are carried on every day and night throughout the year. They are based upon fixed schedules from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through all kinds of weather, over mountains, deserts, forests and cities. They constitute a public service reduced to terms of business to meet our economic and social demands for more rapid transportation, and depend upon public patronage, not bounty, for support."

As statistics show, modern transport aviation has by this time virtually eliminated the crash. Yet even when a crash does occur, it is seldom dangerous. I know air-mail pilots who have deliberately crashed their planes to avoid running into dangerous obstacles on small emergency landing fields or elsewhere, and who regard the feat as commonplace and unexciting

"There is nothing to it at all," one assured me, after he had purposely hooked a wing on the trunk of a tree to avoid running into a serious obstruction on a forced landing. "I'll go out and crash the plane any day for $200."

The pilot's airplane was washed out by the act, but he escaped with nothing more serious than a scratch on his hand. Skill in piloting as well as in design and construction contributes to the present high safety record of the licensed airplane. Virtually no thoroughly trained and licensed pilot ever goes into a nose dive today.

The only possibility of grave danger to the trained pilot in a modern plane lies in driving headlong into a solid mass in the fog.

Because of this high safety factor, transport planes now carry their mail with a high degree of regularity through fog or snow.

Railroads and Air Lines

Passengers, however, are more zealously protected. When mail and passengers are being carried in the same ship, weather reports are studied closely. If there is the slightest hint of heavy weather ahead, the passengers are landed to continue their trip by rail or bus, but almost invariably the mail and the pilot go through. Experiments looking toward fog dispersal, further extension of airway lighting, increases in the number of alternate and emergency landing fields, and improvement of weather reporting and of radio communication between plane and ground, will soon make even this precaution unnecessary.

There is now a strong probability that commercial transport will soon split into two types—one specializing on mail and express, the other on passengers. In the first the emphasis will be on speed and on schedules followed religiously through any weather. In the second the emphasis will be on comfort, safety and reliability.

It seems also probable that a number of important railway lines will soon enter the field of passenger transport by air. High officials of several systems have discussed this project with officials at Washington and in public statements. For such a service the railroads are already in an admirable position.

Among their advantages are the facilities offered by the roofs of great terminals as airplane landing stages. Since the terminals are invariably in the business and commercial centers of the biggest municipalities, their adaption to airport purposes would eliminate the time-consuming trip now necessary to reach fields situated in the more sparsely settled outskirts.

Neither the railroads nor the smaller industrial organizations can now regard aerial transport in the light of a new and unproved experiment. In the Department of Commerce files at Washington they can find interesting figures concerning costs and other financial items of existing lines. They can see how the costs of operation are being gradually reduced. In published reports of operation by the Post Office Department they will see that the total cost per mile—including maintenance of equipment, transportation, executive overhead and capital—fell from seventy cents in 1925 to sixty-three cents in 1926 and fifty cents in 1927. Among private operators the average cost per mile in 1927 was 76 cents. Six companies averaged 68 cents; two 45.6 cents. One experienced airplane manufacturer has given the Commerce Department the following data on costs for a line using

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Office	4.83
Advertising, selling	2.41
Legal	.24
Pilot insurance	.60
Plane insurance	.48
	35.28

Those figures are admitted low. Many operators cannot agree with them. In an address at the annual National Business Conference last September, Major General John F. O'Ryan, president of the Colonial Air Transport, explained that the estimates made to him by operating companies vary from thirty-five cents a mile to a dollar for single-engined ships, and from one dollar to one and a half dollars for multi-engined ships. Operators of the New York-Chicago-Dallas route figure on a cost, exclusive of overhead and selling, of about fifty-one cents a mile.

The differences in estimates may be explained by the changing conditions under which the lines operate, the variety of loads carried and of airplane types demanded, and the comparative newness of the industry. The Department of Commerce is now conducting a nation-wide survey which it is hoped will determine an average of both costs and profits. Concerning the latter item, few official reports are available. The readiness of new companies to enter the field, as shown by the many bids for air-mail contracts, indicates, however, that it is now large enough to attract both capital and the *entrepreneur* of wide business experience.

One aeronautical engineer of high standing has prepared and published figures for a three-ship passenger line operating between terminals 100 miles apart which show a profit of 30 per cent on a total investment of $349,800. He admits, however, that the estimated earnings might be reduced by bad weather or other conditions unfavorable to flying.

The Survival of the Fittest

The aviation industry in America today has been compared to the automobile industry of twenty years ago. In some ways it is ahead of the motor-car industry of that period. It has profited by certain of the solutions found by automobile manufacturers to problems of engineering, finance and distribution. As an industry, it appears to have repeated one phase experienced by its predecessor. That is the problem of possible overexpansion. The enthusiasm aroused by Postmaster General New's demonstration of air transport's commercial possibilities and by Colonel Lindbergh's flights caused a rush into the new field. This was to be expected. It happened when the canals, the railroads and the automobiles were young. Each of these had its shakedown period, when conservatism succeeded financial daring and established business took hold.

The shakedown period in aviation has, to a large extent, passed. It seems possible, however, that we may still see a financial development similar to that of the automobile industry, in which the weaker companies will be gradually absorbed by the stronger ones and new economies will be effected through mass production and advanced engineering principles. Already the beginning of this period is apparent. Out of it will undoubtedly emerge airplane manufacturers as efficient, as conservative, as important to our economic development and material prosperity as are some of the great automobile corporations of today. The demand for such organizations is already here. The Post Office Department realized the great need for the financial stability which now seems assured when it turned the Transcontinental Airway over to private industry in 1927. For that reason it insisted on awarding its contracts to organizations which had demonstrated their ability to fulfill them successfully.

Private initiative has now demonstrated conclusively its ability to maintain and advance both the air-transport industry, turned over to it by the Government, and the airplane manufacturing industry, developed largely by itself. But there is still important work for the Government to do. It must continue to contribute that essential of all industrial advance—research. This is an expensive item—too expensive, in fact, for the new industry to assume, just as it is proving that its wings are strong, and the Government has taken over the burden. In its Naval Aircraft Factory, in Philadelphia, important experiments in aeronautical development still continue. The final improvements which made the motor that took Lindbergh across the Atlantic so amazingly efficient were accomplished there.

The Future of Aviation

In the Philadelphia factory's huge laboratories today are planes and engines of private manufacturers sent there for study and research work. As a result of this cooperation, the Government not only helps industry but benefits itself. By encouraging and aiding commercial aviation it is building up a great reserve of experienced pilots and manufacturers to whom it can turn in time of war. Since any warfare of the future will depend largely on aviation, to supplement its ships and its armies, this reserve can be of inestimable value.

But government coöperation is not confined to the War and Navy Departments alone. The Department of Commerce is extending invaluable aid by establishing and maintaining aids to navigation, lighted airways and communication facilities, and by enforcing regulations demanding safe piloting and safe construction. The Department of Agriculture is contributing that other great requisite to successful aerial transport—dependable weather forecasts. The Post Office Department is assuring the major income to operators by its payments for the transport of mail.

But it is private initiative that grips the joy stick and figuratively whirls the air-speed indicator to new records today. What its energy and its progress can mean in the economic history of the United States has been thus expressed to me by Postmaster General New, who more than any other man demonstrated the possibilities of commercial aviation:

"The wealth of a people is in their trade. Trade is measured in terms of communication and transportation.

"In the short span of one man's life, the wealth of this nation has been developed by four great transportation agencies.

"The steamboat, limited first by natural, unimproved waterways, carried trade and the center of population, the first step in our westward expansion.

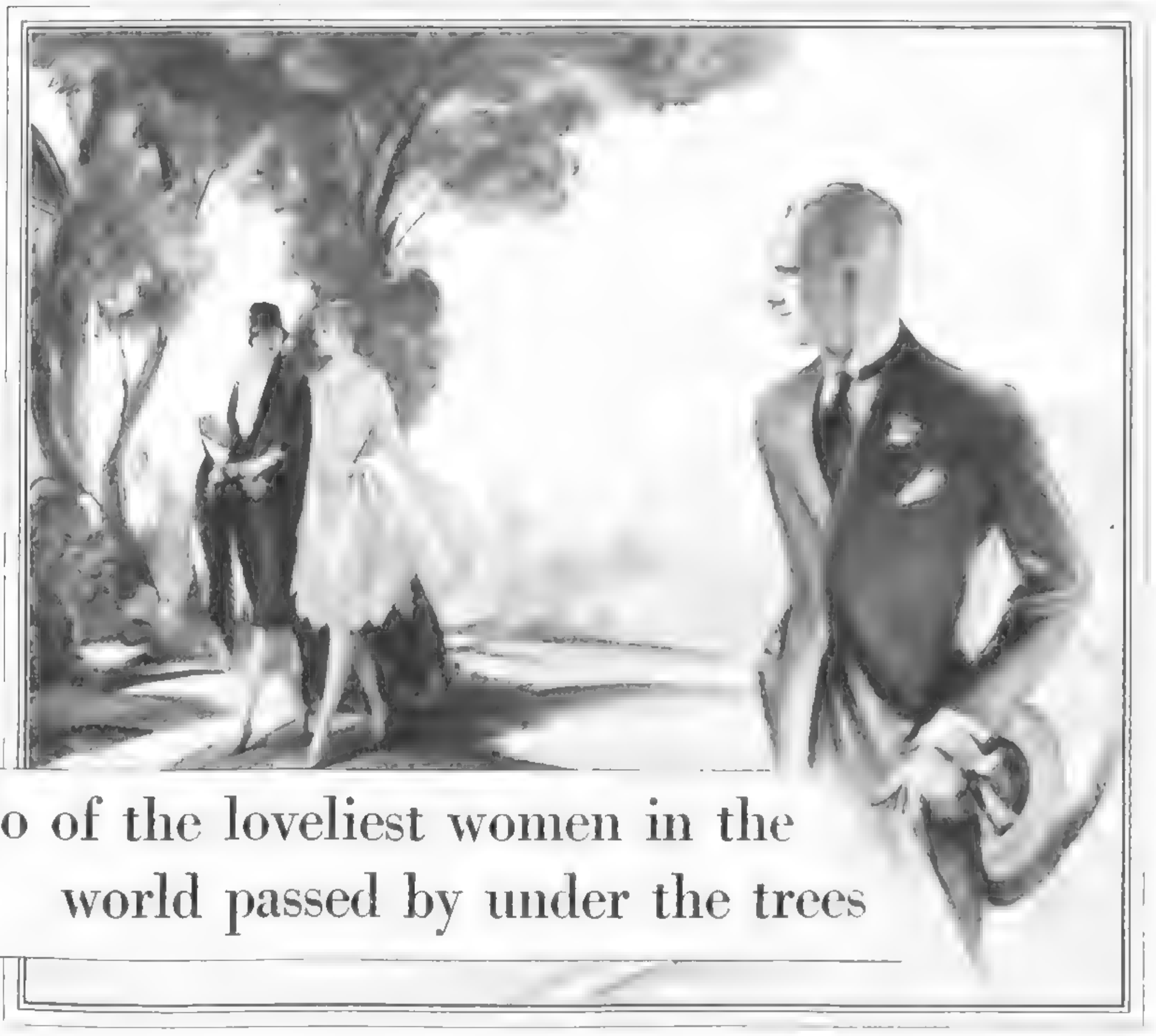
"Next followed the railroads, in themselves, with their great trunk lines, forming the biggest capital investment of any single enterprise.

"Then, a few short years ago, the automobile, not confined to iron rails or navigable waterways, spread out to exchange ideas and commerce into every town, village and farm.

"There remained, for a long time a dream in the minds of only a few, another step—a means of speeding traffic over great distances. This vehicle demanded no fixed or man-made highways. It was ready to use a universal highway.

"It further was the good fortune of the Post Office Department to show that this means of commerce development was capable of being made immediately into a sound business enterprise.

"I will consider the work of one man's span complete when the air-mail route is opened from Boston to Valparaiso, and this I hope to see before I leave my present post on March 4, 1929."



...I FOUND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THEY WEREN'T SISTERS

Two of the loveliest women in the world passed by under the trees

AND I loved them both—*do*, to be more exact—for why *shouldn't* a man love his wife and daughter?

It was Commencement at Bryn Mawr, and Hope, I am quite convinced, was the loveliest of the lovely in the Class of '28 . . . just as her mother was in the Class of 1907.

It had been some time since I had seen these two together, and, as they strolled across the campus in the dappled sunlight, I found it hard to believe they weren't *sisters!*

And I'm not old enough to be foolish, either—not even about my own! *Everybody* remarked it.

* * *

Later I mentioned it to my wife—"You and Hope are twins," I said; "your step is just as light, as youthful and buoyant as hers. Why, there isn't another youngster in that class, my dear, who could match Hope's mother in natural grace and bearing!"

Well, my wife had a reason for it, of course. Women 'most always do have, in spite of their reputation to the contrary.

She explained that a youthful, graceful carriage—a free, swinging stride, and a light, firm step—are invariably due to shoes that make walking *effortless*—shoes that fit the feet perfectly in *action* as well as in repose—that "corset" the active arch without confining it! Exactly the kind of shoes, it seems, that both Hope and her mother have worn since first they graduated from square-toed "Juniors."

Red Cross Shoes they are called—and, I can add from personal observation, these shoes are as trim and smart and (as they say) "stunning" as any I have ever seen on feminine feet!

* * *

And why shouldn't they be "stunning"? They are designed, you know, by Frenchmen—true creators of footwear fashion—designed to stroll in the Bois, or to saunter gaily down the Boulevards.

ARCH-TONE
Red Cross Shoe
FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION AND REPOSE

Yet, for all their Parisian chic, Red Cross Shoes are unbelievably easy to wear. Indeed, every pair is shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, derived from an exhaustive study of feminine feet, so that every fitting measurement, or "Limit," was established with scientific accuracy. Tread, vamp, instep, heel—at every point, The Red Cross Shoe fits, glove-snug, but without pinching

Then, too, there's the exclusive Arch-Tone support, that gives just the right uplift to the active arch.

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes for street, sport or formal wear, at prices ranging from $10 to $14.50. There are also Sub-Deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00. You *really* must see them.

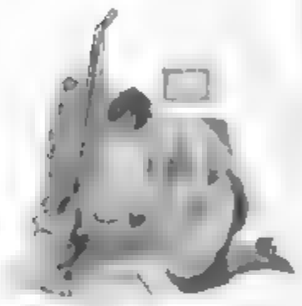
FREE BOOK! Send for this interesting little book, "Walk in Beauty." It tells how many beautiful women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Address Dept. P-6.

© 1928, U. S. Shoe Co

Product of THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, *Cincinnati*

The whole family needs THIS TAPE!

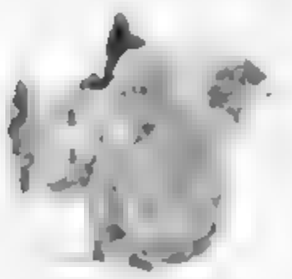
Insulating worn ignition wires.



Insulating worn wires on household appliances.

Winding grips on athletic equipment

Stopping leaks in bicycle tires.



Stopping leaks in garden hose.

As a special inducement for trial we will send to Post readers this 35c roll for 25c, postpaid. Mail remittance to undersigned.

The illustrations on the left give an idea of just a few of the hundreds of uses for friction tape—good tape.

A roll of DUTCH BRAND tape should be kept handy in the car to stop leaks in the radiator hose and to reinsulate against short circuits from worn battery cables, ignition and headlight wires. And when there is a roll of tape in the house it comes in handy too, for repairing leaks in the garden hose and bicycle tires, winding grips on athletic equipment, garden tools, binding broken parts together, etc. You will be surprised how valuable and useful a roll of good tape can be in an emergency!

Just as DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape is the standard among big industries and individual electricians, so should it be your choice, too, because it has long life, sticks tight, is clean to handle, and is usable to the last inch.

Purchase DUTCH BRAND, the "Extra Service" friction tape from electrical, radio, hardware, motor accessory and general stores in 5, 10, 20 and 35c packages.

World-Wide Distribution Through Jobbing Channels

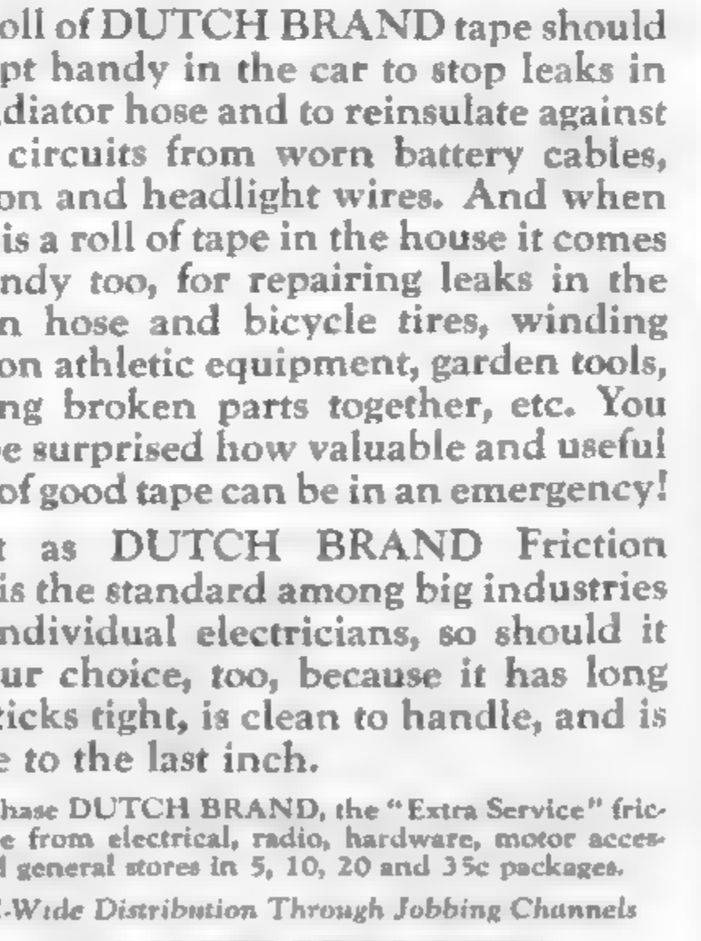
VAN CLEEF BROS. *Established 1910*
Manufacturers Rubber and Chemical Products
Woodlawn Ave., 77th to 78th Sts., Chicago, U. S. A.

Dad Needs This Too!

The ALL-PURPOSE TIRE REPAIR KIT

True to its name this kit has material to repair most tire troubles—a tube of rubber cement, generous piece of patching stock and Patch-Kutter for repairing inner tubes, a tube of the popular "2-in-1" Cut-Filler for filling cuts and holes in casings and finally a Plaster Cord Patch for repairing breaks on inside of casing.

Sold by Garages and Accessory Dealers—Send $1 and this kit will be mailed you postpaid



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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Oh, Man! WHAT A RAZOR it cost us $1,000,000

NEWS of this great new AutoStrop is sweeping the country. Men are throwing away their antiques. They are finding longer blade life, easier changing, quicker, pull-proof shaving with the truly revolutionary $1,000,000 Valet AutoStrop.

You hear about it everywhere. Men are talking, boosting! It has made good—won leadership of the razor world over night. One thrifty man has told another, "It's the greatest razor ever built."

It's a smashing success—a revelation in shaving comfort, delightfully smooth. It cuts the toughest beards and tiniest hairs without nicking, scraping, roughing or even irritating the tenderest skin.

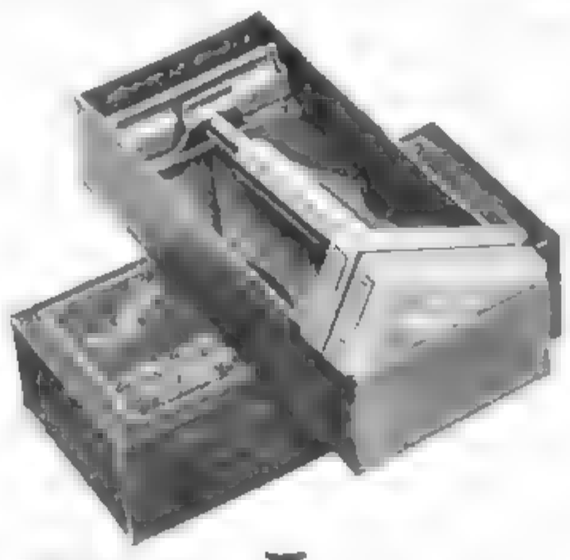
and it's FREE WITH A PURCHASE of 10 BLADES to you

The marvelous Valetite-processed blade, setting at a friendly angle and locked in a vise-like grip against a rigid support, is vibrationless and pull-proof. Insert or remove it by touching a button. Guard of new type gives you the full action of the entire cutting edge, which sharpens itself on the new, improved strop.

We are giving 1,000,000 of these new razors away. *During the next three weeks you get it free.* After that, regular prices! We want the world to know and agree that this is the finest razor ever built. We want you to get yours now and revel tomorrow in the luxurious comfort of the smoothest, swiftest shave ever known.

Go to your nearest dealer now. Buy ten new Valetite-processed blades at the regular $1 price. Get as a gift the sensational new razor and improved strop in an attractive box. Don't delay. Get yours today. If your dealer cannot supply you during the next three weeks, write to us direct.

NEW

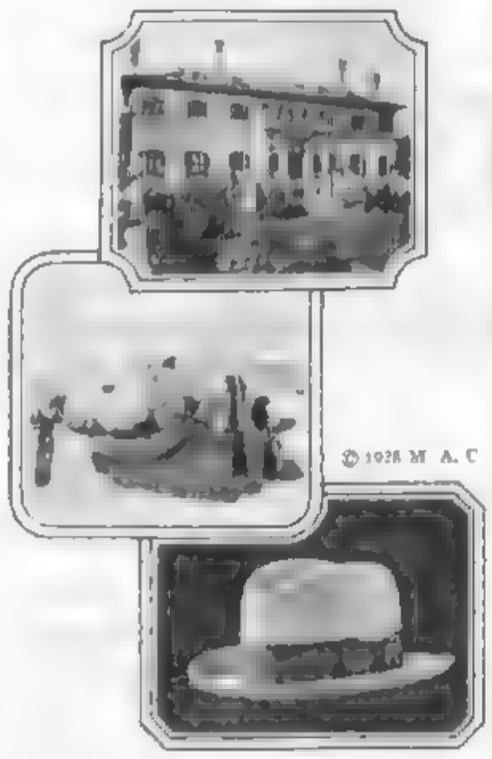


VALET AutoStrop RAZOR

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 656 First Ave., New York, N. Y.

Photographs *mirror* your merchandise

JUST as a "looking-glass" reflects your countenance, photographs mirror your merchandise. They tell your sales story more quickly than words—and they speak when words falter and fail....A photograph isn't "just a picture" of your product. It is the real thing. That's why photographs dispel doubt and make the sale where pretty pictures get only a glance.



PHOTOGRAPHS *Tell the Truth*

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26

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"In what state is Chicago?"

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"Parse, 'Ate.'"

"Today I eat," they replied; "yesterday I ate; tomorrow I will have to diet."

"Give me the table of linear measure."

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"Use the word 'daze' in a sentence."

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I had not

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Per Aspera ad Astra

SAID JAMES "I think the younger folks
Are victims of prosperity;
They do not build the hearts of oak
That go with muscularity.
Only from one whom life has bruised
Are strength and power producible.
The gold of character is fused
In fell Misfortune's crucible."
Life has been very hard to Jim;
His youth was hardly bearable;
But everybody says of him
His character is terrible.

Said James: "In struggle, toil and tears
And absence of frivolities
The estimable pioneers
Developed all their qualities.
The ease my sons desiderate
Will ruin them and ruin me.
How will they ever cultivate
The character of you and me?
Whip them early, whip them late,
And qualities that we're full of
Will in their spirits generate."
But that is what they're fearful of.

Morris Bishop.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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This morning at least two million wives — and perhaps your wife was one of them— played a part in this amazing happening. Tomorrow a greater number will be present. Next week even more. Next month still more.

This morning this great body of American women—at least two million—left their homes for the shopping center of their community, and, arriving there, deliberately singled out one store from among many, as the preferred place to purchase their food needs.

On their way, they paused—stopped—looked in the windows of many of the stores they passed, yet the interesting thing is that these two million women deliberately deferred buying their needs until they reached the A & P store.

Why do you suppose so many wives deliberately do this? Many have told us that this is the answer:

Because A & P stores sell only foods of known merit and genuine goodness.

Because women are sure to find at the A & P the popular nationally advertised brands of groceries. And many locally famous brands, too!

Because the low prices at which these good foods are sold are rarely equalled elsewhere.

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A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

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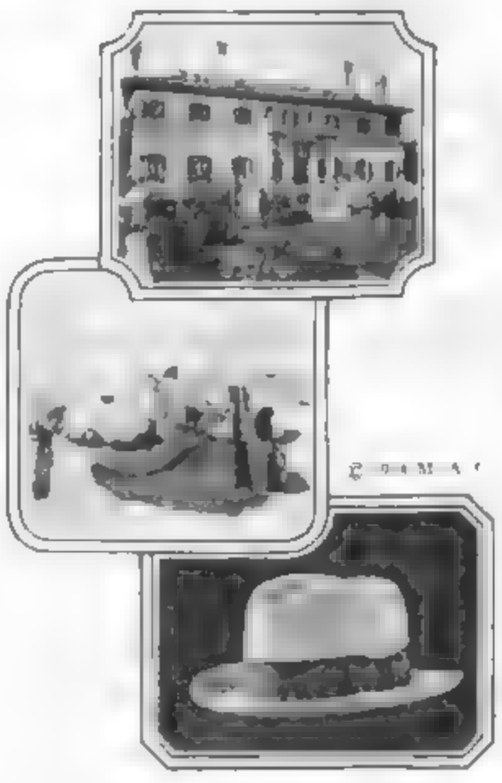

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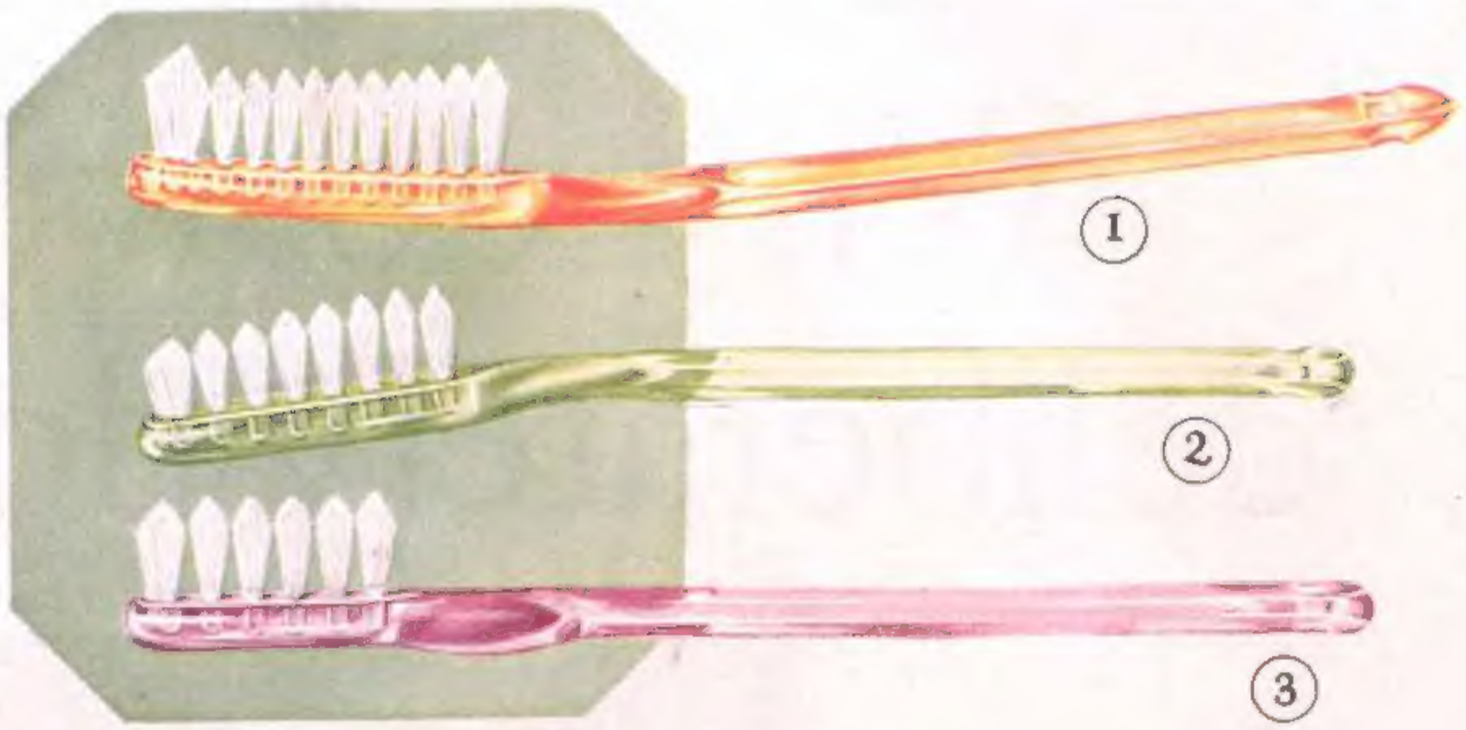

1 *Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic*
Right for dental arches of average size

2 *Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic*
Scientifically designed for smaller, more oval dental arches

3 *Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic*
For either large or small dental arches that require massage action

No Excuse Now

to let chance choose your tooth brush

Ten seconds with your mirror tells you which of these three new Pro-phy-lac-tics you need

THE very next time you look into a mirror, face your features with these facts: 1. Dental arches (teeth and gums) differ... 2. "No one type of brush suits all types of arches," say dentists... 3. Pro-phy-lac-tic now presents three new and different tooth brushes. *One exactly suits your dental arch.*

Pick yourself to win

In ten seconds your mirror tells you what type of dental arch you have—what type of tooth brush to use. Place yourself. It's easy. And . . . pick yourself to win a sparkling new health of teeth and gums you never dreamed would be yours.

The test is as simple as ABC's. Just look at yourself. If you have a full-formed face, your dental arch is full-formed. Then the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic is right for you . . . Or, *your* features might be more petite, revealing a smaller-than-average and more sharply oval arch. Then a smaller, sloping brush is the one you should use—the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.

You may be either of these types and still require a totally different brush. For if your mirror shows pale and tender gums, a dental arch of sub-normal condition—then you need the special care of the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. *This brush massages as it cleans.*

For 35 years Pro-phy-lac-tic has consistently kept pace with dental science. We consider these three new brushes the biggest contribution to dental hygiene we have yet made.

All three brushes have been patiently, carefully, scientifically designed. No pains were spared to build them well . . . to make them beautiful to look at as well as practical to use. Quality that has made Pro-phy-lac-tic world-famous was even improved upon in the light of advanced manufacturing methods.

Give your teeth this chance

You've read this far. What we've said appeals to your own good judgment. Why not, then, give your teeth the benefit of a brush designed for them?

Make the mirror test anyway. Then see the new Pro-phy-lac-tics now showing at local stores. If you have any doubt at all about the type you should use, just ask your druggist—or your family dentist.

Use your new Pro-phy-lac-tic for several weeks. Then look into your mirror again. Gloriously white teeth, smooth, coral-firm gums, are a fitting reward for these few moments of study about the tooth brush you use twice daily. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass., Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Ltd., Montreal.

Face your mirror with these facts

Your dental arch follows the form of your face. Most people have a full-formed face and dental arch. Others tend toward the small, more sharply oval type. And in both these groups there are some whose teeth and gums call for special care. Look into your mirror . . . Decide your type . . . Then select the brush designed for your specific dental arch

All three Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes are on display at local stores. Shown in this special cabinet which contains mirror to help you select right brush. Note the transparent handles in new and beautiful colors

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

PRICELESS . .

DRINKS . . so pleasing to see, so easy to take that you'll be proud to serve them—so delightful to taste that you'll want them often—so good for you that each one adds to your better health—so easily prepared that they're never a task—what a priceless combination!

For children after play—for everybody after work or exercise—for all the family, or for guests, Pet Milk with fruit juices makes perfect drinks.

"Use more milk"—"Use more fruit." These directions are unanimously approved by all who know the rules of health. You accomplish both when you satisfy a summer thirst with the delightful combination of Pet Milk and fruit juices. The quality of the milk makes the blending possible.

We will send you these four articles
One set, 60¢; two sets for $1.00

A PINT SHAKER . . graduated glass with aluminum strainer top and cap.

A SIX INCH JUICER . . delicately colored glass.

A TALL CAN OF PET MILK makes 4 glasses of the drink.

PET MILK COOKBOOK . . containing 100 recipes—also leaflet on making drinks.

PET MILK COMPANY
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.
This offer is limited to residents of the U. S. A.

Enclosed please find
☐ *60¢ (stamps or coin) for one set*
☐ *A one dollar bill . . for two sets*

NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

Why Cooking Experts advise this "Kitchen-tested" flour

One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you

Sugar Cookies—An interesting variety for summer parties—one of the many delightful recipes constantly created in our Gold Medal Kitchen.

A new discovery in baking that eliminates 50% of the cause of baking uncertainties

WHETHER you are one of those "marvelous cooks" that husbands boast about, or one less fortunate, you no doubt have had one of those embarrassing moments when a favorite dish "goes wrong" at a crucial moment.

That's why we believe you will be interested in knowing that chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that *flour* is 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time.

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words, "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer—
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. This offer is only good if you live in United States.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send you selected samples, including Sugar Cookies—FREE. *Check* and mail the coupon for which-ever you desire.

Betty Crocker

I must tell you! "I must not forget to tell you how surprised my friends are to think what delicious cakes can be baked with Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour." MRS. J. DECKER, St. Louis, Mo.

An error! "I made 2 Boston Fudge Cakes with Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour. Two friends said, 'Why, I never thought there was any difference in Flour.' Now they won't use anything but Gold Medal." MISS RUTH I. ANDERSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

Better luck! "I have had much better luck with Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour. I did not realize different makes of flour could make such a difference. Will always use Gold Medal now." MRS. A. A. JACKSON, South Range, Wis.

Send coupon now
A new delight awaits you

MISS BETTY CROCKER
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.
Dept. 336, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes *free*.)

☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS

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Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" recipes over your favorite radio station.

Kitchen-tested

MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN